

Proceedings of the
CANADIAN CLUB, Toronto
for the Year 1918-1919

VOLUME XVI.

1918-19



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Dec 1920

Proceedings

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED BEFORE

The Canadian Club of Toronto

Season of 1918-19

vol. 16



TORONTO :
WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER, LIMITED
1920

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ADDRESSES
The Canadian Club
of Toronto

1918/19 no. 3

Warwick Bro's & Rutter, Limited,
Printers and Bookbinders, Toronto, Canada.

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OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1918-19

<i>President</i>	<i>1st Vice-President</i>	<i>2nd Vice-President</i>
*H. D. SCULLY	*MAJOR E. W. WRIGHT	CAPT. M. W. WALLACE
<i>Honorary Secretary</i>		<i>Honorary Treasurer</i>
SHIRLEY DENISON, K.C.		C. E. ABBS
<i>Literary Correspondent</i>	<i>Assistant Secretary-Treasurer</i>	
PROF. M. A. MACKENZIE		C. F. LEONARD

COMMITTEE

W. L. GRANT	L. F. MONYPENNY	H. V. F. JONES
J. S. MCLEAN	E. G. LONG	F. W. FIELD
D. M. NEEVE	J. W. MITCHELL	E. C. FOX

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1919-20

<i>President</i>	<i>1st Vice-President</i>	<i>2nd Vice-President</i>
MAJOR E. P. BROWN	MAJOR W. L. GRANT	J. W. MITCHELL

<i>Honorary Secretary</i>	<i>Honorary Treasurer</i>
MAJOR J. M. MACDONNELL	D. M. NEEVE
<i>Literary Correspondent</i>	<i>Assistant Secretary-Treasurer</i>
GEORGE SMITH	C. F. LEONARD

EXECUTIVE

W. A. BUCKE	L. L. GRABILL
Principal MAURICE HUTTON	DR. GORDON RICE
E. G. McMILLAN	H. D. BURNS
REV. R. B. COCHRANE	W. N. McILWRAITH
MAJOR E. W. WRIGHT	

*Mr. Scully resigned the Presidency in August, 1918, owing to his removal from Toronto, and Major Wright was appointed by the Executive Committee to succeed him.

PAST PRESIDENTS

OF

THE CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO

FOUNDED 1897

JOHN A. COOPER	1897-98
W. SANFORD EVANS	1898-99
GEORGE WILKIE	1899-00
W. E. RUNDLE	1900-01
S. CASEY WOOD	1901-02
D. BRUCE MACDONALD	1902-03
W. R. P. PARKER	1903-04
GEORGE A. HOWELL	1904-05
E. R. PEACOCK	1905-06
MARK H. IRISH	1906-07
JOHN TURNBULL	1907-08
R. HOME SMITH	1908-09
GEORGE H. D. LEE	1909-10
J. F. MACKAY	1910-11
K. J. DUNSTAN	1911-12
A. H. U. COLQUHOUN	1912-13
J. R. BONE	1913-14
LESSLIE WILSON	1914-15
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. H. DEACON	1915-16
GEORGE H. LOCKE	1916-17
E. C. FOX	1917-18
H. D. SCULLY AND E. W. WRIGHT	1918-19

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

Canadian Club of Toronto

(Founded 1897.)

1. The Club shall be called the Canadian Club of Toronto.
2. It is the purpose of the Club to foster patriotism by encouraging the study of the institutions, history, arts, literature, and resources of Canada, and by endeavoring to unite Canadians in such work for the welfare and progress of the Dominion as may be desirable and expedient.
3. (a) There shall be two classes of members—active and honorary.
(b) Any man at least eighteen years of age, who is a British subject by birth or naturalization, and who is in sympathy with the objects of the Club, shall be eligible for membership.
(c) Honorary membership may be conferred on such person as in the opinion of the Club may be entitled to such distinction.
4. Application for membership must be made in writing through two members of the Club in good standing, and the names must be announced at a regular meeting of the Club and voted upon at the next Executive Meeting. Two black balls shall exclude.
5. (a) Honorary members shall be exempt from the payment of fees, but shall neither vote nor hold office.
(b) Active members shall pay, in advance, an annual fee of three dollars.
(c) No one shall be a member in good standing until he shall have paid his annual fee, such fee being due and payable on or before November 30th of each year.
(d) Only members in good standing shall be eligible for office or have the right to vote at any meeting of the Club.
(e) Fees of members elected after November 30th shall forthwith become due and payable.

(f) All members whose fees are in arrears shall be so notified by the Treasurer; and if the same are not paid within ten days thereafter, their names shall be struck from the roll.

6. (a) The Officers of the Club shall consist of a President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Honorary Secretary, Honorary Treasurer, Literary Correspondent, and several others holding no specific office. These officers, together with the last retiring President, shall constitute the Executive Committee.

(b) The officers shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Club, which shall be held on the last Monday in April, and shall hold office until the next annual meeting, or until their successors are elected.

(c) Nominations shall be made by a nominating committee appointed at a meeting to be held at least one week previous to the annual meeting. Their report shall be received at the annual meeting, and either adopted in its entirety or after amendment, on motion and ballot.

(d) In case of demission of office, whether by death, resignation, or otherwise, the vacancy thereby caused shall be filled by the Executive Committee. The person so elected shall hold office until the next annual meeting.

7. (a) Subject to special action by the Club, the conduct of its affairs shall be vested in the Executive Committee.

(b) The Executive Committee shall meet at the call of the President, and five members shall constitute a quorum.

(c) Where the President is unable or refuses to call a meeting, three members of the Executive may do so by giving the others at least 24 hours' notice in writing.

(d) The Executive Committee shall have power to appoint an Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, who shall be paid such remuneration as shall be fixed by them.

8. The duties of the officers shall be as follows:

(a) The President, when present, shall preside at all meetings, and shall, upon request, inform the Club of the proceedings of the Executive Committee since the last report, receive and read motions, and cause the sense of the meeting to be taken on them, preserve order and direct the proceedings of the meeting in regular course. There shall be no appeal from the ruling of the Chair unless requested by at least five members and carried by two-thirds vote.

(b) In the absence of the President, the senior Vice-President present shall preside and perform the duties of the President and have his privileges.

(c) In the absence of the President and Vice-Presidents, a chairman for the meeting shall be chosen by the open vote of those present.

(d) The Literary Correspondent shall have charge of all correspondence of a literary character, and shall edit any literary matter issued by the Club, and in a general way promote and guard the interests of the Club in the daily and periodical press.

(e) The Honorary Treasurer shall collect and receive all moneys due the Club, issue receipts therefor, and pay all authorized accounts.

(f) The Secretary shall take minutes at all meetings of the Club as well as those of the Executive Committee. He shall issue notices of meetings and perform those duties usually appertaining to the office.

(g) The Assistant Secretary-Treasurer shall perform such duties as may be assigned to him by the Executive Committee.

9. (a) Meetings held on Mondays, between 1 and 2 p.m., shall be deemed regular meetings, and shall be called at the discretion of the Executive Committee, except during the months of May, June, July, August, September, and October. Special meetings may be held at any time or place at the call of the President or three members of the Executive Committee.

(b) No notice of ordinary meetings shall be necessary, but notice in writing of all annual and special meetings shall be sent to each member of the Club.

(c) Fifty members in good standing present at any meeting of the Club shall constitute a quorum.

10. Two auditors shall be elected by open vote at the meeting provided for in clause 6, and shall embody their report in the Treasurer's annual statement.

11. This Constitution may be amended at the annual meeting, or at a special meeting called for that purpose, by a two-thirds vote of the members present, after one week's notice of such amendment.

THE CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO

1918-19

(May 6th, 1918.)

The Y.M.C.A. and the Higher Patriotism

BY CAPTAIN JOHN MACNEILL.*

AT a special meeting of the Canadian Club held on the 6th of May, Captain John MacNeill said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I wish to express my profound thanks for the honor you have done me in the invitation to address the Canadian Club of Toronto. I am the more gratified that the invitation has come in connection with the work of that Association with which I have had the honor of serving in England and France during the past eighteen months. The Work of the Y.M.C.A. must be regarded by all who know it as a genuine contribution to the higher patriotism. During this week the citizens of Toronto will be asked for their generous support of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association and we have every confidence that this city will fully justify our expectations. Never yet has a campaign for a great cause been put before the people of Toronto, to which they have not responded in the most magnificent fashion. We are no longer afraid of anything in that line. The courage of the Toronto people recalls that of a chap in the 13th Canadian Battalion in France. He had been imbibing a little too freely one day of French beer and in that particular state of mind felt peculiarly courageous. He felt this obli-

*Captain MacNeill is the well-known Pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto. He spent eighteen months with the troops, in the Y.M.C.A., the last twelve months being in France.

gation laid upon him also to uphold the reputation of the battalion for endurance and valor. In that exalted mood he met his chaplain and it often happens that a man in that "spirituous" state is very confidential with his minister. "I tell you Padre, the 13th Battalion is not afraid of anything. We're not afraid of anything. If the General wants us to go over the top we'll go over the top; and if you want us to go and listen to one of your sermons, we'll go and listen to you; we're not afraid of anything." I do not know why he associated those two as the extreme points of danger, unless it was the possibility of the gas attack in both cases.

The message I bring to-day is not my own; it is a message from the hearts of the men in France. Just before I left there I was addressing about 400 Canadians one night in a Y. M. C. A. cinema, in the ruins of a village not far removed from the front line. The building we met in was the former High School of the town. The battered walls and broken roof we had patched up and made into a place of entertainment for the men. In view of my impending visit to Canada, I asked these fellows what they would like to have me say to the people who were at home. Well, they were just a group of average Canadian boys, strong, alert, as keen as mustard, and they were in a fine, rollicking mood that night. At first they began to play upon the surface. They were sparring for time. "Tell them to send more parcels," "Tell them to raise our pay," "Tell them to send those reinforcements over as fast as they know how." And there was a wag in the crowd—there always is a wag in the crowd; he waited for the psychological moment, till everything was quiet and then drawled out from the back of the hall, "Ask them if they have anything at home that's good for lice." Which led me to remark that evidently there was one fellow at least who was very much *alive* to the situation.

But in a few moments these men began to grow serious. I could not begin to tell you the answers that sprang spontaneously from all parts of the hall. "Tell them," said one, "to be good to our women folk at home"; and afterward with a quivering chin he told me he had left a wife and two kiddies at home in Canada. "Tell the people at home to stand by us and we'll see it through." And then one fine, intelligent chap, sitting over against the wall, summed it all up in these words: "Just now there are only three things that I live for out here in France: one is my mail, another is pay day, and the third is peace." And then he quickly added: "But not peace at any price! Tell the people at home that we are

ready to leave a little bit of Canada over here in France so long as we know that our children will not have to come out and fight this thing over again." Those are great words and the men of that spirit have a right to be listened to.

For eighteen months the Y. M. C. A. has furnished me with the opportunity to do "my bit" thus far in the war. I know something of its work and of its spirit. From the day the men enlist the Y. M. C. A. is on their trail: In the training centres in Canada and England; in the forestry camps of Scotland; in the front lines in France. And I venture to assert—I am not officially a Y. M. C. A. man and can speak with a certain detachment of mind—that to the army it is a great military asset; to the home of Canada it is a mighty moral bulwark; to the churches it is a sympathetic spiritual ally; and to thousands of our men it has proved to be "as a river of water in a dry place and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Let me suggest some ways in which the Y. M. C. A. is serving the higher patriotism. For one thing, it is attempting to *maintain that idealism* without which for us this business of war would sink into the most brutal kind of barbarism. Gentlemen, in all the history of young nations, there is nothing finer than the sublime idealism that sent our men crowding to the colors. In these three and a half years thousands of our Canadian boys have glimpsed something that has lifted them clear out of themselves. In the presence of this crisis they have "climbed to the awful verge of manhood." Within themselves and through themselves they have felt "the energy sublime of a century burst, full blossomed on the thorny stem of time." In some cases, no doubt, there were mixed motives, but with the vast majority it was a solemn dedication to a high and holy crusade. They went out like the knights of old following the Holy Grail. And they came to what? Not the romance of war—the romance of war is dead. But they came to the terrors of hell; to mud and blood and stench, and drizzling winter rain; to the blanketing miasma of poisonous gas; to the shattering infernos of artillery; to the sickening and ghastly sights of their dead and mangled comrades; and to the ever-recurring call to go back again into the line.

Do you wonder that the hardest fight for these men is not to hold their trenches, but to hold their visions? It is a sordid, sodden business. It is difficult for idealism to survive in wallow and slaughter and vermin, and stable floors for beds,

and crouching dugouts for billets. Matthew Arnold says that:

"Tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be in days of gloom fulfilled."

But for our lads the days of gloom are long and tedious, the hours of insight are few and fleeting. The nation at home is fighting the same battle and it has not been an unqualified victory. It must be admitted that for Britain and her Allies the fine idealism of 1914 came near to its death in 1917. The exalted passion of that earlier August suffered a sad eclipse. In some measure we have regained it. It may openly be said that up to the present moment, America's greatest contribution in entering the war was to bring back to the Allies a new birth of the old vision. The lofty idealism has come back in the stern dedication of a great and free nation to a high and holy cause.

It is in this direction that the Y. M. C. A. has served to the nation overseas its noblest function. It has come into the life "out there" to redeem its sordidness, to mitigate its horrors and to cheer its gloom. It has furnished those ministries in which the great idealisms are born and nourished and sustained. A half million sheets of writing paper are distributed each week without cost to the men. \$85,000 were spent in providing free drinks, food and comforts to the wounded during the past year. We spent \$70,000 last year on athletics and the projected program for next year in this line will call for \$130,000.

During the month of February we held 732 concerts and entertainments—no admission fee—with an aggregate attendance of 350,000 men. You get a glimpse of the spirit of the men in those entertainments. There is a great deal of latent talent in the army. The ventriloquist, the conjurer, the singer, the dancer, the pianist, the clown, are there. You could not find four or five hundred men together in a Hut without finding material enough to provide a first class impromptu program. There was one Highland battalion that had good reason to know there was latent talent in the army. On the evening they came out bespattered with mud from the line, a parade entertainment was arranged for them in the Hut. No members of other units were allowed to come in. There was some delay in beginning the program and one bold fellow from another unit slipped in through the back door—he made sure to leave it open—had a word with the accompanist, stepped to the front of the platform and in the most pronounced cockney

accent sang to those solemn Scotchmen this version of their great war song:

"Scots wha hae on porridge fed,
Scots wha's hair is awfu' red,
Scots wha suffer wi' swelled head
Gang and wash your knees!"

Needless to say, that fellow was nearly a stretcher case before he got out.

I have seen the men come down from the line with that fearful tension on their faces, a haunted look in their eyes, their nerves frayed and quivering, weary to the bone. I have seen them an hour later in an entertainment, the tension passed from their faces, their nerves are quieted, the light of laughter comes back to their eyes, their minds gain their poise once more and life is worth living again. To give you the verdict of one of the men themselves, overheard outside a Y. M. C. A. Hut after an entertainment: "I sy, Bill, if it were'nt for the bloody blokes in these bleedin' 'uts there would be a 'ell of a time in the army."

When I came away from France we had 24 canteens in operation in the forward areas alone. For the most part they are dugouts. They are stocked with biscuits, cigarettes, chocolates, canned fruits and hot drinks. They maintain a twenty-four hour service. The canteen is never closed. At the time of our big attacks this service is greatly extended. The military authorities confide to us in the Y. M. C. A. a few days in advance, the roads and communication trenches down which the walking wounded and the stretcher cases will be brought. Our locations are chosen, generally near to the dressing stations, so that the men can have hot drinks while their wounds are being dressed. I remember, during the attack at Hill 70 last August, one big Highlander from the 16th Canadian Scottish, he reached our dugout about half an hour after the attack opened. His tunic and his shirt were stripped off him to the last thread—he had left them in the barbed wire up at the front. He hadn't a word to say about his wounds, and he was badly hit, but with hilarious glee he announced: "The 16th has got their objective!" Another chap came down shortly after badly wounded in the right shoulder. One of our fellows, Armitage, handed him a cup of tea. The chap looked up and recognized Armitage as the sleight-of-hand man who had entertained them a few nights before in one of our huts. There was nothing about his wounds; his first greeting was this: "Say, how did you

get the joker out of the pack the other night at the Hut?" Up at Passchendaele last November a boy came down the line. His left eye was completely blown out. He was wounded over the right eye and the blood was streaming down his face. He stopped for a moment at one of the little white posts that mark the way for the "walking wounded," then found his bearings and came into the dressing station. He knew that eye was gone. He knew too, that he had entered the great aristocracy of those who suffer for liberty. He knew that he was akin to Nelson, who also had lost an eye in action for Britain—Nelson,

"That poor little withered form
With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve
And his soul like a North Sea storm."

And when someone said to this lad in a cheery word: "Hello lad, and what are they going to do to you?" "Oh, they're going to give me the Nelson touch!" The Nelson touch! Great men! Great men! I say to you, that so long as their idealisms survive, they are absolutely unconquerable.

In promoting *national unity* the Y. M. C. A. is serving that higher patriotism that always exalts principle above party. I am not thinking merely of political parties, but of every element of sectionalism that may threaten the solidarity of our national life. In these days we have learned that principles are universal, parties are local; principles are eternal, parties are transient; principles are pure, parties are prejudiced; principles are inviolable, parties are corruptible. In the "piping days of peace" we screamed for parties, in these tragic days of war we fight for principle. Whatever there may be at home, there is no sectionalism out there. I have seen the diverse elements of religion, language, blood, locality, fused together in the furnace of suffering and service. So far as the nation overseas is concerned, it will come back a solid entity, diversity in its unity and unity in its diversity.

The mightiest impulse towards that unity is their comradeship in suffering. A common purpose, a common suffering, a common hope, there are no stronger bonds to bind men together. In that atmosphere there is no room for cleavage. Schism will die. You cannot set creed against creed, class against class, race against race, East against West.

"For there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor breed, nor birth
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth."

I believe the men would be the first to tell you that they find in the Y. M. C. A. the great articulation of their spirit of solidarity. More than any other place there it has been their home for the past three years. In the beautiful language of the French—oh, you can trust the French for the thing that is artistic—the Y. M. C. A. is known as the "oyer du soldat," the "home of the soldier."

The night before our 2nd Brigade went into the fight at Passchendaele last November, I had the privilege of sharing in a religious service with those men. A Congregationalist led the singing, an Anglican conducted the devotions, a Baptist preached the sermon, a Methodist conducted the communion service following, a Presbyterian and a Baptist dispensed the elements to those men, many of whom received that night their last communion on earth. And there was one man who was there who will tell you that in that solemn hour he forgot his name and sign and remembered only that he belonged to the great brotherhood of Christ.

Or I might go farther afield. In the life of the Empire the Y. M. C. A. has become a great unifying force. I take my own limited experience. During these eighteen months I have addressed through the Y. M. C. A. almost every arm of the Empire: Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, men of the Navy, the boys of the Flying Corps, the English regiments, the Scottish battalions, the Irish divisions. Down on the old Somme battlefield on ground since submerged in this great German rush, I spoke to the men of South Africa, men with the antelope badge in their caps and the spirit of the antelope in their hearts. I found among them Boers who had fought against us in the South African war. They carried on their bodies the scars of British bullets. How comes it that these men who fought against us fifteen years ago are fighting with us to-day? There is no other Empire under the sun in which such a thing is possible. It comes from that large measure of free government that Britain gives to all those who come under the flag. Yes! as an American writer says: "She's a funny, funny old Empire! She's illogical, she's unscientific, she's ill-defined, but she's great with the greatness of a mighty soul."

Our national unity has not yet been achieved, but the nation out yonder has brought us and will bring us a long way toward it, and not one of the least creative agencies toward this unity is the spirit and service of the Y. M. C. A.

The higher patriotism always aims at the *conservation* of national life, not only in material resources, but in manhood and the fruits of sacrifice. And here let me interject a word: The finest conservators of our boys are the men who lead them. I had the honor of dining with General Currie on the last night I was in France, and in a long conversation I learned how deeply he was concerned with the welfare of his men, not merely from a military standpoint, but from a great sense of humanity. General Macdonnell, in a visit I had with him a week earlier, unfolded some plans he had for the benefit of the troops. He is a reserved Scotchman, but he spoke under great emotion as he said: "MacNeill, I lost the only son I had on this front and there is not much left for me now except to look after other people's sons, and if there is anything I can do for any mother's son of Canada, you may be sure I'll be glad to do it."

In this connection let me mention a great national duty that is coming up now on the horizon. I refer to the conservation of the manhood of our army. There is not a thoughtful man of the army, among the officers or in the ranks, who has not felt the downward drag of that life on his intellectual and moral life. It is a fight for a man to keep up his mental culture. You will not be surprised to learn, therefore, that everywhere in the camps there are groups of men gathering for study, of one kind and another, in order to maintain if they can their intellectual life. More than a year ago at Witley Camp, in England, a number of these groups began to get together under the leadership of Capt. Clarence MacKinnon, one of the Chaplains. Some months prior to this the Y. M. C. A. had invited President Tory, of the University of Alberta, to come over and make investigations on the possibilities along this line. Dr. Tory spent three months in England and France meeting the officers and men. He found the greatest enthusiasm in every quarter. He returned to Canada and formulated his report. He realized, as we realized, that it was no longer a mere Y. M. C. A. project, but a national project, a matter that concerned the Universities and the people of Canada. An advisory board representing the Canadian Universities was formed; the Government at Ottawa endorsed the scheme; the military authorities supported it and the

movement has been launched—in England as the Khaki University and in France as the University of Vimy Ridge. The work in England is under the direction of Capt. Clarence MacKinnon, while the work in France is in charge of Capt. (Dr.) Oliver, of Saskatoon, the whole overseas project being under the supervision of Dr. Tory.

Already the classes are showing splendid interest and encouraging results. But the chief benefits will come, it is hoped, in the days of demobilization. It is probable that our men will be detained overseas for a year or two years after peace is declared owing to the lack of transport to bring them home. The day that peace is declared will be one of the critical days in the history of the war. Rigid restraint of necessity will be lifted, discipline will relax, liberty may pass into license; the reaction may fling men into excesses far more destructive than war. The people of Canada must do everything in their power to safeguard these men against the dangers of that period; and also against the dangers of their return to civil life. For these men are soldiers for the moment, but they are citizens for all time. They are men of peace; the business of war is not of their choosing, though better soldiers never gathered on the battlefields of Europe!

But their souls are for peace. Think what happened to so many of these boys. Their college courses were broken in two; on the verge of matriculation many of them left everything behind them; the period of their preparation for their life work has been taken from them; two, three, four years—it may be more yet—have been snatched out of the most formative and educative years of their life. It must be part of the serious business of the people at home to see that so far as possible there will be restored to them "the years that the canker-worm has eaten." Half a million dollars of the two and a half million the Y. M. C. A. expects to raise in the present campaign is to be put at the disposal of this Advisory Board of the Universities of Canada in order to perfect this scheme of overseas education. You must see to it that whatever funds are lacking we shall not fail these men in that which is so vital to their future.

Just a closing sentence, gentlemen. Do you know the one great fear of the men out there? They have a fear lest the people at home may fail them in some way. They do not fear the fight, but they fear a fight that is half-won. They do not shrink from the sacrifice, but a sacrifice that may be in vain. They do not fear the line will break, but they fear lest the line at home will crumple up, lest our people may be

stampeded into a panic and a false peace that will rob them of the fruits of their sacrifice. There is no treason like the treason to our living and our dead out there.

This is the message that comes from France—that comes from the thousands and thousands of graves that I have seen with their little white crosses strewed over the hillsides and valleys of France and Flanders. "We do not grudge to die," they say, "only to die in vain." Col. John McCrae, of the Canadian Army Medical Service, early in the war spoke on behalf of the dead yonder in Flanders fields; last January he himself laid down his life in the cause; and now he speaks not only on behalf of the dead, but from among them:

In Flanders fields the poppies grow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

(May 17th, 1918)

The Solidarity of the Allies

BY EARL READING AND HON. ELIHU ROOT.*

AT a special meeting of the Canadian Club held on the 17th May, 1918, Hon. Mr. Root said:

*Mr. President: Gentlemen of the Canadian Club of Toronto,—*Upon the assurance that Lord Reading will arrive with reinforcements, I shall endeavor to hold this trench for fifteen minutes. I hope you will not at the close accuse me of endeavoring to defend the position by hurling gas bombs.

I am an old visitor to Canada. I began to come here more than fifty years ago. I was in Toronto, a young lawyer, forty-six years ago. I have many dear friends in Canada. I have been very familiar with your laws and your politics and your course of development ever since the Dominion Act of 1867. And I have taken a very positive and distinct attitude in my own home, in the United States, about Canada. It has been an attitude of friendship and hope and courage and joy in the development of the new nation of the North.

I have always felt that it was one of the best things for liberty and for self-government and for justice in the world that could possibly happen to have a great, separate, self-governing nation develop here. It has come along by degrees. You will recall that at the close of the American Revolution, that Revolution which was in fact a civil war among British subjects, which was, in fact, an English civil war, in which two principles of government were contested, and in which the principle of freedom was won for Britain,—you will recall that at the close of that war, in the peace negotiations the question really balanced as to whether Canada was not to be ceded as a part of the new free Republic. It seemed in doubt,—might well have turned the other way; and the comparatively few people who had made their way north of the border were not of sufficient weight; the English-speaking people north of the border were not of sufficient number or weight, to play a great part. But that passed.

*Lord Reading is the Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States. The Hon. Mr. Root headed the American Commission appointed by the President of the United States to visit Russia after the formation of the Kerensky Government.

I remember that the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario wrote during the War of 1812, early in the War of 1812, in a private letter since published, that the people of Canada were rather better disposed towards the Americans than they were towards the British, that the majority were rather inclined towards the Americans. That passed.

And there has been a gradual, steady elimination of that kind of possibility as the sentiment of nationality has grown among you, until it is gone, and gone absolutely, and the two nations now live side by side in friendship and in mutual helpfulness.

But now!—now, there is an entire difference, an entirely new attitude of the two nations toward each other. I feel that I am talking about some new and strange thing. It is not the same subject. A few years—ten or a dozen years—ago I was talking to the Canadian Club of Ottawa about Canada and the United States, but it is another subject now! We have learned, some of us by terrible experience, some of us by observation and thought, how trifling are the matters distinguished by this border line that runs through the St. Lawrence and the Lakes and across the 49th parallel over to the Pacific; how trifling are the differences, the political differences, between the Dominion of Canada and the Union of States, compared with that great, under-lying and priceless possession common to us both, dear to us both, inestimable for us both, the liberty, the individual independence, and the justice, that we all, Canadians and Americans, have inherited from the thousand years of the development of Anglo-Saxon institutions.

It is as if two sisters wore dresses of different colors. It is as if two brothers wore different hats. It is as if one friend drove a bay horse and another drove a black horse. It is as if one man smoked a pipe and another smoked a cigar. All the little trivial and immaterial differentiations in the world, compared with these relations of brotherhood and sisterhood and friendship, do not sink into greater insignificance than the political divisions, the permanent political divisions, the divisions which are to endure, between the Canadian Dominion and the American States, as compared with the fundamentals of our lives.

And so as we in the United States turn to the casualty lists, we read Pershing's casualty list and we read the Canadian casualty lists, for the Americans' names that have gone; and our hearts are filled with pride and sorrow when we read of the superb courage and fortitude and heroism of the Canadian troops in France and Flanders.

So the slowly gathering force of our hundred million people is coming up to the performance of the day's duty in this war, spurred on by a little sense of failure to come up to the standard of our brothers from north of the line who are fighting our battle for us. There used to be a time when I thought that Canadians had a tendency to look a little shy at the people in the United States, under the impression that because we there were bigger we thought we were of a little more consequence than you were. This is unforgivable now. It is quite possible people in the United States and Canada too had some reservation about cordial friendship with England, because there was a little sense that the British thought themselves a little superior. That was what was the matter with the United States; it was not the Revolution or the War of 1812 or trade or tariff, but just that. And that same feeling exists in some parts of our West towards some parts of our East in the United States. It is a mistake, because it is only when the impression comes from an unrepresentative man. You will occasionally find a commercial traveller or a lightning rod vendor who will put on airs and brag and blow, and try to make himself appear superior to the people among whom he is; and if you take your ideas from such men then you may find an assumption of superiority. But it is all false. That feeling does not exist. It does not exist in Britain towards the United States or Canada. It does not exist in the East towards the West, or in the West towards the East. It is all a mistake. But whatever there was, can now be dismissed for ever! For the attitude of the entire people of the United States, East and West, and North and South, towards Canada is of unstinted admiration and highest respect, and the grateful claim of brotherhood.

It took us a good while in the United States to get into the war—not any longer than it took some of our friends on the other side of the water to realize that the war was coming! A peaceable people, conscious of their own kindly feeling towards their fellow men, not harboring sinister designs of plunder and rapine; a peaceable, law-abiding, kindly people; found it hard to believe in the depravity of others. It was a long time before the mass of the people of the United States could really believe that Germany was the cruel and ruthless and brutal tyrant she has proved herself to be. They could not believe it. There must be something wrong about it. Of course, having millions of citizens of German birth or descent, the United States found it hardest of all to believe. But little by little, the rape of Belgium, the wanton, calcu-

lated massacre of her peaceful people, men, and women, and children, the wanton and calculated destruction of her wonderful works of art and of priceless historic value, the burning of Louvain, the systematic application of brutal terrorism to the people of Belgium, could not be ignored. The sinking of the Lusitania in defiance of all law, of humanity and of Christianity, rejoiced in by Germany, could not be ignored. The massacre of the Armenians with German assistance, half a million men, women and children; the deportation of the people from Belgium and Northern France into practical slavery; the deportation of their young women into worse than slavery; could not be ignored. And the principles, the avowed principles upon which these things were done could not be ignored. These things were not done by lapses from obedience to law, to be repented of; they were done in pursuance of avowed principles, they were done in pursuance of the political theory that the State is not subject to the rules of morality or even humanity or of Christianity which rule the individual. And these things gradually forced themselves into the minds of the people south of the border. They came to show us the nature of this mightiest military power of the world; we saw it applying, as it would continue to apply, to the life of the world, principles which would be as deadly to our liberties as any poison gas is to the lungs of a man.

You see we hadn't what you have, the tie of the Empire. I remember when I first came to Canada, the British garrisons were in possession of the fortresses. Picturesque scarlet coats could be seen on the heights of the Citadel of Quebec. Germany, which has a most amazing chemical affinity for all that is base in human nature, but which was never able to measure the noblest qualities of the human heart, could not understand that in the place of those redcoats in the Citadel of Quebec there had come a tie of sympathy and loyalty that bound the great Dominion to the heart of the Mother Country a million times as strong as all the forces that Krupp could arm.

We had not that. We had not that swift reaction which threw Canada at the beginning in the hour of the Empire's need into the fight. So we had to do without it. Slowly, finally, we have arrived, and we are doing the best we can. We bow to this veteran warrior country. We are ready to learn in humility from your experience, and to breathe in the inspiration of your strength and courage. We are moving as fast as we can, though as a peaceful people we moved at first in confusion. This is gradually being worked out. We have got

already half a million men in France and Flanders. We expect—our Government tells us we may confidently expect—to have a million and a half before the year is over. And there will be, we may well believe, no doubt as many millions more to come as are necessary to make the victory for Allies sure.

The whole country is gradually waking up to the point of participation in the war. More and more are buying the Liberty Bonds and the War Savings Stamps. About ten million have bought Bonds in the 4 per cent. second Liberty Loan, much more than in the first. I have seen an estimate, although the final figures have not been received, that there are over seventeen million purchasers who have bought the last Liberty Bonds. Now seventeen million purchasers means seventeen million people who intend that the war shall be won. They will deprive themselves; they have ranged themselves; and they are going to stand by the cause. Seventeen million must come pretty close to having somebody in every family.

Then we have had a rather gratifying general participation coming through food conservation. We had a surplus last year of ten million bushels of wheat. That is all. At our ordinary rate of consumption the wheat we had left from last harvest was sufficient to supply our people and leave a surplus of ten million bushels. Up to the first of this last month we had exported to the Allies during nine months out of that crop 78 million bushels of wheat. That means that while we had a surplus normally of ten millions we exported 78 millions; so we exported 68 millions of bushels over what we would normally have as surplus.

(At this moment Lord Reading entered the room and was greeted with cheers, the audience rising to honor him and breaking out into renewed cheering. Mr. Root continued:)

With the single additional observation that we expect to make that 120 million bushels by the first of July so that we will send to feed the Allies twelve times our surplus out of the last crop, I will yield the command (Cries of "Go on!" accompanied by applause, in which Lord Reading joined)—I will yield the command of this bastion of defence for the line of liberty to the Earl of Reading, who is the Foch of this meeting.

The Earl of Reading, on rising to speak, was again greeted with prolonged cheers. He said:

Gentlemen: First will you let me tender my apologies to my friend Mr. Root for having interrupted him in his speech; but, as you know, that was not my fault. If trains are late it

is impossible to arrive in time. I am glad to have been here, glad to be present at this meeting. At one time I thought I was going to be disappointed, but by the aid of a special train, which covered much ground in the shortest time, I am here with you.

I am addressing you at a moment when your fortunes, when our fortunes, are very much—not in the balance, but being highly tried. I am glad that on this occasion, for the first time when I address a meeting at Toronto, Mr. Root is associated with me. It marks so well, so splendidly, if I may say so, the close association and the ties between you and between us, and the United States.

We are now at a moment when the enemy is hurling all his forces, or concentrating and consolidating them so that they may be flung, against our armies. In the struggle in which we have been engaged now for three years and over, I believe I am uttering what is in your minds, as I know I am speaking that which is in the minds of the English people, when I say that never for one moment ever since the commencement of this war, whatever the cost might be in treasure, or whatever the cost may be in money, have we regretted that we drew the sword and went into this conflict. We went into it at the start, as you so well know, because the dictates of honor demanded that we should stand firm to the treaty that we had signed. There was no other thought with us. And here you in Canada, you were not bound by that treaty, you had not signed it, but you were a part of the British Empire, you were proud of that great democracy which is known as the British Empire, and you stood with us; and permit me, in my capacity here as British Ambassador in the United States visiting you—will you forgive me if I add also in my capacity as Lord Chief Justice of England?—to assure you now on behalf of the people of England what you have heard so often,—but I must repeat it because if I did not repeat it I should keep close what is most upon my heart,—to tender to you people of Canada, to say to you from England, how deeply touched we are, how grateful we are to you all, for all you have done. You have hurled yourselves into this relentless war; you have given us of your best; you have sent your men to fight, the best of your men you have poured into this struggle; and they have upheld the honor of Canada. Gentlemen, they have done more: they have raised the name of Canada to a height you perhaps never dreamed because in their virile manhood, animated by the best traditions, they have stood firm, keen, dauntless, at Ypres, at Lens, at Vimy Ridge; so that it has become quite common to

say, when they have fought magnificently, that indeed they are heroes ; and the answer is, 'Well, after all, they are Canadians !'

And you may ask, others may ask, we may ask ourselves, why is it that in this contest, which began over trouble between Serbia and Austria, which was so far removed from us in England, and farther still from you in Canada, and, may I say? from the United States of America,—why was it, and why is it now, to continue to the end, without ever having any doubt in our minds, either of the wisdom or of the rightness of our acts? It is because gradually but very quickly there emerged through that gigantic storm cloud which brooded over Europe and so quickly burst over us in England, the consciousness that there was one great issue. The one great issue emerging through the din of battle, heard in spite of the reverberations of the canonon when the mists cleared away early in the struggle,—as folk gradually aroused, we saw the main issue plainly: this is not a struggle between one nation and another; this is not a struggle between millions supporting a foreign dynasty and millions fighting for democracy; this is a struggle between two systems of government; there is no room for the two systems to exist in the civilized world! Indeed, there is no room for one of these systems to exist wherever the world is civilized. Do men generally understand it? You here in Canada, those in Australia, in South Africa, we in the United Kingdom, and they can also, the other English-speaking people, in the United States—we all understood that we were fighting for the greatest issue the world has ever known, probably has ever dreamed of.

In the days of old, and indeed as you read from great poems and literature, you may see the struggle between good and bad, but never was it so illustrated in actual life as in the titanic conflict now being waged, this struggle between everything that spells right, justice, liberty, good, honest, clean-living people, against everything that stands for conquest, tyranny, oppression, the rule of might, the recognition of brute force, and with it all the attendant cruelty and barbarity which we thought we had ejected from this world centuries ago. As it is so, we have to meet it; the struggle must continue, and it every day becomes clearer that that is the issue.

The question is this: do we continue to fight for a peace which is righteous, or are we to accept a peace dictated by Germany? There is no doubt—there never has been any doubt—that we shall continue to fight, cost what it may, until we secure that justice and liberty which really alone make

life worth living to human beings who understand their meaning.

We are not going to be deluded by any false statements. We realize this, that mankind is at the stage where it must define two systems. So indeed we are standing for the true as against the false. The true end of this war will be that for which we are striving, one which will secure justice for the little nations, so that they shall have their rights as well as the others. We are standing against that false ideal that maintains that nothing is worth having except that brought by might. If you read the words of German writers during the last fifty or sixty years, you will have no doubt as to what their ideals are. Indeed, we do not need to read those books; we read it every day: you may see it in Belgium, in Serbia, wherever you choose to go, because there you find, written in letters of blood, what the ideals of Germany are. 'If there is to be a League of Nations, why,' says Germany, 'yes, we will join the League of Nations, but of course if we do we must be master of it.' I refer to it only as another illustration. The German people, dominated as they are by their Government,—to them we say: 'As from the beginning you may go on, win victories, induce retirements, be killed some of you, but in the end the victory is as certain as that day follows night!' Provided only that we never relax our preparations; provided only we realize that we have to be alert, more than ever alert, as the days go by, as the German has been able to add to his forces many divisions from Russia. So we recognize that great efforts are required; we realize that great reinforcements are necessary. In the United States is a great reservoir of fine men, who are going over every day as fast as ships can carry them.

And so we continue to fight, as I have said, and venture once more to repeat only for the purpose of bringing home to you as well as I can what is our determination in England. It is the same as yours, and that of the United States, the same as that of our great heroic Allies, France and Italy,—it is that we will allow nothing to deflect us from our course, that we will pursue our road that we have marked out for ourselves until the end. The goal may be far away—at present it looks as if it were—but it is there! We have to keep our eyes directed to that goal and nothing else, and go together as we are, marching forward, meeting every difficulty as it arises, taking care never to think every crisis the last, because there never is a last crisis until we come to the end, and realize that

now in this moment we have our victory, because we have managed to win the triumph of justice, and to secure liberty for all the people of the world. And not only for ourselves, but have managed then to have done some lasting good, to secure some lasting benefit for humanity, so the world shall be able in future to sleep in peace, without sudden dreams of Teutonic aggression and mischief.

(June 17th, 1918.)

The Medical Aspect of the War

BY SIR WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE, BT.,*

AND

COL. HERBERT A. BRUCE.†

AT a special meeting of the Club held on the 17th June, Sir Arbuthnot Lane said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I learnt with dismay on entering this room that you are in the habit of being addressed by men of great eloquence and distinction. Mr. Elihu Root and Lord Reading, whose gifts of oratory place them in the first rank of public speakers, have been our immediate predecessors.

I will trust to your leniency and patience, and will tell you what I have to say in the shortest and simplest manner possible. What has struck us most both in the United States and in Canada is the absence of such privations as we have experienced.

Perhaps these little packets of sugar with which we are provided afford the only evidence of restriction that we have come across so far. The number of motor cars which abound in your streets fill us with jealousy and envy. In England, with the exception of an occasional taxi cab, our sole mode of conveyance has been the bus or tube, both institutions which sometimes tend to render democratic methods somewhat unpopular. We are only allowed to use private cars for professional purposes, and any infringement of the police regulations is followed by fine or even imprisonment.

We have enjoyed our visit to the States immensely. We have been impressed very profoundly by the enthusiasm of that most hospitable people. At Washington we were able to study and observe the very thorough manner in which they were dealing with the arrangements for the supply of medical officers to the army. General Gorgas, whose fame has long

*Sir Arbuthnot Lane is one of England's greatest Surgeons and was Consulting Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, London.

†Colonel Herbert Bruce, together with Sir Arbuthnot Lane and Sir James MacKenzie, is a member of the Commission appointed by the British Government to visit the larger American Cities in order to explain features of Surgical and Medical Work in the War to the Medical Profession.

been a pleasure and a source of admiration to British surgeons, has surrounded himself with the cream of the American medical profession, and with their advice and assistance has produced a medical department which illustrates in its efficiency the best type of American genius. The Americans seem fully alive to the situation, and are determined to see this war to a successful end in spite of any difficulty.

My relations with the Canadians have always been most agreeable. I was fortunate in being temporarily attached to the large Canadian hospital at Bramshott, and I was greatly impressed by the medical organization of that camp and by the keen interest and great skill which the personnel displayed. In relation to that camp I would like to tell you of a circumstance which illustrates the great affection which the late Duchess of Connaught felt for Canada and the Canadians. She learned that as that hospital was several miles distant from the railway station the Sisters and nurses were put to great inconvenience and expense. She at once busied herself to meet this difficulty, and obtained a car for the purpose of conveying these ladies to and from the station. Unfortunately the difficulty of obtaining petrol interfered with the usefulness of this conveyance.

As the supply of medical officers in England was very limited it was found advisable to economize them as much as possible. This was done by specializing the men; putting the best man in the work that he was most able to do, and keeping him permanently in the same position. In this way the skill and experience of the medical officer was developed, and he was able to train the medical officers as they entered direct from general practice in the treatment of injuries and diseases which did not occur in civil life.

One of the best results of this specialization is a hospital for the treatment of injuries of the jaws and face. This has materialized in a hospital in Sidcup, near London, called The Queen's Hospital. To this institution all the wounded who have sustained injuries of the jaws and face are sent for treatment. The personnel of the hospital is made up of experts chosen from the British, Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand forces. Recently twelve American experts have been sent to join this staff. To these we added a number of skilled artists and modeling and dental mechanics. The artists and modelers build up in plaster the form of the face as they believe it existed previous to the receipt of the injury. They furnish the surgeons and dental surgeons with casts to which they can work.

The Canadian representatives are Major Waldron and Captain Risdon, who are very worthy representatives of the Dominion. They are graduates in medicine and dentistry of the University of Toronto. During the several years of the war the men working in the treatment of these cases have made marvelous strides in technique, so that the results improve month by month and year by year.

Perhaps no class of wounded appeal to our sympathy more than do these cases, which are very numerous, since they comprise more than two per cent. of the wounded.

Men returning with amputations or with severe injuries of the chest or abdomen receive the sympathy and love of their friends and relatives, while the poor fellow who is terribly disfigured is met by quite a different reception. The girl he is engaged to no longer retains a relic of the old affection. Even the mother, who clings to the son with a love that is intensely unselfish, feels that a strain is thrown on her maternal instinct. The wife no longer recognizes the features which attracted her so much originally. While the children may shrink in horror or dread from their disfigured parent.

Now these cases receive the most expert treatment at the hands of the personnel of The Queen's Hospital, Sidcup, and many are completely restored to their original form, while all are vastly improved, both artistically and functionally.

I thank you, gentlemen, very warmly for the great reception you have given us. This is by no means the first occasion on which I have had the pleasure of being present in your lovely city, and I trust sincerely that it will not be the last.

Col. Herbert A. Bruce said:

Mr. President, and fellow members of the Canadian Club,— This is a peculiarly happy occasion for me. While my lot as a surgeon in the British Expeditionary Force in France has not been comparable in point of hardship, suffering and sacrifice, with that of the fighting men, and in fact has demanded little more than hard work, I, too, have looked forward to the day of homecoming; but realization has this time wonderfully surpassed anticipation.

To be asked to the Canadian Club is in itself a signal honor, and to be the joint bearer, with so distinguished and able a member of my profession as Sir Arbuthnot Lane of a message to Canadians, has made the homecoming an event which will never leave my memory.

All of us seek to share in war service—and the measure of that service is the measure of our ability to "carry on." This

is the spirit that holds the line from the sea to Switzerland. "How goes the war?" is the question on the lips and in the heart of every Canadian. The best answer that I can give you came to me from the lips of a Canadian Tommy, when he referred to an address given by the celebrated Scottish divine, Dr. Kelman, in a Y.M.C.A. hut in France to the Canadian troops from the text "Faint yet pursuing." After the address he met a comrade. "George," he asked, "were you at the Y.M.C.A. to-night?" "No," was the reply; "what was doing there?" "There was a preacher there from Scotland, and you missed it!" "Well, if that's all, I don't think I missed much," was George's reply. "But," said this Tommy, "he was a real preacher." "Well, if you enjoyed it so much, what was he talking about?" The Tommy, not being as good a Presbyterian as my friend Dr. Primrose, did not remember the Scriptural quotation, "Faint, yet pursuing," so he replied, in characteristic army fashion, "Fed up, but sticking it!" After the years of gruelling—the horrors of which even I, after eighteen months in hospitals in France, can barely comprehend,—the armies of the Allies are "sticking it," to the amazement and despair of the German High Command. Please God they will "stick it," as I know they will, till the thing they fight is crushed.

Circumstances have decreed that my war experience in France has been with the British Expeditionary Force, but as you may readily appreciate I have not lost an opportunity to keep in touch with my closer kin, the Canadians. I have had perhaps a special opportunity of knowing the feeling not only of the British but also of the French toward our own troops. Four weeks ago Saturday a British General in France who I am sure would not take the trouble to bestow empty or idle praise, voluntarily made the statement to me that military judgment appraised the Canadian units as among the very flower of the Allied armies. It thrilled me to hear this grizzled veteran place our Canadian lads-civilians of three years ago—in the proud company of the Life Guards, the Irish Guards, and the most famous battalions of Scotland.

Gentlemen, I could continue for hours to tell you of things which I know and have heard from official sources to the credit and honor of Canadians—and just here let me say that last Christmas was made a happier and less lonesome day because I had the good fortune to spend it among the Canadians. I am not going to tell you how many Christmases I remember, but I never spent one in more wholesome, more cheerful, more inspiring society. *I saw no drunkenness,*

I know of no drunkenness, and I do not believe there was any drunkenness. That day would not be to me the memory that it is, if certain accounts which reached you contained a tittle of truth. Kipling says: "Enlisted men in barracks are not plaster-Paris saints," and although they are not the old-time enlisted men, and are not in barracks, I am not placing the Canadian soldiers on a pedestal, but I do pray that all my Christmases may be spent in as good society as the last.

I stand here to-day as a Canadian citizen and I take second place to no man in my appreciation of what Canada has done in this war, but from my experience with the Imperial forces, I want to say as a Canadian that the achievements of the Mother Land have not been surpassed even by the brilliant efforts of her daughters.

If I were to be asked as to the most important military developments at the front during the past year, I would put near the top of the list the creation of a Generalissimo to command the united forces, and the brigading of American troops with the British and French in a great, united, and compact army, and next I would put the stupendous war machine created in peace-loving, unprepared Britain since the war began.

We have heard much, and we do not underestimate, the still formidable military power of Germany, but we must remember that it is the work of half a century—but Britain has fought on a score of fronts, been banker and provisioner to her Allies, until America took her place, and has made of the British Isles a huge war factory, the equal of which the world has never seen.

The "contemptible little army" of one hundred thousand men who went over and fought and mostly died, lacked almost all the advantages of unlimited resources which in guns and munitions the Germans had so patiently built up through the years. But the hundred thousand men were replaced by two million men, and the meagre allowance of shells which kept the British guns mute for days on end, has grown until the British output alone is more than a match for the German.

Consider these facts: the British munition works now put out as many big shells in a single day, as during the whole first year of the war; as many medium sized shells in five days as in the whole first year; as many cannon in a week as in the whole first year. These munitions factories, with an average width of 40 feet, have a length of 25 miles; and all these buildings have been planned so as to be turned into productive industrial uses when peace returns. Nor must we forget that

Britain has increased the output of her steel from seven million to ten million tons, transforming this steel into some four hundred thousand motors for carrying munitions and supplies, into agricultural implements for increasing her harvests, into tanks and railway engines—in fact, meeting every demand of the war.

During these three years England has made herself independent of Germany. It was England that invented the process of making dyes out of coal waste, and now England is independent as to dyes; while her former dependence upon Germany for potash has been ended by the discovery that is transforming her industrial life. Few experiences can be more inspiring than days spent in the shipyards, arsenals and factories, of Great Britain, where men and women toiling at the forge, the lathe, the loom, and the shop, have converted their patriotism into material instruments that have built a wall of defence around the land they call home.

And, sir, not less than their brethren in Britain's navy have Britain's merchant sailors proved heroes of the war. Every week five thousand British ships come to or go from her harbors, while she has lent six hundred ships to France and four hundred ships to Italy. These ships have carried eight million men, to and from her shores, ten million tons of war material. Notwithstanding the submarines her merchantmen are sailing the seven seas.

"We will make every ship sail through the North Sea boiling with submarines," said Von Tirpitz last February, to which the bronzed sea captain replied, "Make it boil like the cauldron of hell, and we will still sail," and they have.

In the first few months of the war less than two hundred thousand women were engaged in war industries; to-day there are over one million; of the four million workers they constitute a quarter, and every month the number is increasing. Not less than the men are the girls and women, soldiers and heroes. A woman worker who had lost her husband at the front took a day off, and returned to continue her labor. The Superintendent of a factory found this inscription chalked on one of the lathes: "Done 14 to-day. Beat that, if you can, you devils."

Women are now engaged on four hundred and seventy-one different munition processes. These include aeroplane production, the manufacture of howitzer bombs, the making of shrapnel bullets, making shells, making tools, and even some of the work connected with marine mines and shipbuilding.

All grades of society are represented, and every branch of

industrial life, but all are linked together by England's need. Social distinctions are levelled in the democracy of overalls and caps. The girls handle the deadly T.N.T. and the even more deadly fulminate of mercury, with a steadiness of hand and smoothness of movement that has revealed in more than one instance the superiority of women in many industries.

I have not told you a part of the gigantic industrial effort of Great Britain. It involved the establishment of schools for the education and training of thousands of workers who had had absolutely no previous experience. The transformation of this peaceful people into an organized war body has been astonishingly complete in all its details. Immeasurably strengthened is Britain's capacity for defence. The plants created, the labor trained, the skill and energy acquired, are national assets of inestimable value and potency.

As I close, I recall that incident when Britain sent out her expedition to Ashanti, when the Colonel of the Scottish Guards said to his men: "I am not going to command any man to go on this expedition. There will be suffering, there will be hardships, there will be misery, there may be death. Let every man who will volunteer to follow me take one pace to the front." So saying, he turned his head, in order to give the men time to think and to act. When he looked around, a flash of indignation went over his face, as he saw that the line was as solid as it had been before. Turning on the men he said to them with a touch of scorn, "My God! The Scotch Guards and not a single volunteer!" A sergeant, stepped from the ranks, saluted the Colonel and said, "Sir, that whole line stepped forward."

Gentlemen, what a thing it would be for the nation of which we are citizens, for the homes that we represent, for the principles for which we fight, yea, for the very Kingdom of the Highest itself, if we could all catch that vision, and looking into the face of the generations yet to be, say to them: "This has been a bloody business, but the whole line of civilization has stepped forward."

"There's a light about to gleam,
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a midnight darkness changing into day;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!"

(August 30th, 1918.)

Personal Experiences During the Siege of Antwerp

BY HON. DR. H. S. BELAND*

AT a regular Luncheon of the Club held on the 30th August, 1918, Hon. Dr. H. S. Beland said:

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Canadian Club,—This is the second time I have had the honor of addressing this worthy assembly. It was about, I should judge, seven or eight years ago that you had kindly extended to me an invitation which I was able to accept. On that occasion I do not know exactly what the subject was about which I spoke, but I received at your hands a reception which would compare with any one I have had so far, except this one. This is more hearty, more comfortable than any reception I have had at any Canadian Club before.

It is my intention within the bounds allotted to me to confine myself to some of my experiences connected with the siege and fall of the city of Antwerp. In order that we may go through that as fully as possible, I shall endeavour to enter immediately into the heart of the question.

As you all know, I was in Antwerp when war was declared, when I say Antwerp, I mean the fortified position of Antwerp. The position of Antwerp extends from about ten kilometers south of the city to the Dutch boundary, north, I should say, some ten kilometers also, and then as far as that on the east side and as far on the west side. This is the fortified position of Antwerp. Antwerp is a city of some 300,000 people. It is not surrounded by a wall because as the city has grown of late the old walls are within the actual present city. Some of the city and suburbs are outside the walls. There are two sets of forts. The Antwerp city forts and the exterior or external set. When I say I was in Antwerp, I mean the fortified position. I lived in Cappellen village, which is situated about 7 miles north of the city in the direction of Holland. It would be about two to two and a half miles from

*Hon. Dr. Beland, former Dominion Postmaster-General, was in Belgium when War broke out and chose to risk German imprisonment rather than desert the wounded Belgians who needed him.

the Dutch boundary. The place I lived in is about a mile and a half from the Dutch boundary within the fortified position—within the circle of the exterior forts and in the immediate vicinity of three forts, one called Cappellen, after the village, the second Ertbrand and the third Stabrack.

As you may have heard, in the month of August I had volunteered my services in the Belgian hospitals of Antwerp and I was accepted at St. Elizabeth Hospital. There I carried on my work with the rest of the physicians until the fall of the City, which took place on the 9th October, 1914. The attacks of the Germans against Antwerp began to attract the attention of the fortress army or the fortress military authorities towards the end of September. There had been a few demonstrations by the Germans against Antwerp before that, but they were not deemed serious, and for a time every attack was repulsed by the Belgians. You will remember, of course, the Marne fight that took place between the 4th and 12th of September, 1914, and you will also remember that it was a great failure—a great rebuke to the Germans. Naturally, it would be the intention and the desire of the Germans to stay in the minds of the German population the bad effect created by the retreat from the Marne to the Aisne. Apparently the German General staff decided they should make a serious move against Antwerp. They began their demonstration in earnest about the 25th or 26th of September. They approached Malines and ultimately occupied that town, which is situated about half way between Antwerp and Brussels. They directed their efforts on the East. Fiercely fighting, the Belgian troops were forced to retreat inside the exterior line of the forts. At that time we were receiving wounded by the hundreds every day in our hospital and the news we had was that the Germans were forging ahead, that the Belgian Army was retreating slowly, offering a very stiff resistance. There is a little river called the Nette which the Belgians thought could never be crossed by the Germans. The resistance on this side from the Belgians, it was thought, would be formidable and the Germans would find it impossible to cross the river; but that expectation proved to be false and unjustified, because the Germans did ultimately cross the river. The Germans got hold of a certain little village by the name of Heyst-op-den Berg, which is south-east of Antwerp, fourteen or fifteen miles.

When they were in possession of this little village the report is (and I got this report from a man whose wife was from this very town and who had visited it after the fall of the city):

when the Germans got into possession of the village, all they had to do was to blow open the four walls of a certain house that had in peace times been built for the purpose of hiding a concrete foundation on which one could erect a 42 centimetre gun. By this means it took two or three hours to accomplish what otherwise would have taken three or four days. With this gun they began shelling the outside fort of Waelem. They shelled two other forts, destroying them utterly. I remember once leaving the hospital to go to a certain place for a message from my house when I met a very influential business man of Antwerp. It was 1 o'clock and I asked him what was the latest news. He said, "They have shelled the forts with a 42 centimetre gun and they have destroyed them."

I asked this man, "What do you think?"

He said: "I am afraid we will have the Germans." I then went home that afternoon and when I came back wounded men were coming in. I saw among the wounded a lieutenant, an artillery lieutenant, a Belgian who was very seriously wounded indeed, and who had been in the fort of Waelem. I was designated by my chief to attend to him and this man was telling me what a fearful explosion was that of a shell from a 42 centimetre gun. He said he was an artillery officer and used to that sort of thing; but, said he, "I could not give you an adequate description of it, of the fearful report when such a shell explodes."

Then the Germans entered into the fortified position. At that time the Belgian Army was retreating little by little, foot by foot, to the inside forts and ultimately into the city itself. It was the Saturday preceding the fall of Antwerp and as it fell on the 9th, and the 9th was a Friday, I suppose then that the Saturday previous to that would be the third day of October. That would be the day Mr. Winston Churchill came into Antwerp. I heard of him being in Antwerp when I was at the hospital in the morning. I may tell you the Belgians were very much elated by the fact that he was in Antwerp. They were looking to everyone for help and relief and the rumor that Churchill was in Antwerp brought forth the utmost enthusiasm. It was on Monday, I think, that the British Naval Brigade got into Antwerp. They marched through the City past the hospitals. I saw them from the windows and the enthusiasm was of the greatest. The people cheered and cheered again for the naval brigade, which was going to take up a position outside the city proper. Then began the artillery duel which lasted from that Monday until Friday morning. The Belgian Army retreated, according to

orders, into the city and left the Naval Brigade outside. Then the retreat of the Belgian Army across the Scheldt River and between St. Nicholas and Ostend began on, as I think, Wednesday of that week, whilst the artillery duel was proceeding (and I can tell you there was some terrific noise). Anyone would have thought that a hundred thousand pieces of artillery were at work shelling the German positions, but that was only the little naval brigade. They made a terrific noise!

I asked the ambulance men to take me with them several times. I said to one of them, "You must take me with you for a trip." But he said: "Next time!" Then they would rush out with their ambulances for another load of wounded.

On Wednesday evening I saw a friendly officer amongst them and again asked to accompany them. He said, "All right, come!" I jumped into the automobile and went into the village of Deurne, situated outside the walls about two miles. As we passed through the main street we met an English party of marines. They were singing—passing from one end of the village to the other. I could see it was an English detachment and I said, "Stop a moment. Are you English?" and they said: "Yes, we are."

I said, "What news?"

They said (you know how it is in an election when you are being beaten. My friend, Mr. Hearst, on the eve of an election doesn't know defeat, but perhaps he knows fear.)

"What news?" I repeated.

"We have just pushed the Germans back two miles," they said. But I did not believe them. They went on through the village and we passed on and did not follow them. We picked up certain wounded in our car and brought them back.

On Thursday I left my home, which was about seven miles north of Antwerp, about eight o'clock as usual on my way to Antwerp. It was exceedingly difficult to proceed to Antwerp along the high road. If you have in your mind Antwerp and north of it Cappellen, where I lived, and north of that Holland, you will observe that the High Road through Cappellen is a straight course from Antwerp to Holland. This high road was filled with hundreds of thousands of refugees who had left the suburbs south and east of the city, running away from the guns, and thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands in Antwerp had left their homes. They were proceeding with all their belongings to a foreign country. Just imagine this exodus. Old men, women and children, with chariots loaded up with old beds, old stoves, mattresses and quilts. The cow on a rope, the sheep, the poor horse, and

everything that belonged to them on earth they took away with them to Holland. It was the saddest sight I was ever permitted to set my eye on in my life. I proceeded to Antwerp and succeeded in reaching the city. We were evacuating our wounded on orders which had been given to that effect. We were putting our wounded on street cars mostly and taking them over the river and placing them on board a train to Ostend. On the west side of Antwerp past the Scheldt River, there is a stretch of Belgian territory which is situated between the Scheldt and the Dutch boundary. You all know the Dutch boundary runs in Belgium south of the Scheldt River, and that the mouth of the Scheldt River is in Holland.

This stretch of Belgian territory between the Dutch boundary and the Scheldt River, which makes a curve, is not very wide—they call it the Waas Country—and it was through this territory, which was not occupied by the Germans, of course, that our wounded and the Belgian Army were retreating.

The Germans had tried, but feebly, I should say, to reach the Dutch boundary on the west side of Antwerp. Apparently they did not make a very big effort.

After our wounded were evacuated until only three were left; and these could not be transported; besides were only the nuns left in the hospital. It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The Germans had moved inside the forts. They were shelling the City itself. The range was north. The shelling of the city of Antwerp began on Wednesday evening between seven and 12 o'clock. They were shelling particularly one point and this point was the Belgian headquarters.

The shells seemed to go just over the roof of the hotel in which the Belgian Headquarters were, but did not touch it once. The ward around this hotel is completely destroyed, but they always missed their target—they were evidently aiming at the headquarters.

I, had of course, left my house in the morning against the wishes of my dear wife and children, and they were very nervous over it. In the hospital at one o'clock, I went to the nun in charge and asked if I could be of any further use. She said: "No, we have this young man (a medical student); the others are all gone with the Army. We have only these three wounded people. They are our own cases. You can go home."

I said: "I think I shall come to-morrow."

She said: "All right! But I do not think it is necessary." So I went to get my overcoat, which was in the wardrobe. Then we had a thunderstroke right in the hospital. I cannot describe it. The shell came across the wall and did not

explode until it reached the floor. I suppose there are some shells with retarded explosion of perhaps half a second, which is done for the purpose of creating more devastation. But in the wall was only a hole. On the floor of the chloroforming room it exploded. That room is separated from the sterilization room by a glass partition and this again from the operating room by another glass partition. You may imagine the mess it made of this place—something fearful!

I was injured a little, I thought I was dead, but after a second realized that I must be living. "*Cogito, ergo sum.*"

The nurse fixed me up and I took my coat and I said: "I am going for good this time," and so I went. By this time shells were coming at about the rate of five a second. I calculated that about 20,000 shells fell on the city of Antwerp during the 30 hours. So I went north away from the warm spot. I was very happy to be living north then.

Now the booming of the guns of the Naval Brigade kept up outside the walls all that time until 12 o'clock that night, and at midnight, as I think, the Naval Brigade stopped firing. Probably the order had come to retreat as fast as they could, the object being to make a pretense of resistance; to make believe they were 100,000 strong, while the main body of the Belgians retreated across to Ostend. I know this Naval Brigade expedition has been criticised in England. The sending of this little Naval Brigade has been criticized severely, and I read many references to it in the English papers, but my impression is that this Naval Brigade is responsible to a large degree for the carrying out safely of the retreat of the Belgian Army to Ostend.

The Naval Brigade retreated partly back, following the Belgian Army and partly into Holland.

The Germans continued shelling the City that night. Soon Antwerp was in flames. We thought every house must be burning. The oil reservoir was set in flames, which could be seen for miles and miles. Observing the city from the roof of the house where I was, we could see south of it and east of it, the flash of the German guns, which were pouring fire into an already burning city. It was fearful to see the enemy burning more of a beautiful city which was already a mass of flames.

Towards morning, it was silent. Nothing, just silence. I said, "Antwerp has fallen," and that was the general impression.

Every night the refugees during this last week were passing before our house on the highway to Holland. Every night

hundreds of them would come from every part. They would fill the garden and the house in order to sleep. At our place we had seven or eight hundred every night. They lodged in the cellars and the rest of the rooms were all occupied. That morning at 7 o'clock (we had not slept, as you may imagine) I was out speaking to some of the refugees. They said Antwerp had fallen.

"Why don't you go back to your homes?" I asked. Some said they would, some refused to return and others discussed the matter between themselves.

The day passed. I did not go to Antwerp that day. In the evening there was a tremendous report as we were sitting in a small sitting room, all the family and some friends. We had only a kerosene oil lamp, the gas connections having been destroyed. This lamp was put out by the commotion. We all asked ourselves, "What is that?" We thought it might be a zeppelin going over the place dropping bombs. None of the refugees knew what it was. I came in the house and put out all the lights. We did not see anything. It was dark! Then we came in and waited, but there was no fresh explosion until three or four o'clock in the morning. But before the explosion, around eleven o'clock on Friday a man came in and asked to see me. I went to see this man, who was in the kitchen. The cellar was full of people.

"I have come to tell you to start immediately with your family for Holland," he said. "The Germans are in Antwerp and they are coming up in this direction, and they are killing men and women and doing all kinds of outrages." He said he had not seen them.

"Why do you advise me to go?" I asked.

"Because everybody is going from this town," he said.

I said, "I thank you for the advice," and he walked out.

We held a family council. What were we going to do? I said to my wife, "You will go with the children, and I will wait here." My wife said, "If you do not come I won't go." I suggested: "I will go and consult somebody." There was a man a few doors away named Spaet. He was a German by birth, but he had come to Antwerp to live when he was only fifteen years of age. He became naturalized in Antwerp, amassed a fortune, and lived there. He had a very fine residence in Cappellen, he was a man of seventy, a very serious man. I knew him well, so I went to Mr. Spaet and called him up. "What are you doing yourself?" I asked. He answered: "I am remaining here."

"I said 'If you are, then I am remaining here also.' I

went home and told the family to go to sleep. Then the same man came again and aroused me anew to proceed to Holland and I flatly refused. I said, 'You say everybody is going. Has Mr. Spaet gone?' Yes, said he, "Mr. Spaet has gone," and I simply replied "I fear you are a liar. Mr. Spaet is in his house. I have just been there. Do not repeat the lie but get away from here." I think he was a highwayman. I do not know what his object was. He may have been around for loot. We remained until 8 o'clock next morning.

Early, somebody came in the house saying: "Doctor, you are called to the City Hall"; so I went to the City Hall. Here they said, "Doctor, we would like you to remain with us, because we are expecting the Germans to arrive at any moment."

I answered, "I am a British subject, do you think it will be any help for me to remain? I think not"!

"The Germans will not know that," they intimated.

At 10 o'clock somebody rushed into the town hall: "Here come the German officers. I was very anxious to see one of them, I had never seen a real Prussian officer. He came into the Town Hall. He was a man about six feet high. He said 'good morning, good morning'. None of us except Mr. Spaet spoke German.

Mr. Spaet opened the conversation: "We are the Belgians of Cappellen. We want to know what we are to do!"

"Well," said the German officer looking at Mr. Spaet, "What are you?"

"I am a Belgian," said Spaet, "I was born a German but came to Belgium when I was a boy."

"I am only the Precursor, the officer in charge will come later, and you will have to deal with him," said the Prussian.

About half an hour later the real Prussian with moustaches, à la Kaiser, fine gala uniform and cane and pointed helmet, came up with his aide-de-camp. About 10,000 refugees were gathered in front of the Town Hall. They had stopped going north. They were massed in front of the City Hall and waited events this midday. The officer looked at the crowd and asked what they were doing there.

We told him they were on their way to Holland.

"Why should they go to Holland?" said the officer.

"They are running away from you," he was told.

"Tell them to go back home," he said.

"Will you guarantee that these people can go back home and that they will not be molested?" asked Mr. Spaet.

He said: "Certainly, they can go back." Some of the

refugees said "I will not go back into the City" and some said "I will go back."

The officer then asked: "Have you got any troops here?"

We answered there were no troops there. He asked us in what state were the forts?

One fort we did not know about except that the Captain had said "I shall never surrender my fort! I shall fire my last shell and then blow up my fort!"

"I am going over to look at the forts," said the officer. "Two of you gentlemen will accompany me."

They went across to the forts. I was asking myself what was going to happen if the fort had not been evacuated. Happily nothing happened; the fort was deserted. The Prussian said he would send only a company to occupy this fort.

Now I must tell you what happened at Antwerp. When the Naval Brigade ceased firing the Germans noticed there was no answer to their shelling. The order was given for a regiment to proceed into the city—to burst the gates of the City. These gates were protected with sand bags and inside and outside by wire. The first regiment proceeded inside the City. Other regiments followed and their general came and proceeded to the Belgian Headquarters. They were not destroyed as I told you. The Hotel was perfectly intact. He found only the doorman there. He asked where the Commander was.

"The Commander is not here," replied the doorman.

"Where is he?"

"I do not know, sir!"

"Where is the Belgian Army?"

"I do not know, Sir!"

He went to the City Hall and said to the Mayor. "You are the Mayor?"

"Yes!"

"Are you in charge of the City?"

"No, Sir, the City is under military Government."

"Where are the military commanders?" asked the general.

"I do not know!"

"Well," he said, "Are you prepared to surrender the City?"

The Mayor replied "I have no authority to do so."

"Well then," said the German, "we shall take possession of the City."

"Well," said the Mayor, "I can't help it. I am all alone."

I should now come to the moment when this Company reached Cappellen on the afternoon of Saturday. I was there, it was the first time I saw a company of regular German soldiers. They stopped in front of the Town Hall. The order was given

and one was dispatched to come into the Town Hall and remove the Belgian flag and hoist the German flag, a very painful procedure to us all.

On Sunday as I came from the Church with my wife some one said, "There is an automobile in front of your place and some Germans as well."

We reached the house and there was a German officer inside.

He said, "I would like to live with you—to take my lodging here." My wife replied, "The house is full; we have still refugees in the cellar—all the rooms are occupied. My family is rather large."

He said; "Perhaps you can find me a room."

My wife replied, "There are four of you." He explained three of them were his servants. They could sleep in the garage. He himself wanted a room.

"I stepped forward and ventured: "I am a British subject and intend to leave."

He said: "I was told so; but you are a physician. You need not go, you can remain."

I decided to remain. There was no other physician in that town. I was the only man in the City to attend to the sick. So I decided to remain.

(September 11, 1918.)

Our Allies in Siberia

BY MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST.*

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—*When I came over to the continent of America at the end of May, I did not expect the happiness of visiting this great part of the British Empire. I came over with a very definite purpose. I was sent by an organization of women, now known as the "Women's Party."

I applied to the Government for permission to come, as everybody must in these days, and will have to do until this war is won. I had to state my objects, and having stated them, my mission was considered a useful one and the permission was granted. Now, my mission was twofold. It dealt directly with the women's part in winning this war, not only in Great Britain, but also in all allied countries. You know that women have played a part in this war and will continue to play it. They will continue to play it to a greater extent, much greater than women have ever played before. Perhaps, it is because women realize the difference between this war and all other wars of which we have any knowledge. Women have realized, not only that their homes are in danger in this war, but they realize that great principles of human life which are vital to women and dear to women are at stake and form the great issue of the war; and that, I believe, is the reason, in the munition factories, on the fields, in business, and in Government offices, even in driving cars; in fact in every conceivable kind of work, yes, and in political work, all women are fighting in this war and putting all their energy in it,—because they know and feel the future of men, and the future of countries, and the future of women and all that women care for, is at stake.

So, one part of my mission was to see what our friends and women allies in the United States were doing in helping to increase production of the necessary munitions of war; and also to strengthen the morale of these people whom I like to think of as the "private soldiers on the home front"—people

*Mrs. Pankhurst has been sent to the United States and Canada on a special mission by the British Government, and has recently returned from a visit to Russia.

making shells and guns. That was one part of my mission. The other part, which I think equally important, was to try to outline the information I got first hand in Russia last year: to dispel the camouflage spread by some sinister agency over the Russian situation,—and which up to the time of my coming had been to a great extent successful in misleading public opinion in the United States and in delaying the decision on the part of the government of the United States.

I felt that although one person could do very little, yet as I did know something about the political situation in Russia, it was my duty to come and do that little, however little it might be. And so, that was my twofold object in visiting America. I did not feel when I left England, that it was so essential that I should come to Canada; and as my stay could only be a short one, I concentrated in the United States. But my women friends of Canada asked me to come, and as one part of my mission had come to a more or less successful result—I mean the part relating to Russia—and as I had been in conference all that time with some splendid women in the United States, who are taking up with enthusiasm that particular form of work which deals with the production of munitions, I felt that at the close of my American visit I could enjoy myself and take my reward by visiting this part of the British Empire. And I feel highly honoured, gentlemen, that you remembered how we met together in those almost forgotten days before the war; and that you have been good enough to ask me to be your guest again and to tell you something of that strange Russian experience which I had last year.

I wish that every business man, (and I think that most of you are business men); I wish every business man in all the allied countries could have had my experience; because my experience was not only a political one, it had a vital connection with the commercial and industrial welfare of the British Empire and with the welfare of all the nations with whom we are allied in this struggle.

Russia provides us with an object lesson of what to avoid in human organizations and national life. When the Revolution became an accomplished fact it was welcomed by all the world. People believed, and I was one of them, that with the downfall of autocracy in Russia, that great nation would move along and would soon be abreast of the democratic countries of the world. We have been provided with many lessons by that unfortunate revolution.

First of all, we know now how dangerous it is to try political

and social experiments in the middle of a great war. We know that you give by changing your internal arrangements in war time, an opportunity to the enemy,—especially such an enemy as ours.

This enemy of ours had been preparing for this war for a generation. We know now, and nobody disputes it, that ever since 1870 Germany prepared, having got the mineral and coal fields of France, for a military war which was to be the preliminary for the scheme of world-conquest. We know this and nobody disputes it; but it is not known as much as it ought to be known, that during all those years Germany was preparing for an industrial conquest and for a conquest in every department of national life. So that when war came, it not only found us unprepared to restrain German ambitions on the battlefield, but even unprepared to beat the German propaganda in our very midst, where the war was to be carried on amongst the civilian population of the respective allied countries.

One of the first things I learned in Russia was that Germany was taking a most active part in the reconstruction of Russia on democratic lines. They did it by means of political speakers who camouflaged their German names under Russian names: they did it by means of leader writers in the newspapers; and they did it by means of people placed at points of vantage in Government departments; they did it in schools, in drawingrooms, in the workshops, or wherever there was an opportunity. Thousands of thousands of German agents flocked into Russia when the frontiers were thrown open at the downfall of the Czar. They were everywhere. You could not move in your hotel, you could not leave your bedroom, without finding on your return that someone had been there and had gone through your papers. You could not speak to a guest in the hotel without finding there was someone standing at your elbow, and you could not undertake any kind of work to inform the Russian people about the real aims with regard to the war in allied countries. You could not urge them to take up patriotic work for themselves without finding someone come along and offering to share in your work, who turned out to be a German spy. They were women as well as men. They had a newspaper for the business. They neglected nothing.

The newspaper was written in the patois, the vernacular employed by the Russian peasants. Those papers are not readable, no matter how they are printed, by the majority of the Russians; because eighty or ninety per cent. of them are illiter-

ate. The Germans went one better than even the International Socialists. Those papers were written so that they could be understood by the small percentage of the people who could read them. They would then read them to their neighbours. They appealed to the popular mind. There were stories in them that the Russians would appreciate. There was poetry in those papers, poetry of the kind that appealed to the simple peasants of the land. Along with those stories and the poetry there were subtle attacks upon the allies of Russia, such as Great Britain was out for conquest, and wanted to subjugate the Russian people to the will of Great Britain. And those papers were not written or put out by Russians at all; they were managed and controlled by Germans, and when the preaching which led to anarchy succeeded, and when the peasants and the soldiers and the workmen were told "Everything is yours; you are the masters," there were always German agents ready to incite them to go and murder the landed proprietor where they lived, or to kill the commander of the regiment under which they served, or to assassinate the owners of the works in which they worked.

When I got there, at the end of May last year, the Revolution had been an accomplished fact for a little over two months. The first outburst of enthusiasm over the revolution had died down. The feeling that had led the people of Petrograd to wreck the German embassy, was still present,—because the war feeling at that time was quite high and the Germans were hated by the genuine Russians, and the German agents had not then come in in large numbers. At the time they wrecked the German embassy they showed their feelings for the allies by vast processions going from embassy to embassy and cheering the ambassadors of the various countries. It was all right at the beginning of the revolution, but when I arrived the feeling had changed. The Government, the Duma, was being put out of action.

If only the Duma had managed to keep hold of the situation, if only certain sinister efforts had not forced their way to the top—all might have been well and Russia might have still been in the war with us. But this unseen influence began to boom certain individuals who had no importance before the revolution. If only certain men like Kuropatkin (who came back while I was there) had come to the top. But these influences were able to push up new men of whom the people knew very little. Some of them had only been known, as Kerensky had been known, as the "Terror of the Duma." And yet, just

as I arrived, he came up on the crest of the wave to the top and was heralded by everybody as the man who was going to save Russia.

The boom was so successfully worked that extremists of the aristocracy agreed as well as the moderates and socialistic elements—all except a small and insignificant element who came to the top afterwards—the Bolshevik elements. They all said Kerensky was the man who had been raised up to save Russia.

You can imagine how a little mission consisting of two women was glad to think that out of all that confusion a man was found who was going to do all that was necessary. The war evolved a man in our own country—you know whom I mean without my naming him here. That little Welshman, with all the vision of the Celt and fire and energy of his patriotic fervour, had risen above party, had risen above prejudice; and had been able to put his country and his country's cause before all else. And we hoped that Kerensky would prove to be a man like that. He had a wonderful opportunity; because, as I say, the most conservative aristocrats and the most ardent reformers were all glad to follow him—to follow anyone who had the vision, energy and enthusiasm to bring order out of disorder. That was the moment we arrived. He became Prime Minister about a week or ten days after our arrival.

Just one word as to why we went. I was inspired with the idea that our Women's Party should send us because the Government, we thought mistakenly, had granted passports to men who represented an insignificant minority of public opinion in Great Britain. The Government yielded to pressure in the House of Commons and had given men like Ramsay Macdonald and Jowett, M.P., and one or two less known men than themselves, passports to go as a mission to Russia. Well, we knew what they were going to say to the people of Russia. We knew that they were going to say to Russia that the people of Britain, as represented by the working classes, wanted peace. They wanted peace by way of negotiation. And they thought peace could be obtained by International Socialists meeting at a Conference in Stockholm. They were going to set up a claim that a small section, and a very small section at that, representing the socialistic elements of the allies should usurp the powers of the governments of those countries at an international conference of socialists. And they were going to say that that was what British working people wanted.

I thought it was high time somebody went at the same time and told the people of Russia what the British people wanted,

and since no men were forthcoming to do it—and that is no disparagement of the men, because we women in Great Britain could not forget and never shall forget that this political mission is laid on us for a good and sufficient reason—the flower of our manhood had volunteered to fight in our country's war. We made a mistake when we let the men who were willing, the men who were our best, go first—and the selfish ones remain until they were forced. The withdrawal of all these men of military age out of our comparatively small population—the contribution that Great Britain, that is England, Scotland and Wales, and—I know you have done your share and I am thinking of that precisely at this juncture—the contribution of Great Britain was very large from our total population; and so we women felt it was our duty that we should act at once and not wait for the remainder of our heavily-burdened men to take that duty upon their shoulders. We felt we had the necessary courage and the necessary experience, and we felt that from our patriotic campaigns in recruiting and sustaining the people of the country that we knew perhaps better than anybody else in the country exactly the national feeling about this war. And we made sure, as far as we could, that we did not go without the popular support that was necessary.

The Sunday before we sailed I spoke to a mass-meeting in Hyde Park of 10,000 people, and we took away a vote out of that wonderful gathering representing all classes—because everybody goes for a stroll on Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park. We had one solitary hand held up against the resolution after I had said what we intended to tell the Russian people. We intended to tell the Russian people that the people of Britain, with one or two insignificant exceptions, wanted war until victory. And we wanted that victory to be so manifest that the Allies should be in a position to dictate to Germany the terms. Well, I wanted to explain why we women went. We went there and that was our mission, and we had the joy of seeing the claims of those other gentlemen who claimed they spoke on behalf of the working classes refuted at the Port from which they intended to embark, because the sailors refused to take them. And, although we women had not set up claims to represent or speak in the name of the working classes of our country, evidently the firemen and sailors thought we were better entitled than Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, because they took us over and sent us away from the ship with cheers.

I am so keen to speak to you business men about the chief lessons that we have to learn from Russia that I am even

going to trespass on your patience a little time. When I got home from Russia after this experience—and it would take a long time to go into details about it—when I got home, my first piece of work was to try and get in touch with the Prime Minister and to beg him, with all the earnestness of which I was capable, to lose no time in intervening in Russia. I begged him to believe me when I said that the men who were claiming to govern Russia were not really the friends of the Allies, that they were serving a German purpose, that they were misleading and casting dust into the eyes of Great Britain and France—the allies most responsible with regard to Russia at that time. I said to him what I repeat to you now, that amongst all those people representing the Kerensky Government there was hardly ever a word said against the Germans, there was hardly ever a word said about the duty of Russia in the alliance and her responsibilities towards the allies; that there was hardly ever a word said about the integrity of Russia herself. The whole talk was about international socialism and the saving of the revolution. They did not care if we lost this war. They said, it is one step nearer to world wide revolution; it is one more battle won in the class war, one step nearer the day when the working classes will rule the world. All they said was anti-democratic.

Some people have said to me of late that I have become conservative since the war. No! it is other people, who claim a monopoly of democracy, who do not understand what democracy is. A class war is bad, whether it is exercised by a single autocrat or a special class. I can conceive no autocracy more terrible than where one class in a community, whether it is a class that works or not,—whether it works with its hands or works with its brains—sets up to rule every other class in that community. I found this in Russia and you know from Russia what happens when this class war succeeds and class domination prevails. Why, it became a crime in Russia to wear a hat. It became a crime in Russia to be clean, because it was a sign you belonged to the hated bourgeoisie. This prevailed when the people they called a privileged class in the bourgeoisie were sweeping the streets to obtain a crust from the Bolsheviks. When the work people had the money, and most of it was paper money, the same thing prevailed.

But now the Allies are over there. They are late, and I am afraid that they have been late on other occasions. That is one of the faults of democracy, I suppose, but the Allies are over there now. And I am so glad to know and feel that Canada is going to play her part in clearing away that horrible monster

of Bolshevism which is rampant in Russia, and which must be cleared away if we are to win this war in the first place, and if we are to preserve civilization and if we are to be in a position to raise it and make it better when this war is over.

Now, we in England believe that one of our allies, who is somewhat doubted on the other side of the Canadian Border, should be allowed to play a part in this freeing of Russia from Germany and Bolshevism. We believe that Japan, having shown herself a faithful Ally to us since war broke out, should be welcomed into this test and should be allowed to play her full part. Our armies have been bearing the brunt of this war up to the time America came in; and are bearing the brunt of it still, because the United States is not fully ready. Japan is there ready with a fresh army, and, I hope our chairman approves when I say it is only common prudence, it is only trusting as we ought to trust a faithful ally that we should welcome Japan to play her part in this great effort and welcome her whole-heartedly.

In my opinion, the Germans are feeling now that they are overmatched on the Western front, and will turn their faces anew to the Eastern front. I am sure that they have been doing it all along. They know the Russians as most of us do not know them. They know that the Russian, under organization and control, can be made to fight. Those ignorant peasants hardly know the difference between a German, a Britisher, or a Frenchman; and if Germany comes in now and says to her, "Here we are with food and money,"—and of course they have plenty of food in Germany if it were only organized and if it could only be taken to the places where it is needed—if the German comes in and organizes Russia, then we are face to face with a terrible danger—and I do not think that the millions the United States could put into the war would overcome the danger of a Germanized Russia.

If Germany gets Russia, there is a poor prospect of our children ever having peace at any time in their computation. If we act now, and thoroughly, all may be well. If we force the Germans to take away some of their forces from the Western front all may yet be well.

What are the lessons we have learned in this war? On the last occasion it was my duty to talk about one of the smallest and bravest little Allies, brave little Serbia. And now, to-day, another small nation without any territory is showing us its greatness. It is not great wealth or vast territory or numbers—it is the quality of each individual that counts—it is the willingness to sacrifice everything for the cause that counts. These

little Czechoslovaks and their wonderful leader, Professor Masaryk, have borne unusual hardships in this war. They are holding the line and the fort until the allies come with reinforcements, and wherever you find that wonderful race of people they are the same. If they are in munition factories, they are setting a splendid example of fidelity in their work. If they are in the Austrian Empire, that ramshackle old empire, they are standing up against tyranny and making a splendid fight.

In England at first there was a prejudice against them because they were nominally Austrian subjects. I remember, once at a patriotic meeting they said to me, "We are willing to enter the British army so that we can fight against the Germans in Austria and wherever they are." And now they are coming into their own. We have pledged ourselves that the war shall not end until they have a country of their own which they can love and in which they can live. When we give the Serbs and the Czechoslovaks their freedom they will be our greatest friends in the East.

One word more and I have done. There is a lesson we have to take to ourselves—each of the allied countries with our Western civilization. Bolshevism, as we call it, is rampant here. You will find it everywhere. We found it inside every factory in England. We have had it at home; they have got it in the United States, and I venture to say you have the nucleus of it here in Canada. You will find it in people who say it is not a people's war, that it is an Imperialistic war, a war of the governing classes and not a people's war. You will find it in people who say—"Take advantage of this capitalistic war! Now is the time for you to take advantage and make your own terms." And the people whose sons and brothers are giving their lives in the trenches are being incited to get what is called a class advantage out of it. You will find it in the people who preach the class war.

I want to tell you this, and I hope it will be taken up by all true women of Canada, we women who call ourselves the "Women's party" are preaching to the people we love and respect a different kind of doctrine. We say it is for your sake this war must be won, because if we lose it or only half win it it will mean slavery for everybody. When the time for reconstruction comes, we have got to find a better way of increasing the prosperity of all the classes of the land than a class war.

We have got a programme for the betterment of the masses, based on co-operation. We say we cannot be prosperous in

industry or commerce without captaincy and organization; and the captain of industry is just as much needed as the private of industry. They are both indispensable. We say, "Look for your betterment in good conditions of work, and good wages, and shorter hours, so that you may have leisure. Ask for these things—they are your right! In return, work your best. Work to increase all the national resources of your land. Work for the perfection of labor-saving machinery, and which can be worked to the full; and when we have made enough national wealth to satisfy everyone's needs, talk about equality of opportunity. If you have the quality of captaincy, then you will have an opportunity of arriving at a captain's position." Only by co-operation shall we ever be in a position to realize a really sound programme of social reform based on political economy and national resources; and if we women of the Women's Party find our support among the captains of industry and find our support amongst the scientists and financiers and amongst intelligent working men and women, I venture to prophesy this, and I know you will take this in the spirit in which it is meant, I believe that when this war is over not men alone are going to undertake the vast task of national reconstruction,—but the men and women together, free and equal citizens as we are to-day.

This great enfranchisement having come to women in war time, we feel qualified to fill our democratic rights and the responsibilities which accompany all rights. And we are going to build up for our children, and our children's children, a heritage such as before this illuminating war we never dreamt of. And we are going to put into it more energy and sacrifice than before when we realize the vast issues that depend upon the carrying of it to a victory over the enemy,—a victory not merely in a military sense, but one so definite that it will destroy Germany's domination and prevent it in future from taking unfair advantage of nations who desire to live in harmony, and free the smaller races of the world.

That is the aim and object of the Women's Party of Great Britain; and that, I believe, is yours. And we shall win, and hand on to our children our great and wonderful inheritance of the British Empire, linked with the peace and goodwill of our allies. That is the only League of Nations worth having. Those who have fought and sacrificed together in this war—they are the ones best able to guarantee to the world that peace and prosperity under which humanity can prosper and progress.

(*Sept. 30, 1918.*)

A National Spirit and a National Outlook for Canadian Education

PROF. W. F. OSBORNE, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA.*

The idea which I wish to bring before you concerns education. Education is really the primary industry of the country. As a matter of fact, we could practically let all the other industries take care of themselves, as they abundantly would, if we got this key industry right.

Education is surely the greatest concern of Canada, the greatest concern of any country. I remember that when I was at the university here, between twenty-five and thirty years ago, there were in attendance at the same time a couple of Japanese. If I remember rightly, the name of one was Kobyashi, and the name of the other was Kono. A friend told me the other day that Kono had become a magnate in control of large oil interests in Japan. That of course is only by the way, but I remember Kobyashi and Kono and I was very much interested in them. Now, why were those men in that little Ontario town thirty years ago? Well, there was a great significance attached to their presence there. Gentlemen, they were not there in a purely personal capacity; they were not there in an individual capacity; they were there as part of a great body of the chosen youth of Japan who had been sent out from that country to rifle the intellectual resources of the countries to which they were accredited or sent in the interests of their own nation. That is to say, their government practically hand-picked those men and sent them out to study. "Go to Canada. Go to America. Go to England. Go to Scotland. Go to France. Go to Germany. Study their jurisprudence. Study their methods of government. Study their social relations. Study their institutions. Study their educational methods. Bring back the results that you get, and let us pool them all and select what we choose of

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it for the eclectic educational method that we will use in building up our own country." Well, gentlemen, that was a great national scheme, and I have not the slightest doubt that it was the eclectic educational methods that Japan adopted thirty or forty years ago—illustrated by the instances to which I have alluded,—that it was that educational policy, thus conceived in the interests of the nation, that enabled Japan to pass so quickly from the rank of a hermit, feudal state into the rank of a first-class power with which even Great Britain was proud to make an alliance. That is one example of a nation taking a distinctly national view of the function of education.

Then of course the other great example—and it is an example, unhappily, the bulk of whose incidence is on the bad side—the other outstanding example is Germany. I cannot define the situation with regard to Germany one whit better than each one of you could do, but, in general terms, gentlemen, is this not true, that at the beginning, say, of the nineteenth century, the men who laid the foundations of the modern German educational system deliberately planned a type of education which in the fulness of time was bound to produce the psychology and the mentality that ultimately made that people, with marvellous unanimity, an instrument in the hands of unscrupulous men for the achievement of selfish national purposes? That is to say, those leaders devised a type of education that made the German tractable and docile to unscrupulous leadership in a remarkable degree; and the outcome undoubtedly was, in 1864 the attack upon Denmark; in 1866 the attack upon Austria; in 1870 the dastardly attack upon France; and in 1914 the assault upon the liberties of the world.

The proposition that I am going to bring to your attention with respect to Canadian education proceeds upon certain principles. One of those principles is this, that a nation can will the character of its own future. The individual can certainly do this. Take, for example, Theodore Roosevelt,—a man who, I think, even as late as his thirtieth year, was delicate and weak, but who by force of will determined that he would take the steps that were necessary to convert himself into a robust and strong man, and who for the last twenty or thirty years, on the stage not simply of America, but of the world, was virtually the outstanding example of a robust and virile manhood.

If the individual can do that, it seems to me that the nation can do it as well. Indeed the two nations that I have just alluded to, have done it. Gentlemen, I do not want to use

language just in a vague way, as if I did not mean the thing. Is there any doubt that Germany made herself over? And that, virtually, each of them made themselves over according to a plan? If a nation can build itself according to a bad plan, in the name of Heaven can a nation not build itself according to a good plan? I take it that it is a slander upon human nature to assert that that can be effected on the wrong side which cannot be effected on the right.

Then this idea which I wish to bring before you proceeds further on the supposition or on the idea that if a nation wishes to make of itself a certain thing, the unsurpassed, the unequalled organ for the effecting of that object is to be found in the children. You cannot do much with people after they are forty or forty-five. You know that even by the time one comes to be forty, a certain rigidity of mind and of temper that sets in makes it extremely difficult to change, though of course the occasional man does. How different it is with children, they learn so quick and are in such a plastic and impressionable state.

Now, you know why it is that you can do so much more with children than you can with older people. For one thing, children have in marked degree the disposition to imitate. What a terrific thing the imitative faculty on the part of children is! I have a six-year-old son, and because I wear glasses he wants to get glasses; whenever my glasses are lying on the table he is bound to have them. He is about the only person that really makes me think that I amount to anything, because he tries to imitate me so much.

I have a couple of note books in this pocket, in which I make notes from time to time, and he is bound to have a note book, and he is bound to have a pencil, with which he makes notes that are intelligible, perhaps, at any rate to himself. And I notice that, for example, although he has side pockets, as I have side pockets, he is bound to have a hip pocket because I have one.

Well, gentlemen, those are homely and trivial instances, but what do they point to? They point to the enormous imitativeness of the child, that makes him the unsurpassed organ for effecting the will of the nation, if we can really get the process under way. And then think not only of the imitativeness of children, but think of the rapidity with which children acquire habits and capacities—the acquisitiveness of children. How hard it is for the man of forty to learn anything, and how slowly he learns.

Note the rapidity with which a boy of fifteen learns to run an automobile. How difficult for the man of forty-five or fifty! What agony he has to go through in order to learn, while the boy of fifteen practically lends himself to it at once. And the boy of five is as much superior to the boy of fifteen, in the rapidity with which he learns things, as the boy of fifteen is to the man of forty. If it is possible for a nation to will its own character in the future, the point of attack in working out that policy is unquestionably the children of the nation.

Our idea proceeds upon this principle also—that Canada has never taken a big national view of the importance of education. The control of Canadian education is in the hands of the provinces, and we quite recognize that there it must remain. All that I mean when I speak about a national view of education is this, that Canada has never taken a clear view of the national service that can be rendered to her by education. The fact that education is under the control of the provinces should not blind our eyes to the truth that nevertheless education is a great national function. Although there is nothing in the spirit of the scheme that I am representing to-day that is aimed in the slightest degree at the provincial control of education, nevertheless I am bound to say to you that I do think that there have been certain consequences of the provincial control of education in Canada that are more or less regrettable. Now, gentlemen, should we not be able to agree on this, that we will not disturb in any sense the administration of education, the direction of education, or the machinery of education, but that we will set ourselves to nationalize its spirit and atmosphere and make it, moving through these provincial channels as it does, nevertheless minister to a great national end?

I think that undoubtedly the exclusively provincial control of education has had certain regrettable consequences in Canada. We have in Canada to-day practically no facilities for keeping Canada abreast of the best educational progress of the world? Is that not true, that Canada is to-day practically without facilities for mediating to the Canadian people the results of the best educational experience of the world? Is it not significant, for example, that we have not in Canada, during the course of the whole year, a single great educational meeting of any kind? For example take the American Educational Association. What great inspiration to American education that is. Is it not regrettable that we have nothing comparable

in this country? I do not think it will be taken amiss if I suggest that the Dominion Educational Association has not been a great, powerful and influential meeting of the sort that I have at the moment in mind. Is it not significant that we have not in Canada an outstanding educational journal? We have a number of small ones, but none of them are adequate.

Now, gentlemen, is it not one of the outstanding facts about Canada to-day that this country, with its teeming natural resources, needs development in the interests of the people? Would it be too much to say that every provincial government in Canada ought to have its corps, and a big corps, of eager and competent scientific workers engaged on the task of developing the particular natural resources of that particular province? But you know how far that is from being the case.

But our provinces have not got these bodies of trained experts working on local resources. Why is that? Well, I believe it is due to the fact that Canada for thirty or forty years, ever since Confederation in fact, has been almost systematically bled of its best and most talented scholars by the drain away to the United States. A friend of mine told me that in one year no less than sixty-nine alumni of Dalhousie University secured university appointments in the United States. That did not mean that all those sixty-nine had graduated in one year, but that in one year there were appointments in American universities of no less than sixty-nine graduates of Dalhousie University.

Multiply Dalhousie by the number of universities that we have in Canada, and multiply that one year by practically all the years since Confederation, and see what a terrific drain on the spiritual and intellectual resources of Canada that has meant. Those men going to the United States have invested their talents in that country, and, mind you, gentlemen, those are the things that really matter to a country, the investing of the best brains of the nation in the nation's interests.

Turning aside from university men, for a moment, what might it not have meant for Canada if James J. Hill, a Canadian, had devoted himself to the development of the Canadian North-West instead of the American North-west? What would it not have meant for the distinction of Canada, to say nothing else, if a man like Dr. Bell, born, I think at Brantford, the inventor of the telephone, had associated his fortunes permanently with Canada instead of with the United States?

I remember how chagrined I was a couple of years ago, at Washington, in the Council of National Defence, when, with

practically every member of Wilson's Cabinet there and the governors from practically every state in the union, I found that the king pin man, the man that really pressed the button, the man that really set the machinery in motion, was not an American at all, but a Canadian, the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, born in the Province of Prince Edward Island.

Well, gentlemen, what a serious wound this process has been to Canada, and in these days particularly. When we realize what a powerful influence ideas and idealist modes of thought exercise, we see how Canada has suffered by this drain away to the United States. And why has this drain occurred? Well, I submit to you, gentlemen, that it has not simply been the absence of a commercial market for wares, though that has been serious enough, but it has also been due to the fact that we have not in Canada developed a national *esprit de corps*, which would have gone far to hold these young men in Canada. How often it is you find, with a small business beside a big one, that the proprietors of the big business invite the best man in the small business to come over to their staff, but that man says, "No; you can pay me more money, but I like the spirit here—I like the spirit in this institution and I am going to stay here." And I submit to you, gentlemen, that the fact that we have had no great national idea playing upon our children in the time when they are receiving their education has had a lot to do with the failure of Canada to develop the feeling of solidarity and national consciousness. That would have gone a considerable distance to hold the best talent of the country in Canada even if the financial returns were not what they should have been. And I believe that one consequence of the exclusively provincial control of education has been that we have not in Canada learned to any great extent the secret of national co-operation—national co-operation in a big way.

Well now, gentlemen, the idea that I wish to bring before you is this. A group of men in Winnipeg have conceived the idea that it would be a very desirable thing to assemble a national conference on Canadian education; to make that national conference as representative of the whole country as could possibly be done—representative of the whole territory of the country, representative of the citizens of the country, as well as the expert educators: that we might bring into such a conference a number of distinguished educators from Great Britain, from France, from the United States. It is a bad

thing for a people to breed in and breed in and breed in, in methods of education. Why should we not get the assistance of the advice and the counsel of really able and eminent men from outside our own country?

Education is of course an enormously big subject, and the thought of this Winnipeg group, who are simply trying as private citizens to arouse the interest of their fellow citizens in this national idea, was that it might be well to narrow our view for the purpose of this national gathering to the character and the citizenship aspects of education; that is to say, what ways and means may be devised in order to make our education really minister to the evolution of character and personality and a high type of individual and collective citizenship. Let us take as a motto for the schools of Canada the remarkable word that I think Walt Whitman pronounced: "Produce great persons and the rest follows." That is a pretty sound maxim: "Produce great persons and the rest follows."

Let us consider what are the means of making education really evocative of great personality. We in Winnipeg feel that the time is ripe for a great forward movement in education. Canada is filled with exaltation over her great achievement in the war. Why should that moment not be seized in order to take a great step forward with respect to the most constructive process of the peace life of the nation?

Well, I have not stated that very effectively, but the dominant thought of the conference would be the bearing of education on character and citizenship. I know in our cynical, blasé, ordinary moments one is disposed to say: "Oh, all that can be done. Let the schools go on day by day, and the by-products will be all that you desire." Gentlemen, nothing very great is ever accomplished in that blundering way. Let Canada build according to a plan. Let her build according to a great plan. Let her posit a definite goal, the great goal of lofty citizenship, to be attained through her schools. And let her employ her best ability in devising the way and means of making that effective.

But someone says: "That is too delicate a problem. That is too difficult a problem, that of working out a relation between education and citizenship." But I submit to you, gentlemen, that this is no time for Canada to draw back before a delicate or a difficult task. Why, through four years have tasks not been performed on every hand that hitherto had been thought impossible? Is this a time for Canada to draw back before a difficult task, when she has just done what she has done in the

war? Think of the amazing achievement of Canada, a nation of seven or eight millions, devoted to peace, pledged to peace, hating war, and yet producing an army of, say, 400,000 men who have proven themselves the equal of any fighters in Europe, winning for themselves at the hands of competent observers the judgment that the Canadian Expeditionary Force is the most effective and formidable fighting instrument of its size on any front. Well, if Canada could do a thing like that, gentlemen—this is the point that I want to press on you—are we going to be able to capitalize the spirit that our soldiers have evinced in the war for the purposes of peace? Is it possible that we are able to deal such a great stroke for safeguarding the democracy of the world by war and that we are not going to be able to do something equally striking and equally influential for the purposes of peace?

Now, we do not think of course that a national conference on Canadian education, meeting for, say, three days, could solve all kinds of problems with respect to our citizenship, but we intend to try to secure from this conference approval for the idea of establishing, not as part of the government of the country, not as a branch of the government, but altogether aside from the government, by private endowment if you will, an unofficial, independent bureau or board of education for Canada. Our picture was that that board would consist of three or five of the biggest men that we could anywhere find who could be got to devote themselves to the stimulation of Canadian education. Gentlemen, what we feel is that we do not want a government department, though I know that a proposal to that end would doubtless be argued for at such a meeting. But we, for our part, think that what we need in Canadian education is not statistics, but we want the stimulating power of personality. That is the thing that Canadian education most cryingly needs, the stimulation of great personality, and we think if we could get a board of this sort established it would exercise a great influence. Let us get such men and pay them salaries that will be an attestation of the importance that the Canadian nation attaches to education. Is it not very much to be desired that the day shall soon come when we shall have some men in Canadian education who will be receiving as good salaries, say, as the big industrial leaders of the country?

Talking of salaries, the salaries of the teaching profession in the Dominion of Canada are a scandal. And we simply cannot contemplate the possibility of ever being a great people so

long as we place our sons and our daughters in the hands of men and women whose hearts are broken by the struggle of existence. Gentlemen, that is one of the big things that is wrong with Canadian education: it is staffed by men and women haunted with the fear that springs from the inability to make both ends meet. And one result, of course, you know, is that the teaching profession is almost exclusively staffed by women, and not even by mature women, but in many cases by young girls.

At Regina at this moment there is a normal school at which six hundred students are in attendance, and 560 of them are girls, very young girls. There is a third-class normal school going on at this moment in Yorkton, where there are 35 students, and only two of them are men.

Well, we think that if we got a national board, without administrative functions but whose object would simply be to stimulate and inspire Canadian education and to lead it in a big way, one of the advantages of that would be the improved status of the whole teaching profession that would result.

A committee has been formed in Winnipeg, of about thirty or forty of our leading citizens, with the Lieutenant-Governor of the province at its head, to devote itself to the idea of bringing together this national conference on Canadian education with a view to placing before it that idea of the establishment of an unofficial and advisory bureau of the sort that I referred to. Gentlemen, such a bureau could render great services. There is not in Canada to-day any body that can act as an auspices for really fine educational ideas in Canada, and such a body as that I am speaking of could serve that purpose.

In London, Ontario, a short time ago a teacher on the staff of the city schools told me of an idea that her school had carried out. The members of her school had adopted a Ruthenian school in Manitoba, between Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipeg. Each member of her class wrote to a member of that Ruthenian school, and each Ruthenian pupil wrote back. She told me that she had taught her pupils to put a "P.S." at the foot of their letters—to put a "post-script" just to show these little Ruthenians the way English children write their letters, and she told me that each of the letters of the little Ruthenians came back with a "P.S." Gentlemen, there was in that fact a proof of the potentialities of our foreign fellow-citizens. I mean that charming imitativeness that makes them do the thing when their affections are aroused. The London pupils embroidered a flag for the Ruthenian school, and the Ruthenian

school embroidered a flag for the London school, and presently, at as nearly as possible the same time, those English children and those Ruthenian children were going through the same patriotic exercises.

Gentlemen, that is the kind of process that will really bind us into a unified and consolidated nation. I say that if we had appealed to the ideality of our fellow-citizens, if we had grappled them to our sides by affection, we might to-day have a really unified and consolidated nation, with homogeneous ethical and national standards that would make us vastly stronger as a nation than we are as a matter of fact. I tell you, gentlemen, there has been far too much rancour in Canadian life. It breaks my heart to-day to think that great elements of population are standing aside from us in rancour and in suspicion. When shall we learn that the real solvent for national ills is to be found in affection and sympathy and mutuality and mutual knowledge?

Well, the point I was trying to make was that we have not now in Canada a solitary agency of any kind that can throw against the sky-line of the nation a good plan of that sort, feature it, give it publicity before the minds of the people, and get it really adopted.

Gentlemen, I have no doubt that I am looking to-day into the eyes of some who have lost sons at the front. Fathers who have lost your sons, you loved those boys with all the passion of your hearts, but they will not return; they sleep in Flanders fields. Oh, the stony, unutterable grief of that! They will not return! And yet, gentlemen, speaking even to such, I say that I believe there will come compensation to those fathers—there will come compensation—the sacred solace with the passing years that will spring from the sense that their own lives' best purposes have been vindicated in the persons of those sons who have died in those horrid trenches yonder on the frontiers between civilization and barbarism. That will be a great compensation for those fathers.

But what will be the compensation to Canada for these fifty thousand of her choicest that she has lost? And I remind you that if we are to get even as good results in the future as we have in the past, we have to have better educational systems in view of our impoverished human material. But what will be the only compensation that Canada can get for those men, irreparably lost? We can find compensation for them only if we will bend our energies in a new way to make the education of the country really evocative of the tremendous capacities of

our children, and if in the conveyance of the knowledge that is necessary we teach those children that their powers, when developed, are to be used not in their own interests but in the interests of their families, of their province, of their nation, and of the world.

I remember a stirring stanza of a Canadian poet, that I venture to quote—Charles G. D. Roberts:

“But thou, my country! Dream not, thou.”

Gentlemen, this is a word that I would press upon you, that Canada really has been dreaming about education, and if a nation is not very careful to keep alert and vigilant attention directed to the importance of education, education may just become a drug, a narcotic, instead of a real developer of the talents of the nation.

“But thou, my country! Dream not, thou!

Wake and behold how night is done,
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow
Bursts the uprising sun.”

(October 11, 1918.)

The Y.M.C.A. with the British Army

BY SIR ARTHUR YAPP.*

*Mr. Chairman, Sir William and Gentlemen,—*I cannot tell you what a pleasure it is to me to have this opportunity, though a very brief one, of visiting your beautiful country, the country of which we are all so proud in the Homeland. My mission is an intensely interesting one. I have come over at the invitation of the American Young Men's Christian Associations to help as far as I can in the great drive for money that is taking place next month. Then at the same time, whilst I am here, I want to do everything I possibly can to help to bring home to the American people something of what the Old Country has done and is doing to-day, and the sacrifices she has made in connection with this terrible war.

I don't think the people of the United States of America have any conception of the magnitude of that effort. I don't think the people in the Old Country itself realize how great is the effort that has been put forth and that is being put forth to-day. You have no idea of what difference there is in the two countries—what a difference there is as between the United States or Canada and the Old Country to-day—unless you have actually been over there. Thank God, there is no one in Britain who is starving because there is not enough food! But there is not anything like the amount of food in the Old Country that there is over here. It quite startled us when we had white bread set before us. And it is not only with regard to food;—you don't see in England to-day a single pleasure car. It is with the greatest possible difficulty you can get permission to use petrol to-day even for business, for work that is of importance. All pleasure cars for the time being have vanished from our roads and streets.

*Sir Arthur Keysall Yapp, K.B.E., was General Secretary of the British National Council of the Y.M.C.A. when the War broke out and organized the War work for that organization, but was later director of Food Economy for the British Government and visited America to assist in raising the United States War Chest fund.

And then, what a difference there is at night, to go, as we did last night, through some of the beautiful streets of Montreal and see how brilliantly they are lighted, or to go along Fifth Avenue in New York and to notice the same thing; and then to think of poor old dingy London and Manchester and all those towns that are so dark at night; and there is this great difference,—that you never have to wonder what that noise means, whether it is the beginning of an air-raid warning; you never have to wonder whether the next moment a bomb may fall from the sky and is going to bring devastation wherever it falls. I have come over to help to bring that home to the people of this continent if I can, not to teach them anything. Don't make any mistake about that. It has been a perfect revelation to us coming over here to see how tremendously keen you are here in your country, how tremendously keen the people of the United States are, about this war that is taking place thousands of miles away from you.

I should like, if I might, just to say a very few words in appreciation of the tremendous effort that Canada has made in connection with this war. I do hope that you realize we all appreciate it tremendously in the Old Country—the effort that you have made with regard to food, helping us out with our food supplies; the effort you have made with regard to munitions; or to come nearer home, as far as my own work is concerned, the magnificent effort that has been made in Europe by the Canadian Young Men's Christian Association. I have had the opportunity of seeing that work, and I hope to have the chance at the meeting to-night of making special reference to it and to the splendid efficiency of your hospitals at the front. I have had the pleasure and privilege of meeting your boys in a hundred camps, and I think of their work in those great lumber camps throughout the United Kingdom and in France. I don't know what we should have done with regard to that work had it not been for the way in which your men came and took the lead in it.

I often think of one of my visits last year to Picardy. I don't think anything impressed me more there than the work that was being done in the way of railroad construction. It seemed such a wonderful thing to go over the line of that great retreat, that devastated area, and then to see an up-to-date modern railway being brought into being, a mile of that railway completed every day by your boys. And then I think of your men as fighting men, the magnificent efforts that they have made on our behalf. Whatever Canada did before the

war, there is not the slightest doubt about it she has won her place in the sun during the past four years; and there are no better airmen in the whole world than your boys who are with the British Air Force. No one knows that better than the Huns do, and there are no braver men than your men who are fighting in France to-day.

It was on one of my return visits to France two or three years ago that I remember going to a little place that I was very fond of in Belgium, just that little bit of Belgium that was still in British hands, and after visiting the Y.M.C.A., we had a look at the trenches; and then they told me some stories I have never forgotten connected with those trenches. That district was being held by the Canadian troops at that time and they had a spell of appallingly bad weather,—unless you have seen it you can't possibly conceive what the mud of Flanders is like. Those trenches in which your boys were fighting, and the communication trenches, were often literally waist deep in water and slush; and it shows the spirit of the men that, whatever their officers tried to do with that First Contingent they couldn't make your men walk through that mud and slush; what they wanted to do was get up on the parapet and walk along, fully exposed to the Germans. I remember they told me that just the day before I was there one of your boys was doing that and there was a German sniper trying to pot him, and presently a bullet whizzed past his ear. What do you think he did? He just stood still and turned around deliberately in the direction in which the bullet came and put his hand up to his nose. You must realize that language; I hope you understand it. A second later another bullet whizzed past his other ear. He just stood still and turned deliberately. Then came another bullet close by him and he just waved his hand to show there was "Nothing doing." That is the spirit of your boys at the front, and that is what we so tremendously admire in them.

Yes, but what a tremendous cost it is for those boys! I don't think that was ever brought home more clearly to me than on one of my recent visits to France. I went into one hospital that was full up, every bed occupied, and every boy in that ward was terribly wounded, so badly wounded he couldn't be shipped across to England; and there were two little cots that particularly attracted my attention. One was occupied by one of your own boys, a young Canadian; and the other, by a young Englishman,—and the young Britisher had his mother with him. That is one of the consolations to us in

England. Unfortunately, you haven't got it over here. If one of our boys is dangerously wounded a message goes over to England that his friends can be sent across to see him, his mother, or it may be his wife,—and very often it means pulling the boy through. And the English lad lying there had his mother with him. She was one of our guests; and, although he was in awful pain, he looked as happy as the day was long.

The young Canadian was lying in his bed just watching those two as a cat might watch a mouse. Then suddenly, without a moment's warning, he flung himself over on his side and began to sob as if his heart would break. We said to him, "What is the matter? What makes you cry? Is it the pain?" And he replied, No, that his pain is much better than what it was. Then, what is the matter? What makes you cry like that? And then, pointing to the English boy and his mother he said, "It's all very well for him; he has got his mother with him. My mother is more than six thousand miles away." I don't think anything I have ever seen helped to bring home to me more clearly than that little incident the tremendous sacrifices your people over here are making, and the tremendous sacrifices that those boys of yours are making; and I ask you if it is not worth any effort, any cost, to do anything it is possible for the Young Men's Christian Association to do for those boys who are making such tremendous sacrifices for us to-day?

Then I would like, if I might, just to follow that up by saying something as to Britain's war effort; and, if you don't mind, I would like to burden you with just a very few figures. I think these will perhaps help to bring home to you as a body of business men what the Old Country is doing. For instance, we are terribly short of coal at the present time. We have been rationed for coal, and I don't know how on earth we are going to get through the next winter. Here is one of the reasons for it: up till last June, the 30th, we had sent more than 67,000,000 tons of coal to help out France and Belgium. The Huns have got the majority of the coal mines of France and Belgium, they have got the very best of them—they have had to give up some of them during the past few weeks. 67,000,000 tons of coal we have had to send across to France and Belgium since the beginning of the war; and more than 20,000,000 tons of coal to Italy. 1,800,000 tons of steel we have sent to help France; 4,000,000 blankets to France and nearly 4,000,000 to Italy. 2,153,000 pairs of boots for the French Army; 1,462,000 pairs of boots for the Italian Army; 2,000,000

respirators we have had to make and send across for the use of the Italian troops; and, coming to money, no less than \$6,850,000,000 the Old Country has advanced to the Allies; and the war up to the present time has cost us more than \$35,000,000,000. It is a pretty big sum, isn't it?

And then, if I might say just a word or two about man power. I don't want you to think for a moment anyone in England grudges any sacrifice that is being made for the sake of France. When one thinks of that magnificent French Army and the way in which, in the early days of the war, it took the line and at Verdun and in one hundred other places held that line against enormously superior forces numerically—when one thinks of the sacrifices that France has made in connection with this war, I don't believe there is a man or woman in the Empire who would not be ready to go to any lengths in self sacrifice to help France in her time of need.

Now, I wonder if you all realize these facts with regard to man power? For instance, 260,000 men in Britain to-day are engaged altogether in industrial work for the Allies. There are more than a million men engaged on industrial work for the Admiralty, apart from the Dominions. Altogether, the list of casualties of the Old Country,—just of the United Kingdom,—amounts to 4,150,000; and then just try to realize what these figures mean if you can. You can't realize them. 900,000 dead through this appalling war, 270,000 of our boys maimed for life and more than 187,000 widows in the United Kingdom to-day, all owing to the ambitions of one man.

Then with regard to munitions. At the outbreak of the war, we had three national factories engaged on the manufacture of munitions of war. To-day, we have 150; and more than 10,000 firms are engaged altogether on the manufacture of guns, shells, rifles, tanks, aeroplanes and so forth. There are 2,400,000 men in Britain to-day engaged on the manufacture of munitions of war; and, to their eternal glory be it said, there are more than 750,000 women engaged in the same task.

One word with regard to food, because that always appeals to everybody. We have in England to-day 200,000 fewer skilled agricultural laborers than we had at the beginning of the war. 260,000 women have taken their places in the work on the land, and the United States of America, Great Britain and our great Dominions, are the only belligerent countries in the world to-day that are producing more food than they did before the war.

And then what about Germany's war efforts? We are all rejoicing to-day in the good news, the magnificent news, and I think we want to realize this—that the outlook as far as the war is concerned is undoubtedly brighter, far brighter to-day than it has been at any previous period since the beginning of the war; and yet I want, if I may, just to utter one word of warning; don't let us think for one single moment we have finished with Germany. There are no depths to which Germany is not ready to sink, there is no infamy that is too great for Germany to perpetrate, in order to gain her own ends in this great struggle which we are talking about; and I believe there is only one thing for it, and that is that we should give Germany the knock out blow, because it is the only language in the world that she understands.

The worst calamity that could possibly happen to-day would be if we had anything in the nature of a patched up peace, and do you know why? It is for this reason, that we should have the whole thing to fight through again, it might be in ten years, or twenty, thirty, forty or fifty years time. We have got to wage this war in such a way that, as far as it is possible, it will make another war impossible in the days to come. And the danger I always feel with regard to an inconclusive peace is, not that Germany will ever want another war like this. Don't make any mistake about it, Germany, as nearly as we can tell, has 2,000,000 dead. She will never want another war like this. Then where does the danger lie? Simply in this, that the moment may come at any time, if we have a patched up peace now, when Germany will think she sees the chance that she thought she saw in August, 1914, and what was that? The chance of a long and glorious war? Nothing of the kind. All her previous campaigns have been short and decisive. She thought in two or three weeks, or in a month at the outside, she could bring France to her knees. Then she thought she could turn and deal with the Russian colossus and knock out Russia; and then if we dared to come in, she felt she could take us on at her leisure. That, I believe, is the great danger of the future, the danger we must guard against, no matter what the cost may be.

How does Germany wage war? Take, for instance, her war in the air; her raids on defenceless towns. You can't imagine what they are like unless you have seen them just as we have often seen them in the Zeppelin raids in the early days of the war. The terror of those raids was simply this,—we would see one of the airships flying overhead and every

now and again hear the sickening thud of the bombs, bringing destruction as they fell, and without any possible chance of hitting back. We knew of no way in which it was possible to counter the Zeppelin. We should much enjoy Zeppelin raids to-day, because of the privilege and pleasure of seeing them brought down. I have seen them brought down, two immediately over my home in the north of London. It was the greatest sight you can possibly imagine. How has Britain dealt with the problem of the air? And I love to think in saying that, that I can say, "How have *we* dealt with it?" because you have every reason to be proud in Canada of the part you have played in the conquest of the air. In 1914, when war broke out, we had rather less than 100 aeroplanes. During the past year we have brought down and destroyed 4,102 aeroplanes of the enemy, only losing 1,213 in the same time; and during the month of June alone, our air men—your air men too—they are all ours—dropped 853 tons of bombs on military objectives behind the German lines; and not only that, carried out seventy-four raids on Germany itself. You can't imagine how delighted we are in England over that. And then, for the time being, at any rate, it stopped their raids into England.

A new policy entirely has been adopted by our Air Forces, and it is just this, whenever the enemy appears he has got to be chased out of the skies. It doesn't matter if there are fifty of them in formation, any air man of the British Force will go straight for them and attack everything, and that is the policy that pays.

I can't help feeling that very often the difference in the characteristics between the two nations is pretty clearly brought out. I wonder if you read that, in the last attempted raid on London, the Huns with their Goths couldn't get beyond the Eastern coast, and one of them was brought down just outside of South End, west of the estuary of the Thames. One of our airmen had remained circling round and round to see what was happening, and presently he saw the Hun struggling in the water. What do you think he did? He took off his life belt and flung it down to him and the man escaped. No matter what you tried, you couldn't get a Britisher or a Canadian to do anything else but that. What would the Huns do? It was just about that time that a U-Boat was out looking for her quarry and came across an ordinary unarmed steamer, *The Black Prince* and fired off one of its torpedoes. The boat began to sink, and then the commander of the U-Boat invited

the men to come on to his boat. They came, but what do you think he did? Took off every life belt from every one of those men, thirty-eight of them; flung the life belts into the sea and then submerged, leaving those fellows out in mid-ocean to drown. Three of them, by a miracle, were saved; thirty-five of them were drowned. There you have the difference between the two nations at war to-day.

And then how does the Hun wage war at sea? You have only to look at your morning papers to-day, and read over again the story of the latest outrages,—the boats that have been sunk by their U-Boats.

For a long time it seemed impossible to counter the U-Boat. We know to-day of 150 of them that have been destroyed. Probably there have been many more destroyed, but 150 we know of for certain; and every day that passes by it is becoming more difficult for the U-Boat to carry out its acts of piracy. Have you ever thought of the magnitude of the task that is allotted to the British Navy? That it has 7,700 miles of coast line to defend, that in a single month this year our battleships, cruisers, and destroyers steamed more than one and one-quarter million miles in connection with their work, and during the same month our auxiliary patrol vessels steamed more than six and a half million miles? We have 45,000 square miles of sea that have to be swept for mines every month that passes by; and out of 4,000 vessels that were engaged on anti-submarine work in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, and the North Sea, ninety-five per cent. of them belonged to the British Navy or the British Mercantile Marine. And just think of this, since the beginning of the war our Navy has transported 13,000,000 troops and only lost, 2,700 out of the whole lot. It has transported, 2,000,000 horses, 25,000,000 tons of explosives, 51,000,000 tons of coal, oil and supplies; and during those terrible days in the spring of this year, after the great German advance, in fourteen days the Navy took safely across the Channel, 268,000 troops,—and in a month, more than 355,000. And not only that, but the Navy—which is always silent, that is one of the great traditions of the Fleet, always silent, always going about its task day and night—the Navy is always making improvements.

Oh, I wish I had time to-day to tell you something of the stories of our submarine boats. I expect some of them have come across, but you will forgive me if I tell one of them which you may have heard before. A good many months ago now, I was on one of my rounds in connection with the Y.M.

C.A., and I saw an old boat badly battered, in a sinking condition,—there was very little that remained above the surface of the water—and they told me the story of that old boat. It was connected with a young naval lieutenant who won the Victoria Cross. Our papers in England criticized the Government for giving him the Victoria Cross and not telling the public what he had done. This is one of the things he had done,—he had made a very careful little plan for dealing with the U-Boats. He had got this old ship that was not of much use. He loaded her up with timber so that she could only sink down a certain distance, then he went out where he knew the U-Boats were; and the whole thing happened exactly as he wanted. Presently, the U-Boat came up and saw this defenceless boat, which is the kind she liked to get hold of; fired a torpedo, and immediately the old tub began to sink. The men got out in their boats, very soon they were some distance away, and the only one left on board was the skipper who wouldn't leave the boat. The U-Boat came up about thirty-five minutes afterwards, rather suspicious as to what was happening; and saw the old boat with the captain on board who hailed him over to come and take him off. They came in nearer and nearer until presently, without a moment's warning, the side of this old boat fell down—and there were four powerful guns exposed to view. Nothing has been heard of that U-Boat from that day to this.

But more recently a similar thing happened, only there was a greater tragedy about it. The torpedo had been fired, the boat began to sink, all the small boats were put out and the sailors had left her; and there was just one solitary woman left on the boat, apparently mad, hugging to her her little child, her baby. The Commander of the U-Boat hailed one of our boats and asked what the woman was doing there; and he was told that the skipper had been killed, that his wife had gone mad and they had had to leave her on the boat. It was just the kind of thing that the U-Boat enjoyed, and they went up to see. When they got quite close up, to their amazement the woman darted to the side with all her might, flung the baby at the periscope and then jumped over the other side. The baby was a bomb, and nothing has been heard of that U-Boat to date. So that the Navy is always on guard, always looking out; and what we all feel, at any rate in England, is, it is a case of God help the German Navy if they ever dare to come out now!

One or two words as to what the war really means. I said

just now that I didn't think you in Canada could really realize what the war means. We sometimes think we know what it means in England when the Goths go over there, or when we can hear the dull thud of the guns across there in Flanders; and yet we don't know in England what war really means. If you want to know what the war means, you have to get across to the Western Front. It is there that you see it, robbed of all its romance; and I wish I could paint a word-picture to-day that would bring before you just what I have seen. For instance, the line of the great German retreat in Picardy. The year before last I was on one of my visits to France and I had tea one afternoon with that great British commander, General Allenby, the man who has done such magnificent work in Palestine. He showed me the most interesting photographs I have ever seen in my life. They were taken the day before my visit, over the German lines, and everything was very carefully transferred to maps afterwards. He pointed out to me the very significant fact that for seventeen and a half miles behind their front line trench there was nothing but an empty succession of trenches; and he said, "Wherever my men and I knocked out the front trench they just built another one behind it." So I looked at it and felt hopeless, and I said to him that unless the unexpected happened it seemed to me that this thing would go on forever. He just turned to me and said very quietly, "Isn't it always the unexpected that happens in war?"

When I went back again last summer I found the unexpected had happened, that the whole of the seventeen and a half miles of trenches were in the occupation of the British. They have changed hands again since then in the great Hun offensive in March and April. The whole of that area was regained by the Hun. Thank God, we have gained it all back again since then, and I don't believe it is ever going to pass to them again. But Oh! I wish you could see that country just as I have seen it,—that great tract of country at Albert, the ruined city, with that once beautiful cathedral that has been almost entirely destroyed, and right at the top of which was a figure of the Virgin Mary with a figure of the Infant Christ in her arms. That figure, early in the war, was partly dislodged by German shells, not altogether brought down, and it remained thus for months and years; it just hung out at right angles to the spire of the Cathedral. It was brought down in the German offensive in March last.

And then, if you could have come with me from Albert right across to Bapaume or to Peronne, or if we could have struck right across to Arras, you would have realized something of what war really meant. The whole of that great tract of country was without any sign of life in it except where there were troops,—no women in the whole of the area, no child there, no domestic animals of any kind; almost every yard had its shell hole. There were many towns there that, if I mentioned them, you would know by name; not one vestige of them is left unless it might be the broken stump of a tree, or perhaps the cellar entrance to what used to be a house; and everywhere is seen the most awful desolation, everywhere the debris of war, the remains of barbed wire entanglements, of redoubts and dugouts and trenches, and here and there a stranded tank that had got stuck in the mud and then had been destroyed. Yes, and everywhere along the whole of that area is just one great cemetery. You have no idea how strange it seemed to see there, side by side, the more or less ornate cross that marked the last resting place of the German dead; and then, side by side, the little cross with the mark upon it where some hero had his last earthly sleep; and everywhere for miles and miles, those little plain round crosses of wood that marked the last resting place of our boys and your boys. I remember climbing to the top of the Butte of Walincourt, the little tiny hill that changed hands over and over again amidst terrible fighting; and right on the top of the Butte of Walincourt there were some of those little crosses of wood; and one day I stood at the edge of a great crater at Walincourt and I looked down into its depths; and there at the very bottom I saw the little crosses of wood.

I don't think anything impressed me more than the tremendous effort Nature was making to cover up the desolation of war. I don't know that anything has impressed me during the past few days more than the magnificent stretches of color you have over here, the autumn tints; but I wish you could have seen the colors of the battlefield of Picardy, the colors of the wildflowers. It may have been imagination; but, as I looked out over those acres, I felt I had never seen such brilliant blue colors that rivalled the blue of the Alps. As I looked out from the Butte of Walincourt on the miles and miles of poppies, I felt I had never seen such brilliant red; and instinctively there came to me the words we sometimes sing:

"O Cross! that liftest up my head,
I dare not seek to fly from thee.
I lay in dust life's glories dead,
And from the earth there blossoms red,
Life that shall endless be."

And if we are faithful, if we do our part in this great struggle, if we see to it that the sacrifices those boys have made have not been in vain; then I believe that out of the desolation and horror of war there is coming a greater freedom, a greater liberty, a brighter civilization, than anything we have ever hoped for in the past.

Of course, the thing that interested me wherever I went over those battlefields of Picardy was the fact that wherever we had groups of men—here and there, in some old marquee, or some little hut, or old strafed building, a dugout, or some old shanty—I would see the sign I love, the sign of the Red Triangle; for it is there that our work is needed more than anywhere else in the work of reconstruction.

Now that there is so much desolation all around us, I would like if I might close to-day by telling you one yarn concerning our own work; and I don't think there is anything we have done since the beginning of the war in which we have scored a greater success than with regard to our religious work. I don't think I am exaggerating when I say there is no religious difficulty in Flanders to-day, or in Picardy. Before the war we seemed to think it was impossible to be religious unless we were fighting the other man's religion. On the battle-field, we realize that the Hun is the foe and that it is for us to close our ranks just as if we were one man. The other thing I wanted to say in that connection is, that when the boys come back here do not expect too much from them. Remember that they are only human. Don't expect them to flock into your churches. They won't come unless you make them feel welcome when they come. Not by patronizing, but in the most natural way of all, help them to realize how much you appreciate the sacrifices they have made.

This story I am going to tell you relates to one of your own boys, a Canadian trooper. I don't know his name, I have never heard it. It was in one of the great base camps in France, and I wish you could see those camps where the Canadian troops congregate. I wish you could see those tremendous Y.M.C.A. huts over there run by the Canadian Association; and this was one of the very biggest of them and we had one of our very best men in charge of it. Every night, he used to

arrange a great sing-song for those troops, and they were always ready to come and help him with the programme, until one night came when he seemed to have struck a bad batch. He couldn't get anyone to play, sing, or recite; there were ten or twelve hundred men there packing the hall, but no one would help him with the programme. He stood upon the platform and asked for help, and no one came, until at last, looking away at the crowd at the back of the hall he noticed a movement amongst the crowd and he saw a man detach himself from that crowd and elbow his way to the other end of the hall and then come right on to the platform. He could tell the very moment he saw him that the man was under the influence of drink. He came up there and stood and faced our man and then looked back at the crowd, and then back again, and then cried out in a voice everybody could hear, "What is the matter, boss, won't anybody oblige you? Never mind, padre, if nobody else is going to help you, I will. What would you like me to do? I can play, sing, or recite; or I can pray."

For a moment, our man didn't know what to say or what to do, and then to his horror he saw that poor Canadian trooper stumble up to the front of the platform and lift his hands and call for prayer; and there followed from that platform the strangest prayer that has ever been heard in public, as that trooper cried out, "Everlasting God! Everlasting God! Everlasting God!" and then he broke down and sobbed like a child, and in his agony cried out, "I had a good mother once;—I have been a damned fool; may God forgive me!"

Did you ever hear a prayer like that before? Do you think God would hear it? Of course he would, and he did. I am not sure that he would not infinitely rather have a prayer like that than some of the meaningless prayers with which we sometimes mock Him; and if any man ever gave evidence of his conversion it was that Canadian trooper. He was only four days longer in that reinforcement camp; but, if he could help it, never for one moment would he allow our man out of his sight, and in a hundred ways he helped him with his work; he would go right down the hall, gather up the dirty cups and bring them to the counter and help to wash them; he would go down on his hands and knees under the table and pick up the cigarette ends and scraps of paper and help to clear up the hut; and then four days later, with a detachment, he was sent up the line. Three days after that he was ordered over the top with his company, and literally, he went into the Val-

ley of the Shadow of Death, but he did not go alone. There went with him One, the form of whom was like unto the form of the Son of God.

I ask you, Gentlemen, if that work is not worth any effort, any cost it is possible for you to put into it? And that is the work that the Y.M.C.A. is trying to do to-day in more than 4,000 different centres amongst the Allied troops.

I must apologize for taking up such a great length of time. I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to me to have the privilege of coming here and meeting you face to face to-day. I thank you.

(October 15, 1918.)

Conditions in the Far East, and Canada's Expeditionary Force to Siberia

BY HON. MR. N. W. ROWELL.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I esteem it both a privilege and an honour to have another opportunity of addressing the Toronto Canadian Club. This war, notwithstanding all its successes, has its real embarrassments. I prepared the address I was to deliver to-day about a month ago, and I find it is of no use. I have got to have a new one to meet the war situation. Let me say, before entering upon discussion of the subject which is announced for to-day,—and for the comfort of those unfortunate citizens of ours of whom very, very many are suffering from the influenza,—that when we were on the western front we found many of our soldiers were suffering from this disease, although it is not as acute there as it is in Canada; but the report that came to us at that time through prisoners of war was that the influenza was very much more serious in Germany. From information which I have since received I think there is very good ground for believing that it was the Spanish influenza, which swept almost like a plague through Germany in June and July, which largely prevented Germany from striking a blow earlier, which gave us time to prepare to meet the blow and to achieve the success which has now come to us. Even sickness may have its compensations.

At the beginning of this war Germany dreamed of world Empire. It was not of extension in the West, but of extension in the East. She hoped to build up in the east an Empire which would rival that of Constantine, and which would be the legitimate, as she thought, successor to the Holy Roman Empire. For there is no question the Hohenzollerns believed that they were the legitimate inheritors of the traditions of that great ancient empire. Germany struck at Russia because Russia promised to stand by Serbia. Germany struck at France

because France was an ally of Russia and would not repudiate or pledge herself not to support her. Germany struck at Belgium because she stood in the pathway of her blow at France. Germany did not anticipate that this war would be fought out on the western front. She did not anticipate any permanent struggle on the western front. She thought that when she struck through Belgium at France she would put France out of the war before Russia could come in and then to satisfy her ambitions and develop her Empire in the east by striking at Russia ; then open up the way through the Balkan States so that she might build her empire on the ruins of the Turkish Empire. It was ambition that determined this hour and occasion, for Germany entering this war.

Serbia blocked the way for that march of Germany to the east and Serbia must be subjected to German power or Prussian power and domination. When Serbia was defeated and overrun, with Turkey and Bulgaria as the allies of Germany and dominated by her, Germany had her pathway opened up from Berlin to Constantinople and thence through Asia Minor to the east to the then terminus of the Berlin to Bagdad railway ; and Germany, after the conquest of Serbia and the alliance and co-operation of Turkey and Bulgaria, had almost within her grasp the realization of the dream for which the German people, the German publicists, and German politicians, had been trying for years. This empire to the East, this thought of expansion to the East, undoubtedly determined Germany's policy in the Balkans. Her attitude toward Turkey, her policy in Western Asia, the Kaiser's trip,—his visit to the Sultan of Turkey, to Palestine and Asia Minor fifteen or eighteen years ago,—was part of the programme. I had the opportunity myself in 1905 of visiting Turkey, Syria, and Palestine ; and everywhere there were evidences of German interests and German power and occupation. I may say this, wherever you went you found a German hotel which was clean and the food was wholesome ; it was a contrast with some native institutions in that country. But, wherever you went, that was the situation as you found it.

The brilliant successes which have followed British arms in Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia have for the time being put an end to Germany's dream of world empire in that portion of Asia. But, unfortunately Mr. Chairman, the collapse of Russia has opened up to Germany a still larger opportunity,

a wider field for her political, her industrial and economic activity, a wider field for a really dominating Prussian empire in the east than the wildest dreams of the Pan-Germans imagined possible at the outbreak of the war. We need not wonder that Germany is anxious for peace on the Western front. Germany could to-day evacuate France and Belgium, she could surrender Alsace and Lorraine and consent to an independent Kingdom of Poland; and yet, if she retain her army and navy intact, (both much larger than when this war broke out) if she retain her industrial establishments still in active operation,—with her country undevastated by war, with her present dominant position in Russia, she can realize more than she hoped to achieve when she embarked on this great enterprise. The peril of a negotiated peace to-day is that Germany may realize her ambitions and her power in the East through the utter collapse of the great Russian Empire. Therefore, Mr. Chairman, those who are concerned in this war because they love liberty and free democratic institutions and because they hate what Prussian Militarism and German domination stand for, as illustrated by her whole course and conduct in this war, are not prepared to see any negotiated peace, any peace short of a peace which will prevent Germany from realizing her ambition and dream and again drenching this world with blood.

And in view of the part that Canada has taken in this war, a great and glorious part,—we do not yet appreciate how large was the success of Canadian arms in recent weeks and how largely this success has contributed to the collapse of Germany's forces behind the Hindenburg line; we do not realize how powerful a blow Canada has struck for Liberty in this struggle, but because of what our troops have done and of Canada's share in this war, Canada has earned the right to be present at the Peace Conference. Speaking my own opinion and on my own responsibility, I would say that the situation will not be met to the satisfaction of the people of Canada unless the Prime Minister of Canada is one of the representatives of the British Empire seated around the peace table.

Let us pause and think for a moment of Germany's opportunity in Russia. A great nation of 180,000,000 of people, larger in territory by three times than the United States, with a population greater than that of the United States and Great Britain and all her dominions combined, with but very little industrial development, with natural resources almost beyond computation,—she presents the greatest field for political,

social, industrial, and agricultural development which this world has to-day; and Germany, lying side by side of Russia, with her highly developed industrial organization, with her great genius and capacity for organizing,—Germany has an advantage in dealing with Russia such as no other country in the world possesses.

One of the strangest tragedies of this war is the collapse of Russia. First to enter the war, she was the first to quit, and in quitting it she appears to have almost disappeared from the family of nations. There has been a complete collapse of governmental authority; social disorder and general anarchy prevail throughout large sections of Russia. We hardly appreciated what Russia's participation in this war meant until she dropped out of the struggle. We hardly realized that she had established an eastern front stretching from Baltic on the north to Roumania or the Black Sea on the south and then through the Caucasus to link up with the British forces in Mesopotamia. When Russia dropped out of the war the Eastern front vanished, and Germany was able to bring the larger part of her forces from the Eastern front and centre them on the Western front; and because of her ability to do so she very nearly won this war in the spring of the present year. She was almost as near to winning it in the spring of this year as she was in the fall of 1914. It was owing to a brilliant counterstroke at the Marne in 1918, as brilliant as the original one of 1914, that the tide was turned.

Russia has dropped out, and Germany concluded a peace with her. Do we appreciate what the terms of that peace mean to Germany and Russia and the rest of the world? As I prepared this speech, I had extracted from the address of the German vice-chancellor delivered three weeks ago, in which he spoke on behalf of the German government, that they would not submit to any allied influence dealing with the above question of Germany's treaty with Russia, Roumania and the Ukraine. That is not in the proposal of the present German chancellor. But let us look at the situation and see what it is. In the Brest-Litovsk peace, the western provinces of Russia are severed from Russia and created into nominally independent states, but really contributory or vassal states of Germany. These western provinces contain a population of about 60,000,000. They contain Russia's industrial centres and her finest wheat growing areas in western and southern Russia. If Germany could retain her present peace of the Brest-Litovsk treaty with reference to western Russia alone, she would have

achieved as great a success in this war as if she had completely conquered Belgium and France. Not only is Russia dismembered in the west, but dismembered in the Caucasus as well. And Russian Armenia and Turkish Armenia, conquered by Russia in the early days of the war, both go back to the Turk; and unless that rule is broken, the last days of the unhappy Armenians will be worse than the first, if that be possible. To-day the Black Sea is virtually a German Lake. Germany and Turkey have moved their forces eastward to the Caspian Sea.

We sent a small expeditionary force up to capture Baku in the hope that we could assist the loyal people there in resisting the advance. Unfortunately, the force was not strong enough. The distance was too great and the difficulties of communication and transportation unsurmountable, and we were compelled to evacuate; and to-day Turkish or German forces dominate on the Caspian Sea. If they get across the Caspian and occupy the expanse of railway which runs from there, they strike India in the rear and strike our British Empire at an almost vital point. You know how for years British people were obsessed with the fear of a Russian attack on India. The situation is now changed, and Germany is trying to occupy such a position in Russia that she will be able to strike a blow at India and British rule in the east.

What are the factors in the situation that are working in favor of Germany? First, the fact that she is in military and economic possession of the greater part of Russia proper. When we speak of her forces moving to the western front, that means a large part of her forces; but when we left England it was understood that Germany had thirty-two divisions (and Austria, fifteen) in military occupation of those western provinces and is keeping her forces there in order that she may overawe the population and retain her stranglehold on Russia. There is the indication that she has the co-operation of the Bolshevik government, who are spending their time, it is said, selling Russia's assets to Germany in order that they may get money in return. The recent revelations concerning Lenin and Trotzky and the moneys they received indicate the position of the Bolshevik government in its relation to Germany and her influence there. In addition to that, you have what I have already mentioned, the general collapse of authority throughout Russia. There is no law and order as we understand it. One of the dangers is, that unless Allied intervention comes in time and is sufficient to preserve law, that the

sober, serious elements of the population, disgusted and disheartened, may be willing to have law and order established even by Germany in order that they may have peace and protection of life and property. Thus, when you think of Germany's remarkable organizing capacity and her genius for organizing you see what possibilities are opened up in the Russian situation for German expansion and for dominion and control of that great empire.

What are some of the factors working in our favor,—working against the process of dismemberment and disintegration—because in that lies Germany's chief hope? First, I would hope, is the deeply religious nature of the Russian people. Many have wondered how it was that with a great state church in Russia, that when the government collapsed the church did not provide a rallying point for the masses of the Russian people,—because they are a deeply religious people. The difficulty was that this church was associated with the Russian autocracy and with the oppression of autocracy, and when they threw off the rule of autocracy they threw off for the time being the rule of the church. But there is no change in the religious character of the Russian people. The fact is that, with the exception of Mohammedan subjects of Russia, in that great multitude of people of common religion and really loving liberty, you have a bond around which the nation may rally, a basis for union, something to build on in the days that lie before it.

Then, in addition to that, there is the fact that the Brest-Litovsk treaty is opposed by the Russian people themselves. The oppressive terms that Germany exacted of the Russian people when she had them at her feet have inspired in the minds of the Russian people, so far as they have had the opportunity of knowing the facts and considering them, exactly the same sentiments that they have inspired in liberty-loving people the world over. That nation that would impose such brutal, domineering terms upon a defeated foe is an enemy to human liberty and civilization and must be fought until victory is achieved. So the very terms of the peace are militating against Germany, and creating sentiment among the Russian people adverse to Germany.

There is also the waning power of the Bolshevik. One of the most hopeful features is the magnificent fight of the Czechoslovaks. I know of nothing more romantic or stirring in all the history of the war than the story of the Czechoslovaks. Just a word or two concerning them. As you know,

they are citizens of Bohemia, living for generations in eastern Austria. When war broke out sympathy there was with the allies, but they could not throw off the Austrian yoke. They were compelled to serve in the Austrian army. When facing fellow Slavs on the eastern front, they went over by tens of thousands. It is said no less than 300,000 surrendered as prisoners of war. Others surrendered to Serbia, and so it happened that the Czecho-Slovaks of whom we hear are men who formerly fought in the Austrian army and went over to the side of the allies when they had the opportunity. Those in Russia hoped to have the opportunity of fighting against Austria in the Russian army. That was not accorded to them, except in a very limited way.

When the revolution broke out and peace was declared, an arrangement was made by the head of the Slovaks with the British government that they should be permitted to leave Russia, march across to Vladivostok, cross to America and finally to France, in order that they might join Russians already there in order to fight out the battle of liberty. The Bolsheviks broke their word and hindered their progress. The Czecho-Slovaks finally decided to fight out the issue there. And so the allies are going to their assistance. Thousands of prisoners of war, without any government authority to regulate them or impose discipline, have imposed upon themselves the rigid discipline of an army and for their love of liberty are fighting against their oppressors in Russia of the Bolshevik government. To-day that nation without a country has been recognized by the allies as a belligerent power and as one of the allies; and the army of Czecho-Slovaks is an allied army fighting in this war.

Let me read to you the declaration of the British government recognizing the Czecho-Slovaks:—

“Since the beginning of the war the Czechoslovak nation has resisted the common enemy by every means in its power.

“The Czechoslovaks have constituted a considerable army, fighting on three different battle-fields and attempting in Russia and Siberia to arrest the Germanic invasion. In consideration of its efforts to achieve independence Great Britain regards the Czechoslovaks as an Allied and belligerent army waging regular warfare against Austria-Hungary and Germany.

“Great Britain also recognizes the right of the Czechoslovak National Council as the supreme organ of Czechoslovak national interests and as the present trustee of the

future Czechoslovak Government to exercise supreme authority over the allied and belligerent army."

National recognition must come in any terms of peace satisfactory to the allies. The allies must see that Bohemia at last obtains independence. For generations they have suffered under the heel of the oppressor. Away back in the days of the great reformer John Huss, who when brought before the Council of Constance because of having sowed among his countrymen national hatred of Germany replied, "I have affirmed and will affirm, that Bohemia should have the chief place in the offices of the Kingdom of Bohemia even as they that are French born in the Kingdom of France and the Germans in their own country; whereby Bohemians might have power to rule over Bohemians and the Germans power to rule over Germans." That claim that John Huss made for the Czechoslovaks of Bohemia is about to be realized when peace comes. These inheritors of the democratic tradition in the East will be a great and powerful refining force in the interests of democracy in eastern Europe.

There is another factor working with the allies toward the organization of an independent Russian government. You recall with me that in the north, at Archangel, in that northern district of Russia men were elected as members of the Constituent Assembly to give Russia a constitution,—an assembly which was dissolved by the Bolsheviks. They refused to recognize its authority. These members of that Assembly have got together as the true representatives of the men of northern Russia, and have organized northern Russia and have another Russian government organized at Vladivostock. The Cossacks, also, have never accepted German rule. This independent government is a government organized essentially to deal with allied affairs. The fact that the Russians are getting together themselves, even in limited numbers, co-operating with the allies and the Czechoslovaks, is one of the most hopeful features of the situation.

Then the next feature of the situation to which I would draw your attention is the fact of allied assistance. We have delayed long in going to the assistance of the Czechoslovaks and the patriotic elements in Russia, but we have a deep and vital interest in that problem. The British Empire has a greater interest than has either France or the United States or any of the other countries at war, with the exception of Japan. We in Canada have a peculiar interest in that situation. Have we yet commenced to realize that, while the great events

of the past century and of the opening years of this century have been enacted around the basin of the Atlantic and among the adjacent countries, yet he is dull who does not see that before this century closes great events of history may be enacted around the basin of the Pacific—for in that section live not less than half the whole human race. To the west lie China, Japan,—India immediately behind, on the Indian Ocean,—and then after that the great undeveloped country of Siberia, a very democratic Russian people but dominated and controlled politically and economically and industrially by Prussian militarism. On the other side of the Atlantic are the United States and Canada. Canada has during this war swung out into the full current of the world's life. Whether we welcome or regret the prospect, we are there. We can never again live the comparatively secluded life of the past. We are out in a world of men, and we must play our part as men in the world of men. And with the growth and expansion of Canada she is bound to win great powers on the northern Pacific. And Canada is entitled to voice in all the developments that take place in the northern Pacific, and it is of great moment to the people of Canada whether our nearest neighbors across the Pacific shall be a country developed under the auspices of, and dominated by, the Germans, a threat and a menace to the peace of the people of Canada and our Pacific brother—or whether it shall be on the contrary a people free, loving democracy, the Russian people.

So far as Canada is concerned, we are taking part in this Expeditionary Force and our sons are going forth at the call of the Czecho-Slovaks and patriotic Russians to help drive back the Bolshevik forces not only for that, but because we have a vital interest that Canada shall not be menaced on the west by Prussian power there established. And this is a fact about this Expeditionary Force of Canada's. It is not only Canadian forces which therein represent the British Empire. There will be British regular troops, but the force is commanded by a Canadian general and officered by a Canadian staff. That could not have happened four years ago; it could not have happened three years ago; it possibly could not have happened to this very hour, but so magnificent have been the achievements of the Canadian troops on the battlefields of France that the government of Great Britain and the soldiers of Great Britain are glad of the privilege of fighting under Canadian officers in the common cause of Liberty. Not only is it a tribute to the capacity and gallantry of our troops, but it is

recognition that on the northern Pacific Canada is the portion of the British Empire which has the predominant interest and whose voice is to be heard.

The other factor working in our favor, and perhaps the greatest of all, is the magnificent successes of our offensive on other fronts. Time will not permit me to dwell upon it. Just one word in reference to the part that Canada has had in it. When we were at the front, three of the divisions of the corps were out of the line—out of the line nominally for rest, but really to be trained for open warfare—drawn out of the line when it was expected that Germany might strike another blow that might send our army reeling. The Canadian forces were the headquarters reserve to be thrown into the breach at the critical hour if by any possible chance the day might be saved. But Germany did not strike until we were prepared and our troops were required to help in the offensive.

When General Foch decided to launch another offensive in front of Amiens and to deny for Germany her chance of dividing the British and French forces on the western front, what troops were called upon to lead the advance and strike the blow that would send Germany reeling back? Our gallant troops. Foch decided upon another stroke, that would pierce the line which Germany believed invulnerable, which the German higher command felt assured no allied foot should ever tread. What forces were chosen to lead the advance and to be the spearhead? Our gallant Canadians. Then at Cambrai, the pivotal point on which the German army stood, great Bourlon Wood stood in the way. What forces were sent forward? Our gallant Canadian corps. I doubt if we appreciate the days of peril our troops had to go through in the first week of this present month. The line having been broken, Germany, realizing it was vital to her that Bourlon Wood should be reoccupied, sent division after division and troop after troop of her finest forces to beat down, to beat back, the broken Canadian front. Had it not been for that rigid discipline, that dogged determination, that profound conviction on the part of every Canadian soldier that our Canadian corps was invulnerable, invincible, that they dared not leave their ground,—they could not have held on there. From the 8th of August to the 8th of October, four divisions defeated no less than forty-seven divisions of Germany's best troops. We captured more than 28,000 prisoners of war, over 500 field and large guns, liberated over sixty-nine towns and villages and then led the allied forces into Cambrai, and are now march-

ing after the retreating Germans. I doubt if we appreciate the magnitude of the services our Canadians have rendered to the cause of liberty in this war.

In Palestine, the power of the Turk is, as I have said, being broken. One word on it and I close. Stand with me on the plain of Esdraelon, that great historic battle ground of the ages, where the fate of Empires and of races and of religions has been settled. It stretches from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. It divides the hills of Samaria on the south from the hills of Galilee on the north. If you look back down through history you see not only the great struggles of the Israelites, you see the battles of the crusaders. It was on the plain of Bethlehem that the forces of the Turks defeated the Eastern Roman Empire, and Palestine there fell under the dominion of the Turk. It was across the plain of Esdraelon that the Crusaders came in the 10th and 11th centuries carrying the banner of the cross, and won back Palestine to Christian rule. It was on the same plain that Saladin once more defeated the followers of the Cross and once more established the rule of Islam on the plain. It was on that plain that Napoleon was compelled to embark upon his great retreat by British forces which captured his base at the sea.

If you stand with me on that plain on the 18th of this present month of September, in the presence of those great historic scenes, with those memories crowding in upon one, you would see a company of horsemen rounding the shoulder of Mount Carmel, stretching out upon the plain. You ask what horsemen are those? They carry the banner of St. George. They are the Crusaders of this century, warriors for Liberty and Civilization. Our cavalry captured the Turkish lines of communication, cut the railway to close the outlets from the hills, and General Allenby marched up from the south, brought his forces to bear upon the Turks in the hills of Samaria—and they were put to rout just as Gideon put the forces of the Midianites to rout. They were driven back and compelled to retire past Ebel. If one had the ear to hear he could again here the voice: "Cursed are thou when thou comest in and cursed art thou when you goest out." Turkish rule is broken in that land to-day. Christianity entered in its hour of greatest depression. Palestine has passed from the rule of the Turk, I trust forever, and is under Christian auspices and Christian rule.

The people of the old land, and of Australia, New Zealand, and India are fighting this battle in the east,—in Palestine, in

Syria and Mesopotamia. They are holding the line there, and Canada's share as part of the British Empire in the conflict in the East is to send our forces to Siberia; and there do what the other allies and the gallant troops of the British Empire, of Australia and India, have done in Palestine and Mesopotamia.

This war must go on until there is either an unconditional surrender or such occupation of Germany by our armed forces as will ensure the carrying out of any terms of peace. Canada has no interest in this struggle, technically, territorially, economically. We hope to get nothing out of it except the opportunity to live a life of peace and develop our free democratic institutions in this country. Our men went across the sea to make safe Liberty and Democracy, which were threatened on the battlefields of Europe. We will not call them back until the object for which they went over has been accomplished, and Liberty and Justice are re-established and peace has been re-assured upon such a firm foundation that no nation can ever again drench the world with blood and commit the crimes that Germany has in this war.

(November 4th, 1918.)

England in War Time

BY LORD CHARNWOOD.*

Gentlemen,—I thank you very much indeed for what I feel to be a most delightful and cheerful reception upon coming home. As a matter of fact, I have never been in Canada before. Will you excuse me using the phrase, “coming home.”

Canada is a great and growing nation; but it is a nation in which the citizens of all the other nations banded together in the British Empire feel at once at home; and in coming home one realizes this also, that one is coming back to a land where every family has felt the war and felt it long.

I ought, in justice, to say a word about the very kind hosts with whom I have been living in Illinois and New York during the last month. I was much impressed—I was not surprised at all—but I was much impressed by the unanimity and tremendous enthusiasm with which all kinds of people that I struck in those states had come into the war now at last they had wakened up to the significance of the world situation. You know all that. I was not surprised at it; but one thing, I confess, I was a little surprised at. I dare say there are American citizens here; they won't a bit mind what I am going to say. Among the great qualities which I had always associated with the people of the United States, the quality of national modesty had not been one; that is, not one of the most conspicuous. But certainly, in talking to American sailors and soldiers; and, indeed, in talking to nearly everybody that I met over there, I was struck with that feeling, and I think I ought to bear my testimony to it.

Now, I have said that I would talk a little about England in war time. It is nothing very thrilling that I have to tell you, but for a little space I am going to give you the impressions of a man in an ordinary English county,—over age, and otherwise militarily incapacitated—who during this war

*Lord Charnwood is well-known as an English man of letters. He is the author of the most authoritative “Life of Abraham Lincoln,” and is in America to open the Lincoln Memorial in Chicago.

has just been knocking about, occasionally in Paris, occasionally in Parliament; doing just those odd jobs or chores which from time to time fall to the lot of the humble civilian in war time. And I say a word on this because I think that in reading the newspapers, (and it is the duty of the newspapers to interest us about something or other; and, if possible, alarm us about something or other) in reading the newspapers or paying a casual visit to London one may get the impression that the English all these years had been, in a large part, a slack or a divided people.

The names of elderly and dignified pacifists, who arrived at the age of seventy-five before realizing that war was possible, and are not now going to change their minds, have been given full space in our newspapers; and so has full space been given to other matters—so really, sometimes, the ease with which rather ignorant and very, very tired men in immense works or ship building works now and then have listened to that sort of elderly utterance is a danger. Those things are but little disputes. As to whether this or that gentleman is the ideal prime minister, of course bulks rather largely in our newspapers, and fills too large a space in the view of a casual visitor. But the impression they give is utterly false; and any man who, like myself, is in a position to know what nine of ten of his neighbors were doing and what they were thinking all those four years, and has had a little interest in it throughout other neighborhoods as well, and knows the people—such a man gets a very different impression and he knows that we people in the old country have really, taking us on the whole, worked together and pulled together in a big national effort of which even our fathers, good men that they were, were not capable in the past.

Let me say just a word about recruiting. Voluntary recruiting is a thing of which I saw a great deal in the early months of the war. Personally, I am not an admirer of the voluntary system when a big army has got to be raised. For the sort of army that, we hope, is all we may need in the future, voluntarism is the right system. It fetches the man to whom soldiering appeals as a profession. But when you have got to raise a big army indeed, I thought early and saw and felt in my own family that the voluntary system of recruiting means picking out the morally best of your young men and marking them by preference for an early death. However, other people thought otherwise, and we went on for a long time with voluntary recruiting. Now, it could not be expected that the War Office,

with the tremendous strain that it had been put to in getting supplies over to France and manufacturing about a thousand times the manufactures it had ever been told by the country or the government it would have to provide;—it could not fairly be expected of the government department that it should early tumble to the recruiting situation, and there were hitches and drawbacks. But the rush of men to the colors early in the war was most impressive in England; and—I am sure I am telling you what was the same here, it was the most impressive thing any man could have lived through. It was not only in the homes of the people like ourselves, where every fit man went to the war at once; it was the same in the family of the gentleman from whom I get my bread; of every tradesman, large or small, that I knew in that neighborhood; of every farmer,—the same spirit was manifest throughout.

While that was conspicuously the case with the assembly of which I have the honor of being a member in council, it was not a bit less true with the class of people around me in the neighborhood, whom I have just indicated. Of course, there were areas where the thing was misunderstood. In a country like England you get, for example, a large mining population, composed of people suddenly collected together from different parts of the country, say thirty or more years ago, and living as an isolated community, cut off from their neighbors, ever since; and in some of those places understanding of the war penetrated rather slowly. In a country like England you can easily see there must be lots of backwaters like that.

One may say the attitude from the beginning, on the part of the young men who did not go forward and enlist, was not any real disposition to shirk, but a doubt, incurred sometimes by their mothers, as to whether they were really wanted. They thought the war was going to be over soon and they said, "I will go alright if I am wanted, but when they want me they will fetch me." Or again, "I am willing to fight, but I do not see why John Jones should not fight too. I don't see why, if I go, he should be allowed to stay at home and get my job." Those feelings account, I may say, for 999 out of 1,000 among those who did not volunteer to enlist early in the war. Then, of course, there came out very soon the knowledge that we wanted to keep a very large number of men at home for munitions, farm work, and so on.

I have sat for months and months with a number of farmers, as chairman of a local tribunal to deal with exemptions from war service. Long, long, long ago, we reached the point

where not a single more able bodied man could be taken from our agriculture without each one of those men putting a whole farm out of business as a food-producing concern. I know that about our agriculture from having gone personally into hundreds and hundreds of cases. I had the opportunity the other day as a member of a commission appointed for the purpose, of going through the staff of some of our big government departments in London. Enormously overburdened as they were by the war, like all concerns that had war jobs being put on them every day besides their ordinary peace vocation (and I speak here again after having gone into hundreds and hundreds of individual cases of the men employed in government departments in London), I was never more astounded by anything in my life than by the way in which the officials in those departments had reduced their staff down to the bare margin of safety, adding to their own hours of work, adding enormously to the responsibility they bore. The heads of a big office would come before us and explain their situation, explain how they had to do all sorts of things which were not included in their ordinary peacetime job, how their staff was drawn down by fully a third of what it had been before the war, while work had increased. They explained that there was very real danger of serious breakdown if they sent any more men, and they proved that to our satisfaction. But they would say at the same time, "If you approve of the arrangements we are going to suggest, we think we could spare such and such a particular man."

I might illustrate that spirit from other walks of English life. I am aware that this is dull but I feel it is simply the testimony I ought to give from my own little tiny piece of experience of English life throughout this war. I come here with the feeling that I belong to a country in the British Empire; but my own province of it, England, is as sound at heart as it can possibly be, and the longer the war went on and the more it got on our nerves, and the more tired people got of it, (for most people in England are overworked) and the more there was of the little excitement of bombs on London or wherever you happened to be living,—the more that went on, the higher and higher that spirit seems to me to have been mounting. Now I do not say that in any boastful spirit, but Canada has played such a splendid part in this war that I know you will be glad of any little bits of testimony as to the part that we have been playing along with you.

Now, I am going to plunge and say a few words as to our

politics. I was present the other day at a dinner in the United States where a gentleman, who lives in the south, was asked to give a message from the south; and his message from the south was, "There is no south." I might get rid of the subject of English party politics in that way. We were in a very inflamed and excited condition when the war came upon us. We were very near the edge of civil war, there is no getting away from that. The people's blood was up, and we did not always look pleasantly at one another. Then the war came, and inside a week party feelings and the recollection of party feeling had perished. Among all the people I met in the natural course of life it had perished, as it had from all circles in England, except just a few fussy people in each House of Parliament, a few newspaper editors, and a few of the professional organizers of parties.

As to the personal trivialities which have arisen in the House of Commons since, they are natural enough and wholesome enough; but do not imagine that if the war is going on that we are going to be divided as we continue to play our part, or that we are going to be divided during the more arduous task of peace and of restoring order in a large part of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The nation solidly is at the back of the Prime Minister, and is loyal to him. He is a gentleman who has his faults. We all know them exactly; and, with full knowledge of them, we consider that he is a very good Prime Minister. The only possible leader of any possible opposition is Mr. Asquith, who is worn by the heroic strain of the early months of the war, and the strain of running the machine of a peace government, which in those times must have been the greatest any man ever bore on his shoulders. Worn as he was by that, there were many, many, of his true friends who thought it was time there should be a change of premiership. Mr. Asquith is the leader of the only possible political opposition that can exist in England; and he, the leader of the opposition, is magnificently loyal to the Prime Minister.

I suppose that the war may now possibly be approaching the final or semi-final stages. I do not want to put it higher than that, but we must look forward to the task of peace. When peace actually does come we shall have a tremendous job at home in England. Of course, all sorts of new questions will have arisen; but I am glad that the old parties will not be there—bound to take opposite sides about the solution of what is in its essence a business question and a matter of adjustment between the people.

I do not think any other deep cleavage is going to take place. Do not misunderstand me, we are going to have the most tremendous social questions any country had to face. Those millions of young men are not coming back from the war wanting to go back to just the old fettered and confined conditions of life that each member of them was living in before the war, and we are going to have tremendous social and industrial questions. You will have them. We shall have them far more, because we are an older country, because there is a larger poor class in our country, because we are more largely urban in our population than any other country of the size.

I daresay we look rather socialistic from the point of view of either Canada or the United States. So we are. That simply means that the problems that arise when people are thickly crowded together have come upon us earlier and thicker than they have come upon this side of the Atlantic. So you must look forward to see us wrestling with very great internal difficulties at home. But I am going to prophesy and prophesy hopefully. I think it is the only subject on which I ever prophesied in my life. We are going to meet these difficulties in a spirit which before the war would not have been possible. Before the war, employer and employed saw each other only as another side of a number of questions. Before the war, all sorts and conditions of men had been brought up in a sort of detachment from one another, with other thoughts and ways of talking, detached in sympathies and groups—if not of thought at least of subject,—which detachment, education seemed only to intensify. Now those men of different conditions,—those men, employer and employed, who came together with their interests divided; those men, of such different creeds and kinds of education, have fought shoulder to shoulder, they have shared the same hardships and shared the same dangers, they have buried together their comrades fallen in the same cause; and they are not going back to the old misunderstandings or the old rancors with which difficult social questions were faced before the war. They are coming back in spite of all these difficulties to stand together as though bound with ties of steel.

There is just one thing I would like to say here. We know what Canada and what Canadian soldiers have done in this war. We are proud of their doings just as we are proud of our own Staffordshire, Warwickshire, or Hampshire boys at home. The old insular England which I am just old enough

to remember, the England which thought it a liberal thing to lose touch and interest with its own best blood that had gone across the seas,—that insular England is dead; and I, for one, have no tears to drop upon its tomb. The work of restoring order after the war, of rebuilding the war's ruins, the work of fixing up the thousands of international questions that have become rife, in such a way that the blood spilled in this war shall not have been spilled in vain, is going to be a long job. It is going to be a hard job. It will need our constant and loyal co-operation with one another. It will need our most thorough understanding with one another. It will need the understanding of the people of the United States. We shall need to understand one another more than we ever have before.

But apart from, and even as a means of, co-operation with the other nations, with our allies of France and your allies on the other side of this lake and all the rest,—it is necessary that the peoples of the British Empire should go on standing together as they have done during the war. Just what the machinery will be that will leave a more unified national group on revision of national feeling among us, is not indicated; but that we British should stand together is absolutely necessary as a step towards that greater harmony among the nations to which we look as the greatest result of this war. Just what the machinery should be, politically, that is to keep us always in sympathy with one another,—that I am not going to discuss. I have a sort of feeling that it is not very urgent to settle that; after all, we have found out during the war that we can act as a single unit.

But I would like you to realize this—when the time is ripe for some closer form or unification of the Empire, when you are ripe for it—you will find that England has long been ripe for it. We know that. Our sons have long known that. My son may live to see the day when the centre of gravity of the British Empire, in the points of population and wealth, will not be on the banks of the Thames but on the banks, it may be, of Lake Ontario. I am absolutely persuaded that there is only one attitude on the part of the English statesmen and English public opinion towards that question. It is not for us to press upon the people of this Dominion, or of any other of the overseas Dominions, an association and partnership which they might feel in any way inconvenient or fettering on themselves; and we are not going to do it. But when they see a way in which they can take their part, not only in bearing the burdens of the British Empire, but in controlling

and directing its policy, I am absolutely certain, as certain as I am of the fact that I stand here, that the people of England stand there all the time, ready to welcome you into the fullest share of the control of what are called Imperial concerns. They are ready to welcome you into the fullest share that you may ever see your way to undertake and that you feel persuaded will work well and will accomplish your expectations and will achieve the desire of solidification of that country which we are so proud to feel has not in this great war failed the cause of human liberty or the cause of God.

(November 11, 1918.)

The British Naval Armoured Cars in Russia

BY COMMANDER BELT.*

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I ought to begin by explaining that the British Admiralty is a sort of amphibious institution. Immediately upon the outbreak of war it sent a force of infantry about 24,000 strong to the front; it also formed a force composed of an immense number of armored cars commanded by officers and mechanics. In 1915 I went to Belgium and also to France. In a short time trench warfare took place and we went into the trenches there. Then, the Admiralty found the Russian mode of warfare more adapted to armored cars, so they sent 500 officers and men, and the necessary equipment of armored cars and supplies. We intended to get into Archangel but unfortunately we started too late (it was nearly November). We found the White Sea frozen up too hard for us to get through, and we returned then to Kola. They kept us there four months. However, we kept our men busy with one thing and another, repairing; and also, the Russians were in dire need of every car that they could get, so we sent rifles down to Kandalakskaya.

At the beginning of 1916, about May, the ice broke up at Archangel and we got on board and went by rail down to Vladikavkaz just north of the Caucasus. The reception given us was very enthusiastic. We were the first Englishmen that had ever fought in Russia with the Russians so they thought a great deal of us. Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander in Chief of the Russian Armies in the Caucasus, ordered us to leave the railway and cross the mountains. At Konstantinovsk he ordered us to go down to the plain. The great difficulty with us were the roads; we had to practically make our own roads. However, we got on to the plains, there was no artillery against us, and the Turks and a few Kurds very soon cleared out. Then a demand was made upon us to go around up north where they wanted us badly and I took the squadron round through Tiflis and the south of Lake Ohrun. There we had

*Commander Belt commanded the Armoured Car Unit supplied by the British Government to the Russian Army for the campaign in Russia. He is also noted as a Big Game hunter.

the same difficulty with the roads, however we got into the plains and scared the Turks and Kurds out. The Kurds are a very bad lot. They mutilate their captives in a most horrible manner. The Russians prefer to destroy themselves rather than fall into their hands. There is no quarter shown. These Kurds were shot on sight and there was no burial; the bodies were left to dry in the sun. Then again they had no artillery or airplanes so we of course had an easy job.

We were called then to make a long journey around by Odessa. We reached Paney, were put on barges there and sent on by the river. There we had a three days battle with the Russians, about 40,000 men, against three times their number of Bulgars, Turks, and Germans with machine guns. However, the Russians fought magnificently. They had no trenches, they would just grub a little hole for their heads, and they carried very, very little with them. They thought nothing of retiring twenty miles. Transport was nothing to them. They were fine fellows. However at the end of three days they lost one third of their force, they had about 12,000 casualties and there was nothing else to do but to get across the Danube. We covered their retreat and were ourselves the last to cross the Danube. Then we fought on the other side of the Danube, and for the remainder of the winter of 1916-1917 we helped the Russians in Galicia and on the river front. We could not use the cars in the winter, so we took the guns out and put them in the trenches. In the spring of 1917, the Russian commanders told us the revolution had broken out again and they were glad to have with them a force with good stiff morale as it was a good example to the men.

At the beginning of June, the Russians were making preparations for their last big attack in Galicia; and we were ordered up there and given a post on the Lemberg road. The Russians that were staunch then called themselves the Battalions of Death, a force very keen on fighting. We forced a passage through and did it so well that the Austrians and Germans decided they should clear out, and they cleared back further. They sent their horses and artillery back. However, the Russians in the support trenches had held their committee meeting and decided not to support this attack. Our men found they could not make any impression on the enormous numbers against them; and the Germans and Austrians, finding no resistance from the huge Russian masses in the support trenches, came on—and there followed the most dreadful débâcle possible to see. The armored cars really gave most effective work, because the artillery operating so far behind the enemy could not get at us, and all we had to do was to find

a road on which to fight and then we could hold the Austrian and German infantry as long as we liked. And for eight or nine days we slowly retreated with those Russian masses until the frontier was reached. There the enemy stopped. I suppose the enemy thought the Russians would dissolve quicker if left alone. I think they were right. There, again, the armored cars were the last to cross the frontier.

Then Lenin and Trotzky went into power; and in the beginning of 1918 they became insistent and came down to annex the whole of our cars and supplies, only letting the men get out of the country with their kit bags. I may say that they had to tow the cars away with horses. We took very good care of that. While we were on this eastern front, the Eastern Slavs frequently came across to us saying that they wanted to fight with us. Now, you know they are fighting magnificently elsewhere. One man came to me and said, "I want to work with your men." I said, "where did you learn English?" "Oh," he said, "I used to keep a fruit store out of Earlscourt. It is the place for me. I am going back there as soon as the war is over." When we were up on this Galician front Kerensky and his officers would frequently come down and exhort these soldiers to fight and the soldiers would shout with enthusiasm and promise to fight. Immediately some Bolshevik agent would get after them and tell them there was no punishment for not fighting now and so they were foolish to do so, and to go home to their farms. They would immediately agree with him. They always believed in the last man that spoke to them.

The Russian army is incredibly ignorant. I believe it is a fact that when the Japanese defeated them they ascribed the defeat to the Japanese assuming the form of microbes and getting into their boots and biting them, bringing about their death. After, when we were going down to the south one time, we passed a large force of Russian soldiers and Cossacks; and I heard some of them say, stopping beside our car, "Who are those men? I think those fellows must be Germans." One of our men said that we were Englishmen. They said we could not be English because we were as white as they were.

I think I ought to show you now some pictures that were taken by myself or by one of my fellow officers,—in fact every picture was taken by one of us.

(Commander Belt made the following interjections during the showing of pictures of living and topographical conditions in the far east):

The White Sea.—When we first got up there it was dark and you could not take any photographs. It was in May, 1916, we got this one.

Alexandretta, now called Murman where some of the Canadian troops are.

Another view of it after the sun had risen.

Another view of the shipping harbor.

Some of our men drilling.

There they are practicing with machine guns. That was about the end of February, 1916.

They are practicing there with rifle grenades.

Some of the reindeer sledges that we used for running munitions and rifles down. We used to have to eat reindeer. They were the only meat we had for four or five months.

This picture gives you an idea of all that country. You see how marked it is and how difficult it was for armored cars to operate in that country.

That is the road, where they are crossing the Caucasus Mountains. There are our cars going over it.

That is taken in the mountains. You see some of our cars coming.

Group of Kurds and some of our men mixed up with them.

Road running down to Tiflis and to Kars. It was made by the Russians for this particular campaign. That is another part of it. You see how it has to wind up the hillsides.

That is the famous Kars that has been fought for so often and so long ago. It is really a great fortress.

The Armenian Valley and that part of the country going down towards Lake Van.

Another view of Armenia. This was a large village in Armenia—one of the finest I saw,—and there was not a single inhabitant left. They were all killed or carried off, every single person in it.

Our cars parked for the night on the road going down to Erzerum.

Some of the Russian transport also going down on the same road (pulled by horses). You see, they cannot use gasoline there. Their cars would not do what ours did.

Armenian plough. They still go on with the same old primitive form.

There they are threshing. They believe in the Scriptures, they do not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn.

There you get a step further, in the bullock transport instead of gasoline. Later on they did not even have carts.

Some more Russian transports, very primitive. But the Russians do without much. They are very hardy.

Some of our cars there mixed up with other things. That is on the Erzerum road also.

Group of Cossacks, something like the group that would not believe we were Englishmen because we were white.

This is getting down near Lake Van. These are water buffaloes. They brought a lot from India. They play about in the water to keep the flies off.

Some of our cars playing about in the water also, but for different reasons.

There is one that is playing about in the mud, having some trouble. This country was very bad.

Group of Armenian children that found their way into the Russian lines. Poor wretches, most of them got carried off or killed.

There is another dirty bedraggled group of them:

These are some of the Kurds I told you about. These men were sort of hostages. We kept them so that if any trouble was caused around there we could take it out on these fellows. They have very curious turbans and girdles, which are made up of a number of yards of colored cotton. They twist the cotton around and around like ropes, and then wind them around their heads and waists. It gives them a curious look.

That is a train going around Mt. Ararat—and the river is down here (indicating). It arises out of the Garden of Eden. We bathed in it out of sentiment.

That was when I was going into Trebizon. They made a great fuss because there was some trouble, and this was the British Guard of Indian Lancers. They are a very showy lot.

These are some more transports down in Lake Van district, bullock transports. These carts tumbled around and broke in half, but they soon had them going again.

Another cart. It doesn't carry very much, but it gets there.

There is a camel transport and one of our ambulances. We had three of them and did a great deal of work with them.

This is a group of natives, Russians, and a few of our men. The rest appear to be camels.

There is one of our men having an argument with a Russian, but I don't think he will ever convince him.

This is a very very old bridge, centuries old. There are only two of them. I have a picture of the other. I don't know when or why they were built. There is no road leading to them or none leading away. They are there.

There is the other one. Some Russians are crossing it.

There is one of our cars down near Lake Ohrun in trouble. It used to take a long time, but they were always fixed up some time or other.

That is a Kurdish hut. The Kurds are all being cleaned out.

Kurdish village. The corn all round this part was all left standing. There were no people left to reap it.

Some Kurdish children who have been captured by the Russians. Filthy little brutes they are.

These are Kurdish huts, made of camels' felt. They were not bad:—the wind used to blow through them and the dust cleared the insects out.

There is a trader who used to supply us with cigarettes principally, and almonds and raisins and things like that.

This is in Odessa on the way back. That gun was taken from the British ship "Tiger." It was sunk just outside Odessa in the Crimean war. The Russians got the gun out and mounted it. When we went through there they made a great fuss about us. We were the guests of the municipality and its officials, and just to show you what funny people the Russians are,—because there was a large inscription showing how this had been taken from the "Tiger," they removed it and hid it before we arrived. They are a most extraordinary people like that.

The late Czar at a religious festival at the headquarters of the staff.

Then we come to the Danube. One of the pontoon bridges. This was before we had to retreat over it and destroyed it.

That is one of the barges that took us up the river where we had the three days' battle. We had half a dozen or more like these.

Roumanian refugees that were cleaned out of the Dobrudja—hundreds of poor wretches.

Roumanian washerwomen. I don't think they are our things; by the look of them I think they must be their own.

When we got some Lewis machine guns on the Roumanian front, we had not had any of them before, and we were instructing them in the use of them.

Winter in Bessarabia. We had a lot of trouble in winter, in fact we had to take all the guns out and fight in the trenches.

This is a car after it had come out. You see it has its eighteen pounder on the turret smashed in. However, we got it out in time with the help of horses.

That was one of the repair places that we set out for in the winter time. We repaired all the cars.

Bessarabian road, with mud up to your knees. After several days rain in the winter, armored cars or any other cars are absolutely impossible.

River Dniester where we were for some little time. I saw the breaking up in the spring.

Form of funeral in Bessarabia. The coffin is leading, and the exposed corpse follows afterwards—and the priest who is going to bury it comes behind.

Russian revolution in March, 1917, after it had first begun.

There they are with guns something like they are to-day, outside making a noise.

That is where they are placing revolutionary posters.

Outbreak in Petrograd where they are making a great procession to the Duma to find out what was going to happen. In the next picture you find out what did happen.

You see the police have turned their Maxims on them and they are dropping in all directions. However, they did not keep it up for very long. They were soon wiped out themselves.

Russian women who fought,—the original women's Battalion of Death. They did some good work in defending the Winter Palace when the garrison ran away.

This is in Galicia, where the troops are going up to the support trenches—before they decided to go home; but they were brought unwillingly then. That is the cavalry, they were much better. They did not have such bad times as the other fellows.

That is one of the support trenches immediately behind the front line trench. It is just the sort of open trenches the Russians built. They were bad. Even a rabbit would be ashamed of most of them.

Up in the front line trench. You see dugouts in the back.

Men coming up out of the supply kitchen. They live on soup, nothing else.

The clearing station near the lines. They had a very rotten time of it.

That is one of the agitators holding forth, and the people all agreeing with him until they meet the next man.

There is a bigger bunch of them listening. They have already got rid of their rifles there apparently.

Up in the front line trenches. You see one of our officers in the middle there, and they have just held a committee meeting saying they are not going to support the troops in the front. The Russian officer is trying to persuade them to do so.

Type of country where the lines were ; barbed wire is covered all over the hillside.

This is a picture of an English lady doctor and four English nurses who were up there in the front lines. When the trouble started, the Russians cleared out with a few cars they had given them. However, our own cars were only a dozen miles away so I sent half a dozen cars over and got them away. They were very grateful.

Beginning of the panic. Shortly after these fellows passed our cars the Russians came galloping along saying the enemy cavalry was in sight and these fellows abandoned everything, guns and everything else.

There are some of them later on. They have thrown away their arms and are running about. Here is a Russian officer who has drawn his sword and is making them pick them up again. It was no good. They would throw them away again as soon as his back was turned.

There they are, running away from burning villages.

You can see there how they are panic-stricken. We went four miles past this man before I found the enemy. They hadn't seen them at all.

There they are on the run still.

This was at the base, after we had crossed the frontier. The Russian fugitives would take any town and loot it. These wild Cossacks that were defending this town begged me to come and fire on those fellows. Well, I was not there to do that. I was there to fire on the enemy. However, I gave them my spare guns and gave them one day's instruction—and then they carried these guns off and killed the other fellows by the hundreds.

This is the last picture. It is where the fleeing Russians reach the railway line, and you can see in what a hurry they are to get home. They would get on the fender, on the roof, or any part of the train they could. They are going back to see if they can grab any of the landlords' land.

(November 18th, 1918.)

A Canadian in England and France

BY HON. DR. CODY

Mr. President and Fellow Members of the Canadian Club;—

I feel it indeed an honor to be invited to address you on this occasion. The topic on which I wish for the most part to speak is "The Canadian Corps"—it is a subject that would make even a stone thrill and possess in some degree the gift of speech. We meet to-day on a unique occasion in the history of the world. We have just been celebrating the signing of the armistice, which we trust will be the preliminary to a peace of justice and permanence. We do not forget the warning that *Punch* issued to the statesmen of Europe in a recent cartoon. General Foch is represented as standing in the midst of a destroyed French village and behind him is a road called "Armistice Road." He is addressing M. Clemenceau, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George, and he tells them, "Gentlemen, if you are going down this road, look out for the booby traps," I am sure our statesmen will remember the "booby traps" on the way to an abiding and righteous peace.

Of all the dramatic events in connection with the signing of the armistice there has been none so striking as this, that the last shots before the armistice was signed were fired at the city of Mons. These shots were fired under the direction of our Canadian artillery General, Morrison, and by Canadian artillerymen. It was a division of the Canadian Corps that first entered Mons and delivered it. What a dramatic contrast between Mons of 1914 and Mons of 1918! When the "Old Contemptibles" arrived at Mons and were hurled into the midst of the fiery furnace of war, their favorite song was "Tipperary." It passed out of use and other songs succeeded, for the Old Contemptibles were no more. You occasionally see in England a man who wears on his breast the red white and blue watered silk ribbon. Whenever you meet him, take off your hat to him, for he represents those immortals of August 1914. But the tune of Tipperary was remembered by the people of Mons, and when the British troops came back to Mons as deliverers, it is reported that they were greeted by the tune of Tipperary, played on church organs and on the

bells of the Cathedral and sung by the people. It had been a "long, long, way" from Mons to Mons. The Old Contemptibles trod the path first and the strong sons of the Motherland from across the sea were privileged to tread the way of deliverance at the end. Let us never forget that dramatic journey from Mons in August, 1914, to Mons in November, 1918. There is another barrack song whose chorus is this:

"A little British army,
"Goes a mighty long way."

That little British army grew more and more until it became the marvel of the whole war. It went the long way around, but at last it came back to Mons!

I went across the sea at the end of August. There were in our company 13 great ships carrying 40,000 American troops. We were convoyed by an American cruiser and an American destroyer until we came within two days of Ireland when 12 British destroyers came out to escort us. They were due to arrive at a certain hour. They were there two hours before the time. One of my fellow passengers was a friend I had met earlier in New York, Sir Frederick Black, an old Admiralty civil official, who had been oil controller in New York for the past year. I remember meeting him on the deck that morning, when pointing to the destroyers, he said with rightful pride, "The British Navy is always a little ahead of time." I realized something of the tenseness that must mark any trip across the sea in those days. The second day after we were out at sea we had the thrill, and a very unpleasant thrill it is, of seeing an enemy submarine come up between our ship and the "Baltic", our neighbor on the left. It is not a pleasant experience. You quite realize that you wouldn't have much of a chance with some 4,000 or 5,000 troops on board and a fairly choppy sea. Our escort and our own ship fired rapidly at this submarine and it speedily disappeared. We saw it no more and we showed as clean a pair of heels as we could. On the other side of the ocean there was great submarine activity, but owing to the presence of our destroyers the "subs" were kept under the surface. The "Missanabie" was cut off a few hours after we had passed the locality where she was. Within half an hour after we passed the Isle of Man a small schooner was sunk.

Those American troops helped one to realize America's powerful aid in the struggle. We know what were some results of America's intervention. We know that America's

intervention not only gave assistance to the Motherland, but gave fresh heart and courage to our hard pressed French allies. They were tired. Everybody who is in a war, I imagine, for three years feels tired. But they 'stuck' nevertheless. The United States greatly relieved the tremendous financial strain. From the military point of view the Americans gave to our fighting forces at the front the sense of possessing unbounded strategic reserves. The Americans had not, up to the date of the armistice been able to take a very great part in the actual fighting operations—certainly not as much as they were keen to take. According to newspaper report their estimated total casualties today are probably less than 100,000. That is considerably less than half of the casualties of our Canadian forces overseas. But what they have done from the military point of view is this—they have made it possible for General Foch to throw practically all his French and British troops into the fighting line, knowing that he would have ample reserves.

I don't think it is an ungracious thing for us to say that the great burden of finally smashing our foes was laid upon the British forces and that that burden was nobly carried to the bitter end. No one pays a more generous tribute to the British and French soldiers than do our gallant brothers from the United States. Their only regret is that they were not in the fight at an earlier stage and that they had not the chance to strike their blows sooner. They are splendid fighters. On an early occasion when they went into action, they were brigaded with Australians. The Australians have the reputation of being rather vigorous fighters. The comment made by an Australian soldier on American prowess in that engagement was:

"Yes, they are fine fighters, the Americans, but a bit rough!" This from Australia! But, seriously, if ever there was "rough" fighting, there was reason why. The Americans found by bitter experience what the French and the British, including our Canadians, had discovered long before—that you cannot trust the Germans to fight fairly. That is an ugly thing to say but it is the truth. There were too many instances of treachery to allow any man to trust a German's word of surrender.

When I landed in England, naturally Britain's war effort was pressed upon my mind at every turn. But that is "another story" and I have no time to speak of it to-day.

But as a Canadian of several generations, may I pay my profound tribute of admiration to the grand old Motherland?

She is not decadent—not prepared, as German propagandists maliciously said in the United States “to fight this war to the last Frenchman or to the last Canadian,” but prepared to fight it to the last Briton!

In my journeys in England I was able to visit the Grand Fleet. Not until you visit the Grand Fleet do you realize the incalculable contribution that old England has made to the defence of world freedom. There, in its northern harbor, (everybody knows where it is but nobody mentions the place) it lies ready to strike. There it is really carrying on its broad back the troops from overseas, the provisions, and ammunition the Front requires. There is the heart of the great power that has kept the world free. Let us pay our tribute,—it cannot be too profound,—to the glorious work of the British fleet and the British mercantile marine. As a part of the Grand Fleet, you see an entire battle squadron of the finest battle ships in the world, flying the Stars and Stripes—and all are under the supreme command of the British Admiralty, Sir David Beatty. The sailors from the United States and those from the motherland are one in heart, in service, in ideal. They are true brothers, maintaining together the traditional chivalry of the sea.

The centre of the world, I venture to believe, is still London; and, I hope, will continue to be London. Our Canadian soldiers in England are thrown in contact with men from every part of the Motherland and the overseas dominions. They get on very well with most of them; though they do not understand some of them quite as well as they do others. There is a good deal of healthy rivalry between our men and the Australians. May I illustrate by two stories I heard? A Canadian Doctor asked an English Tommy who a certain soldier was. He did not recognize his uniform. ‘He is an Australian’, was the reply. ‘Husky looking bunch’, said the doctor. ‘Yes sir’ said the Tommy. ‘Just about as good looking a lot as our Canadians’ said the Canadian. ‘Yes sir’, said Tommy, ‘and if I may say so, sir, a little more polite!’ The next story came from the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem who was visiting London. In a group of soldiers, someone was describing the campaign in Palestine, and was remarking that every step of the campaign was associated with the name of some place mentioned in the Scriptures. “Actually,” he said, “The Australians came into Bethlehem on Christmas Eve.” A Canadian promptly commented “Well, you bet the shepherds watched their flocks that night!” Nevertheless the men from overseas fight as brothers, and are coming to realize in vivid fashion

the underlying unity between all the members of the British Commonwealth.

Now to France! I went first to the Canadian Section at British General Headquarters. It was felt that in the interests of the discipline and autonomy of the Canadian Corps there should be established a Canadian section at the British General Headquarters. That section is the link of communication between British headquarters, the Canadian troops in France and "Argyll House," the Canadian administrative centre in London. This section is in charge of General Embury, a man who won his spurs on the field, a distinguished lawyer, recently appointed a judge. He is a man who will admirably discharge the delicate and important duties of his position. The General put every facility at my disposal, and I was able to see the five British armies—the Second Army in the North under Plumer, the Fifth under Birdwood, the First under Horne, the Third under Byng, and the Fourth under Rawlinson, and also to go through the French lines up to Rheims. The battered Cathedral of Rheims is the most striking monument in France of the fate of the sacred and beautiful at the hands of our ruthless, senseless, vandal foe. It still stands in all its towering bulk although it has been struck times without number. Only the outside roof is burned; the stone walls pierced here and there by direct hits; the priceless stained glass is shivered to atoms; but the glorious outline of that finest of mediaeval structures still remains. I should imagine it would not be wholly impossible some day to restore it, if the French thought well. They may possibly think it better to leave it as a memento of German vandalism. In the square in front of the Cathedral there was an equestrian figure of Joan of Arc. It long stood untouched, but by and by it was removed, as the square was so frequently shelled. Within 5 feet of the granite base of the statue is a huge shell hole. The force of the explosion had been so great as to throw the base out of its position. I suppose the statue itself has been safely removed. Everything on the battle front is an "abomination of desolation". No-man's land is indescribably desolate. The trees are leafless, often shivered into atoms. Towards the south, near Noyon, you see how the German's "murdered" the orchards and vines of the peasants. That seems so unnecessary. You understand that trees along the highway might be cut down to block an advancing army. But why go off the road and destroy the orchard trees, tear down the vines and even cut off the climbing shrubs from the homes of the French peasants in their little villages!

That unnecessary vandalism made one actually realize how thoroughgoing German brutality and destructiveness could be. In the region of the Somme you see the bare fields all pitted with shell holes. The worst desolation of all is about Ypres. I marvel how our gallant boys, who were kept there so long, were able to endure it; for you have not only all the desolation that marks the rest of the line but you have the ever-present water, the stagnant, slimy, dirty water, filling the innumerable shell holes. You dig down a foot and there you are in the water. How they endured it, God only knows. That our troops held the Ypres salient so long, was probably due to reasons of sentiment or high policy. Those who endured the horrors of this salient and held on, British and French, and Canadian, have won an undying place in the annals of physical endurance.

I visited, as every Canadian ought to visit, Vimy ridge. I went from end to end of it and all about it. It was then occupied by the 16th British Brigade. I knocked at the door of the Brigadier's headquarters, a canvas hut, down in a ditch. I told him I was a Canadian and was most anxious to look over Vimy Ridge. "Canadian?" he said, "come in. Those Canadian fellows are magnificent. They stick at nothing. Come in, come in." This comment was a variation of a remark I heard personally in London from General Seely, an Imperial Officer who had once commanded the Canadian Cavalry Brigade. He said:—"The Canadians have never failed to reach an objective they have been ordered to take or to hold a position they have once consolidated." Over Vimy Ridge I went in company with a soldier detailed to guide me. We were near the German lines at the time, but they were not very active. I went out to a forward observation post where I was able to see the whole country side. You could look down on Fresnoy and towards Douai. Far away in the distance was Lille, near by Vimy Village and Lens—all names so familiar,—so sadly and yet proudly familiar to us. You may remember a suggested epitaph in "*The Times*" for those who had fallen on Vimy. The lines represent an Englishman visiting Vimy Ridge after the war and standing among the dead who lie about Vimy Ridge. The dead say to the visitor, "Come you from England? Is she England still?" And the answer is given: "Yes, thanks to you who died upon this hill." Vimy Ridge is a great strategic barrier of the Western Front. In the onslaughts of April and May it helped to stay the German rush. The Germans went to the south of Vimy Ridge by Cambrai. They

went to the North by the Valley of the Lys. But as General Currie remarked with pride, "They were afraid to attack us on Vimy Ridge." Because Vimy Ridge was thus held, it was possible for the lines to breathe and to re-form. The Canadians held Vimy Ridge in the critical days of the earlier part of this year. In describing the situation, General Currie said, "We armed every man who was capable of bearing arms, including cooks, batmen, stretcherbearers, engineers, and we made up our minds to hold that line till we died. We would have died where we stood, but I believe we would have killed so many Germans in the process that we would have ended the war!" What the Canadian Corps have accomplished this year is nothing short of marvellous. They held Vimy Ridge in the darkest days; and at one time extended until they were holding nearly a third of the British line on the Western Front. After a time of rest, they fought steadily through the great last "Hundred Days."

By good fortune I got over to the front just at the time of the crisis. If I had been a little earlier I should not have seen the beginning of the end. Had I been a little later I should have been too late. I shall never forget the thrill that passed through me the first night I was in France, when an officer just back from the front quietly stated: "Tomorrow we attack with 96 divisions all along the line; it is the beginning of the end." The preparation for this beginning of the end was made in the great battle near Amiens early in August. It is popularly called the "Amiens show." The soldiers call these life and death struggles "shows". The "Amiens show", was one of the finest bits of strategy ever enacted. It combined attack on a wide front, the element of complete surprise, the launching of successive waves of men. The Germans were completely perplexed as to the whereabouts of the Canadians. The Canadians themselves when ordered to leave quarters did not know where they were going. They were first marched north to the Hazebrouck district. They left some Canadian caps in that part of No man's land. They were believed to be in that sector of the line. Then they were rapidly and by night moved south to Amiens. When the Germans found they were against the Canadian Corps they did not know what to make of it.

After Amiens came the battle of Arras and the breaking of the Hindenburg line—the Drocourt-Queant Switch. In this feat the Canadian Corps gained notable distinction. The end really began at Cambrai. I was able to go down to Cambrai immediately after Bourlon Wood was taken.

So recent had the fighting been that there were German dead lying still unburied along the road and in the village. The Canadians had swept over the Canal du Nord with invincible onrush and had enveloped and captured Bourlon Wood. It was made a very unhealthy place for the Germans. The village of Bourlon had been severely battered but portions of buildings remained standing. The Chaplains' Service and the Y.M.C.A. were already handing out tea and coffee. From the front of Bourlon Wood on the high ground, through field glasses, I was able to look out on Cambrai and see something of the course of the battle. To compare great things to small, it at first was like seeing representation of a battle at a moving picture show; I could not realize that this was the real thing, the supreme battle of all human history. Away to my right were the tanks rumbling on, solid moving things, awkward in appearance, but sooner or later overcoming all obstacles—a typical British invention. In front you could see the burning suburbs of Cambrai,—afterwards the Germans set fire to the Cathedral and other public buildings. You could see on the left men creeping forward in open formation. Our heavy guns were behind, roaring over our heads; our field guns were working in front. I never expected to hear so much noise in all my life; I marvel how gunners can endure it day in and day out. Perhaps the most wonderful thing that happened in the front line the day of the armistice was the silence! The battle of Cambrai was the decisive engagement of the war. It was the beginning of the mighty ending. The Canadian Corps played the chief part in the capture of Cambrai.

The Canadian Corps had their full share in the Ypres salient, in the capture of Vimy Ridge, at Cambrai and all the subsequent engagements, Denain, Douai, Valenciennes and Mons. General Currie gave an outline of the record of the Canadian Corps for the year in his orders of the day on the third of October. Up to that time, out of about 123,000 prisoners taken by the British on the Western front, the Canadian Corps had taken about 28,000. Out of 1,200 guns taken up to that date, the Canadian corps had captured about 500. One would not venture for a moment to say that nobody else could have done what the Canadians did, but it is true to say that if the corps had not done the particular things it did do, the whole army would not have made so rapid advance.

The Canadian corps has been faced with some of the hardest tasks with which any body of fighting men in the west have been faced; and it has done them. Why? Some reasons for

the marvellous fighting powers of the Canadian corps are these: In the first place, Discipline has been rigidly observed. In the earlier days some people wondered whether the Canadians would ever be thoroughly disciplined. You know the jokes that were then perpetrated at their expense. The story goes that a more recent arrival once said to a wounded survivor of the famous First Division, "You have left a rather bad name behind you in England, a hard name to live down." The old survivor replied, "When you go over to Belgium you will find we have left a hard name to live up to." To-day the discipline of the Canadian corps is well nigh perfect. I may venture to say that every member of the Canadian corps feels a great sense of responsibility, feels that the honor of Canada is in his keeping and that when he goes on leave to London, he must not suffer himself to be rendered unfit to serve at the front. He has too much self respect as a member of this invincible corps to stain himself in body or in soul.

A second element is the Staff efficiency, and the proficiency of all ranks in the use of their respective weapons. Then there is the team play among all the branches of the service. Infantry, artillery, aviation co-operate in the closest fashion. I was in an artillery dugout one day and this is what I heard. The telephone rang, a young officer, little more than a boy, took up the receiver and repeated a message from an observation balloon: "Two hundred German infantry coming along the road from the South-east into Cambrai, section W" (and he gave details of the location on a large scale map). "Yes, all right, we'll fix them." He rang off and called up a battery. "Some German infantry coming along the road into Cambrai, such and such a section; give them 20 rounds of heavy stuff up and down the road." That illustrates the co-operation between different arms of the service.

The last feature I mention is this: the mutual confidence between the men and their commanders. The men know that they will never be put against an unreasonable proposition. They know that their divisional commanders, their O.C.'s and company commanders have by personal inspection become acquainted with the conditions of the fight; and are never afraid to go and do their own work. On the other hand the commanders have absolute confidence in the men. The result is that the Canadian corps has won the reputation of being one of the best fighting units on the western front. Perhaps, as a striking body, as a spearhead of attack, it is unsurpassed or unequalled.

But, gentlemen, these our champions, do not want to stay

in France or Belgium, or even in the old Motherland. They want to come home again. There is no land so dear to them as Canada. The National spirit among them has been kindled into more glowing flame. They love the land for which they have suffered and bled; and they are challenging us at home not to disillusionize them, not to disappoint them; but to make Canada worthy of all they have given for its sake. One officer said to me, "For the future it is neither Grit nor Tory with me, but the country first."

That, I believe, is the spirit that animates most of them. A story is told of an Indian who had been drafted into the American army. Somebody asked him how he liked the army. He said, "Not much." "Why?" "Oh," he said, "there is too much salute and not enough shoot." "Well," the questioner continued, "Do you know what you are fighting for in the army?" He answered: "Oh, yes, I am fighting to make the world safe for the Democratic Party!" These men of ours are not fighting to make the world safe for any political party; they are fighting to make the world safe for those high ideals that alone can inspire and preserve. Let us give them a royal welcome when they come back, and let that welcome be expressed in real deeds of helpfulness.

(November 26th, 1918.)

Belgium in the First Year of the War

BY MME. SILVERCRUYS.*

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am very happy and very proud to stand here this afternoon and speak to you about my country. I always love to speak about Belgium, and to-day I am going to try to make you live back with me the first year of the war. I would much rather, however, speak about Victory, which has come now. I really ought to call this victory, I do not call it an armistice. I believe it is victory, for the Germans would never have accepted those terms if they were not badly licked.

In these days of joy, when some times I look back to remember what little Belgium has suffered, and does suffer, my heart aches. I am going to live back with you those days, so that you won't forget what Belgium has been suffering and what it is going to suffer.

Belgium was a very happy and a very rich little country before war broke out. In July 1914 I was going with my parents to our country home. On that day, the boys who were in the army were coming back for a month's leave. It had been a spring full of joy and we were looking forward to a long summer of peace. But, all of a sudden, the war broke; and police on horseback one night ran through the country knocking at the doors of the people, calling, "If there is a man in this house, join the army to-morrow—in the name of the King." The next day from morning till late at night, we saw the boys passing, we saw the men passing. Machines and horses were taken by the government. In the meantime, the Germans had sent an ultimatum to our King saying, "Let us pass and you will be paid. If you do not let us pass you will suffer"—and little Belgium chose to suffer and keep her soul. I will always remember the words of King Albert's speech

*Mme. Silvercruys, is the daughter of Judge Silvercruys of the Supreme Court of Belgium and is in America under the patronage of the Belgian Minister to the United States. She was in Belgium for the first six months of the German occupation.

before the Senate. He said, "Belgium has chosen the path of death, but the country that has chosen the path of justice will live for ever."

I was playing in my garden when I first heard that noise I had never heard before. Very clearly in the night I could hear the rolling of the guns, one succeeding the other so clearly that you could distinguish the difference between the German and the Belgian guns. It is awful to hear the roaring of the guns in the distance and know that someone you love is in the fighting. You feel that every one is directed at him; you think every shell is hitting him. Women were in the streets screaming and crying. They came to my father to ask him what it all meant. He said, "What you hear is the voice of the country." My mother was in despair, my only brother was in the army and was in the first regiment to meet the Germans. We received a card from him saying, "Do not worry mother, I do not think the Germans will come after all. It is only a bluff." But that night as we prayed at the open window we knew it was not a bluff. We knelt at the open window and prayed for those boys who were fighting for us. And they fought like heroes. Thirty thousand of them faced 80,000 Germans and held them at Liege for eight days.

Next morning father had to be back in the capital. We found that the last train had gone already, so we went back to the country home. We were informed that a street car was leaving shortly so we took the street car and thus got to Brussels. Generally it takes three hours to reach Brussels but it took us from four o'clock in the morning until seven at night. We saw there sights which only can make you realize what war means. Wounded were being brought in by the hundred, passing through the crowded streets. Men were kneeling down praying in the streets. I went and bent over some of those wounded—I was hoping to find my brother. One of those boys I will always remember if I live to be one hundred years old. He had a large wound and was very pale. I thought he would die. And as I looked at him a troop of recruits passed, singing the National Anthem and carrying our flag. He tried to get up on his feet and salute the flag for the last time. But he fell back, his eyes rolled in his head.

All that night I thought what I could do to help in this war. Next morning I went to my father in the Palace of Justice and asked him what I could do. He said, "How old are you?" I told him (but I am not going to tell you.) He said, "Well child, you go back home." I said, "Do you mean to tell me I

cannot do anything to help?" He said, "Well, if you want to go into the kitchen and peel potatoes and onions, you will be helping." I said, "All right, if I can help that way I will be glad to do it." So I went into the kitchen and peeled onions and potatoes, and I am not ashamed of it. I am proud of it.

On the third day, as I was coming to the hospital, we heard that the ladies who were in charge of our storeroom had had a fuss. You see there were ten of these ladies and each of them was trying to be the boss of the whole thing. But, where I was there was only another girl and I. We were sure not to have a fuss because two are splendid for work. Some days later the president of the Red Cross said to me, "You are very young." I said, "I know that." He said, "We have changed our minds, we will give you a post in one of the wards of our hospital." So I was privileged to work in ward two of the hospital. When the Germans arrived we were obliged to nurse their wounded for three months.

On August 15 I went to see my sister, and I saw my brother there too. When I spoke to him I expected him to tell me some thrilling experiences in the war. The first thing he said to me was this, "Hullo, little sister, we had fried chicken last night." He next said, "You will never know how wonderful it is to wash." He ate things that he used to hate before the war, and he ate them for two hours straight. When he was through, he said, "Good-bye, I am all right for eight days now."

After that I went back to Brussels; we all thought that the war would be over soon. My sister came to see us, and we were told the Germans were in Louvain and would be here to-morrow morning. We did not believe it. The next morning the Germans came, and our beloved and heroic Mayor Max went outside the town to meet the Germans at twelve o'clock exactly. From our hospital you could see the Germans winding up the streets of the city. They knew the names of all the important buildings in the city, knew the names and locations of all the public buildings, hospitals, and banks. They knew every street. They had their spies everywhere. They came to the hospital and asked our services to nurse the German wounded. You know what *request* means to the Germans. It means you are obliged to do it under the penalty of death. We were *requested* to take down our Belgian flag; but we were not going to take it down because we were not beaten; and we have shown now that, with the aid of the allies, we were not beaten.

A few days later, we were walking in the streets and we could see the sky all red. It was the sight of Louvain, but we did not know what it was. Next night we were told it was the city of Louvain. Another sight which I will not forget is that of the refugees that were brought in—children, who did not know where their mothers were, old women brought in wheelbarrows, men carrying all their belongings wrapped in a pocket handkerchief. They told us of dreadful atrocities, and I am not going to tell you all of them because they are not nice for girls to say. The Germans stayed in Louvain for eight days and on the eighth day (at night) they told everyone to go out in the street. We knew an old gentlemen there, dying of pneumonia, and his son said, "I cannot bring my father out, he is dying. Let him die in peace." "No," said the Germans, "you have got to take him out." The son said, "Well, you can pass over me first." They dragged the old man out. The old father died in the street, and his wife was kneeling beside him trying to bring him back to life. Their home was set on fire. Then the Germans put all the women on one side of the street and the men on the other and ordered them to kneel down, firing over their heads with machine guns.

I knew two girls, very good friends of mine, whose father could not kneel down very well, and one of the girls crossed over to help him. A soldier saw her and struck her with the back of his rifle. He said, "Go back, you dog." That is the way they treat women,—"You dog." They said to the women, "You turn to one side. If you look, you will be shot." After three-quarters of an hour they were allowed to look, and they found the men had all left. The bodies of some of them lay on the ground. The women were not even allowed to go and see if their fathers and husbands were among the dead. My girl friends went back and saw their home burning.

My father went to General Von Bissing and asked where the men had been taken. He said, "It is none of your business." After six months a little boy who had been taken away was sent back to his people. I went to see him. He was pale, his eyes were coming out of his head. When anyone looked at him he ran behind his father's chair. His sister said, "He is half crazy. Every time the bell rings he thinks it is the Germans coming to take him back."

The men of Louvain were dragged to the station and made to pack into cattle trains. Men who could not get in were shot. A man told me ten men and boys were shot before his

eyes. For four days and four nights they had to stand in that train. Imagine yourself standing in a train for four days and four nights for no reason at all. If anyone stepped out of the train he was shot. There was no food given, and when they got to Germany seventy-five of them had died. After six months, this man was sent back to die. He was beaten and worked almost to death in Germany. That was the way they were treated in Germany. You have heard of the deportations and of the men being worked until they were ready to drop. Over ten per cent. of them die, and they are sent back sometimes just before they die.

In the country home next to me an engineer lived—he had six little children. The Germans stayed in that house eight days. On the evening of the eighth day he was having dinner with the German officers. Some soldiers came in and said to the man, "You just now shot from your window." He thought it was a joke and said, "I did not shoot, you can ask your own officers here. I was having dinner." The officers walked out of the house. They knew what to do, it was all arranged. The soldiers said, "We will take you out and shoot you against the wall." He said, "I am not afraid to die, but let me go and say good by to my little children." As he went up the back staircase the maid brought one of the children down the other staircase. His wife called to him but he did not come down. Then she saw a German soldier coming down stairs with his bayonet dripping with blood. She asked if he had seen her husband. He said, "Oh, is that the man I ran through with my bayonet?" She was not allowed to go and see her husband. She was dragged out of the house and the house burned before her and her six children. The German officer then said the mother was to be shot, and the biggest of the two little girls ran to him and said, "Mother did not do anything. If you want to kill somebody kill me. I cannot take care of my brothers and sisters, and my mother can." They let her go then.

It was the Germans' special system to burn down the houses. They carried in their belts something that looks like our quarter-dollars and they throw these things into the open windows. There is an explosion and the houses burn so well that nothing is left but brick walls.

The day I went to Louvain, one could smell the dead bodies. We took twenty of those bodies and buried them. We saw where the library and other big buildings had been burned to the ground.

I went around Antwerp after it had been bombarded. There were graves all along the roadside.

Down in the south of Belgium were the worst atrocities. In Denain they killed 650 people in the streets, over 200 of them being little children. If you go to the cemetery there you will see 200 little graves there—girls and boys, "little Mary, two years old," "John, three years old," innocent little victims of the war, helpless little children crying for life before a man. A man! No, not a man, but a beast, someone who has a stone in place of a heart. Those Germans take pleasure in making people suffer. They made some of the people there dig their own graves before they shot them and did other things,—some of them I cannot tell you. Even if the Germans had stayed in Belgium for 100 years, even if they had killed every one of us, the Belgian spirit would have remained alive. That they could never have killed.

One of the reasons we keep up our spirits is, our sense of humour. In Belgium, when you meet a friend and you look depressed, he asks you if you have heard "the last one." Then he tells you a joke. We call the Germans pigs. That is too good a name for them, but we have no other and they answer to it. A man in the street car one day looked out and saw a rig passing containing pigs. He said, "Oh look at the cute little pigs." A German officer came over and said, "What did you call me for?"

Then, two Germans wanted to get weighed and they went to the place where the scale was but it was broken. The man said, "I can tell your weight," and he began feeling their arms and legs. He said to one of them, "You weigh 250 pounds," and to the other, "you weigh 160 pounds." The Germans said, "How do you know?" He said, "Oh, I have been in the pig business all my life."

When Italy went into the war we were not allowed to wear Italian flags, but we wore instead pieces of macaroni in the lapels of our coats.

I really could tell you hundreds of those jokes, but the time is going on rather fast and I have been told I must stop right at two o'clock.

In the beginning of September we heard the guns in Brussels so clearly that our windows shook. Down in the valley we would see the smoke of the guns. That night the German wounded came by the hundreds,—ambulances were so loaded that the blood was dripping from them. The Belgian troops attacked and the Germans got so scared they brought a whole division back from another part of the front. We could tell by the guns whether we were winning or losing. When the

Germans advanced, the guns were farther away and we could not hear them very well; but all of a sudden we would hear the guns very near again and we would say to the Germans, "We don't care what you say, you have been licked. We hear the guns."

You know, the way we got our news over there was funny. A man would come to you on the street and say, "I've got *The Times* from England." "All right, we will go to the corner of this street." And you would meet there. "Too many people around, go around the next corner." You would go to a doorway, and he would slip the paper from under his coat and give it to you for perhaps fifty or eighty francs. That is just to show you we would rather pay \$10 or \$15 to get truth from England than pay five cents and get a German lie. Do you know what a lie is? I don't think you do. A lie is a Hun-truth. An Irishman was sent to bury forty dead Germans and when he came back he told his companions, "One of those fellows got up and said 'Don't bury me, I'm still living.'" He said, "I wouldn't believe him, they are such awful liars, so I put him in with the rest."

There is one thing really typical of the Belgian spirit and that is the publication of the little paper *La Libre Belgique*. That paper was published for four years, and the Germans never found out where it was published. Each morning Von Bissing found it on the breakfast table in front of him, and although he stormed and raved it came out every morning just the same.

In the middle of October Antwerp fell. It had, built around the fortress, houses that we all thought belonged to patriotic Belgian citizens. But when the Germans came they tore those houses down and found concrete foundations underneath on which to set their forty-two centimetre guns. They could not have stood in the mud. From there they knew the exact distance to strategic places. Spies! You know Belgium was full of them, they knew every time the staff moved. And so Antwerp fell.

Shortly after, 200 German wounded and about twenty Belgians were brought into the hospital; and we thought it would be fun to let the Belgian prisoners escape. One night the word was given to let every Belgian prisoner escape, and I was lucky enough to be out that night and let those boys escape in civilian clothes. They all got out quite easily—the sentinels did not see a thing. Next morning the Germans came and said, "Where are those men?" and I tried to look innocent. I

said I did not know. That was no lie because you see none of us knew where they were at that moment. The Germans, eighteen of them, went around, revolvers in hand, and told us to get ready for death. It was quite fine; I thought I would die for Belgium that day and I was very proud. But, luckily or unluckily, we did not die. They saw us smiling and told us to get ready, and we said we were ready. At twelve o'clock my father came and with him came an enormous German officer. He said, "Here is Capt. Von-something." (That reminds me—Did you hear about the Kaiser. He always used to pray so much. He always said Der Gott was with the army. He prayed more than ever one night because he wanted to get to Paris. He said, "Gott, if you let me go to Paris you won't be called Gott any more, but Von Gott.") I don't think God liked it, because they never got to Paris. This officer said to me, "Are you in trouble?" He said, "On account of your father I will try to get you out." He told me he would give me his word. I was going to say, "What is your word worth? We know all about the scrap of paper." That night, for once, a German kept his word. The nurses were let go. There were too many all over Belgium mixed up in it, and perhaps they thought it would be too expensive to shoot us, and they let us all go. Next morning the rumor came that they had regretted letting us go, and I hid in cellars for a few days.

Then we started to take charge of the little children. I had charge of 450 of them. My heart has always stayed with those little children. I shall never forget how they would line up for blocks in the cold winter for a little bowl of soup. And who gave them that bowl? You did. You gave the Belgian children the little bit of bread and milk they got. I hope you will not forget them now. They need you still. You know our children are all under weight. In the district of Liege, over 12,000 children have tuberculosis. What is going to be the future generation of Belgium? Is that nation that stood at Liege going to die? No. It devolves upon you to make it live, and I know you will make it live. Those little children are praying at night and asking God that you will send something more, and I know you will.

At the end of a year I had to leave Belgium because of over-work and because the food conditions were so poor. The doctor said if I stayed I would not live for Belgium. When I saw the condition of our women and our children, every time I saw a German I wanted to take his eyes out. Father went with me to the German headquarters. Dad said, "If they

wont give you a passport you must swim away or something." But the Germans said they would give it to me. My father had a way with the Germans. He found out that if you insult them and bully them they will give you what you want. So, after half an hour they said they would give me a passport. There was something to pay, of course; there always is. The German officer said to me, "You are going to leave Belgium, are you? You must leave now and you will never see your father again. As long as this is Germany you will never come back or you will be shot." He laughed and said, "This will always be Germany," but I just smiled because something cracked in my breast. He said I would have to go around by Laon. I went next morning. Mother blessed me; she said, "Little girl, we will see you in three months." Mother was always so brave. Dad said he could probably get a passport for her but she refused, she had always been with dad in Belgium and she chose between dad and me and I am proud she did. At seven o'clock at night I went to the Belgian frontier. Some Germans said I could not go because my picture was not straight on the passport. We argued over it—(at school I studied German for eight years but I lost my time, because I voluntarily forgot all about it now). I showed them another passport I had, so they said, "You can go." I stepped into the street car. Dad could not go any further. As he saw me going he called out to me, "Don't go, come back." I said, "No dad, I must go." And I smiled because I always wanted him to remember me smiling. In my mind's eye I never see dad at home now except on the frontier of Belgium with the car pulling out.

Once in Holland, I pulled out a Belgian flag and yelled "Freedom." The Germans looked at me, and dad waved his hat all the more. I saw many Dutch officers—I always thought they were nice but now I hate them for having the old Kaiser there and giving him a home. I travelled all through Holland trying to get a boat. I was told there were thousands of people waiting ahead of me. Anyway I got—I think you call it "pull" in America—I got "pull," and I went through before the other people; and next morning I was sailing for England.

My first experience of England was when a waiter brought me a menu. I thought the best thing I could do was to pick out two words—"e-g-g-s" and "b-a-c-o-n." I waited. It was the most anxious moment of my life. I did not know what was coming. Finally, when I saw the man coming with bacon and eggs, I learned it off by heart. At the end of the day the

waiter never came over to me any more when he saw me. He went into the kitchen and got bacon and eggs. I went to Cambridge University where my sister was. With her husband and three little children she had crossed German, Belgian and English trenches. After eight days they finally got to England. My brother, who had just been discharged from the army and was in England, met me and told me to step in the thing you call a hansom cab. I jumped up and reserved a place for the driver. The thing started and I reserved a bigger place for him because I thought he would have to jump, but he did not come. And then I looked at the horse. All the lights were out because of the German Zeppelins, but I will always remember the horse because he was right there in front of me. You know, I never saw a horse so close. I thought this horse was going back to the stable somewhere, so I said, "All right, I am going with him." But I did not like the idea of spending my first night in England in a stable, and I tried to get up eight times, and sat down eight times. Finally, when I was going to grab the reins away up at the top I heard a man saying "g-g-g-g."

I hated to tell anyone I did not know a word of English, so when any one said, "Ah-Ah" to me I would say "Yes." If he said "Ah-ah" I would say "No."

After two months we got a cable from my brother, who was then in New York, saying, "Come over." Here is a joke on America. I was always told there were only men here, and I was crazy to come on that account. You know, I like men. I really do like them—I love to speak to them. I thought, if there are only men that is fine. And they told me that in America the men are wonderful business men. I was kind of disappointed in the subways. I saw men coming in chewing and chewing, and I thought, "Oh, they are such wonderful men, going so fast in business, they do not have even time to finish their breakfasts."

I have been in America and now I come to Canada. I always wanted to see it. I expect to sail for home and see my mother and father soon and I will go and tell all about the wonderful reception I have received in the name of Belgium. As I am leaving you now, I want you to remember Belgium: because I have come to you as a Belgian to thank you for what you have done and to ask you to help us more if you can in any way. If you could send anything in the name of your club perhaps you could forward it to the Belgian Relief Club.

I want to end with a word picture of the greatest of our

men. I think Cardinal Mercier, too, has proven wonderful, but this portrays the figure of King Albert. . . .

* * * * *

The speaker concluded by reciting Amelia Josephine Burr's poem depicting the Belgian children kneeling praying by the roadside, unable to conclude the Lord's prayer and forgive those who had trespassed against them. "Forgive us our trespasses, and—and" falter the childish voices.—"*And Forgive Those Who Trespass Against us*," a male voice concludes the prayer for them; and, looking up, the children see King Albert.

(December 6th, 1918.)

"I"—(Intelligence in the War)

By F. A. MCKENZIE.*

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I enquired very anxiously of the chairman before I got up, "Don't you have grace?" He said, "No." I said, "Not in Toronto?" "No." And I said, "Then you have spoiled my opening, because in opening I had intended to say that although you were thankful to the Lord for what you had received I was going to tell you about a party who recently, when we were sending over salvos of 5.9 inch shells, put up his hands and said, 'For what they have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful.'"

The aspect of Intelligence that I am going to talk to you about to-day is the effort of the English people and the British government to place their case before the world. At the beginning of the war the British were wholly unprepared. First of all, they did not believe in organized intelligence. They had the example in Germany of a gramaphone press, a press which echoed faithfully the sentiments of the government, a press which refrained from criticism and of a press which in consequence was powerless and worthless. The British believed in the independence of the newspaper and only by the very independence of the newspaper could it be of any value at all.

The government was immensely suspicious of publicity. Lord Kitchener at the beginning of the war took pains to order that as far as possible every correspondent should be driven away from the front. He even sent delegates to the allied armies to ask them to turn correspondents out. For example, Sir Frederick Smith was sent to the Belgian army on a special mission, asking that no newspaper men be permitted to remain in their ranks. The Belgians were quite willing to have us, but at the behest of a superior power made a show of sending us away. But even in the early days it dawned on the British authorities that they must do something to present their case fairly before the world. Germany was doing a great deal of it. One move was to turn out a series of papers in the nature of propagandist literature, new I suppose up to that time in

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any war.

When Mr. Hoover began his admirable work to supply the people of Belgium with food the British authorities went to him and said, "Mr. Hoover, you give us charge of your publicity and we will prepare very carefully pamphlets which we will place in every newspaper office in the United States. We will give your cause fully to the American people." And Mr. Hoover listened and said, "Thank you." He just listened. And when he had gone Mr. Hoover turned to the telephone and called up the correspondents of American papers and said, "Boys, I have a story for you." They came, and he told them the story of his first food ship that had just landed. What was the result? Every paper in the United States next morning carried three columns of matter, the finest propaganda matter in the world. This matter was paid for by the newspapers themselves. The cable rates were paid for by them. Their own men, skilled in the game, had drawn it. All that it cost Mr. Hoover and the government was a certain amount of gray matter. They got the right kind of publicity because they went to the right men to get it.

Now the first British effort went along the lines of pamphlets. You and I know very well what happens to most of the pamphlets that come into us day by day. If you read them I don't. I sometimes write them. I am sorry that I gave myself away. But I am not by any means sure that it was to the discredit of the British people that they were not ready. Had we had a propagandist department at the beginning it would have shown that we had expected this thing. Britain never expected war. Only one department in all the service was ready for war and that, thank God, was the navy. The army was so small that a few months before the war began a high German officer told me that if Britain put it on the European continent Germany would go out, surround it, pick it up, and exhibit it throughout the country as a show of a little amateur army. Germany was slightly wrong there. Still our army, splendid as it was, and I for one believe that the men of Mons were the finest military force that has ever been sent to the continent, our army, splendid as it was at that time was far too small.

In intelligence, in internal organization, in food supplies, England was not prepared for war, but England was ready to learn from her mistakes and in the course of a very few months new men came in more and more and they learned that the only way to get the real publicity, the only way to get intelligence to the world, was to give it to the men who had

made publicity their business, the experts, not necessarily newspapermen. There are some politicians who are much more expert in making publicity than newspapermen. And so we saw the rise of the new British organization. The dominant note of this British organization was this. The British authorities said, "We have the right facts; we are convinced that if we could get the world to know what we are doing and why we are doing it, all would be right." I well remember before this stage that Lord Kitchener tried to shut the newspaper members out from the organization. Then there came a battle between the newspapers and the authorities. The newspapers had on their side almost every soldier on the fighting front. It was our duty to go out and try and get intelligence of what was happening and when we got back and tried to get the British authorities to let us print it the soldiers at the front helped us all the time because they wanted what was happening known.

I remember on one occasion, if I might give a personal instance, about the time of the battle of the Yser, I wanted to get out to the Belgian front. I got along to Calais easily. I got to Dunkirk by train and there made friends with a Belgian man who had acted as guard of trains running to Switzerland. He was now in a munition plant. By the time we reached Dunkirk we got to know each other. You know it is part of the duty of a newspaper man, however surly he may be, to make friends. At Dunkirk I was promptly arrested and taken before a French major. He looked me up and down. He said, "What are you doing here?" "You know you are not allowed in this place. Dunkirk has been declared in a state of siege since Monday. No strangers are allowed in Dunkirk." "Well, sir," I said, "I am here and I am very hungry. I left Calais early this morning and I have had nothing to eat. May I stay long enough to get a meal?"

The major looked at me. There was a twinkle in his eye. He said, "You may remain for twenty-four hours." You see the soldiers had to carry out their regulations but they tried to carry them out as kindly as they could. Well, twenty-four hours was just twenty-two hours more than I wanted. I got outside that place, I dismissed my escort and my guard friend was waiting for me. I took him to a restaurant where we smoked some long cheap Belgian cigars, (you remember them,) had some cabbage and drank some—well we had some wine although I do not know whether I ought to say it in Ontario, and my friend declared he had had

the best meal since the beginning of the war. Probably that was true. He told me that I was his brother and that he was going to see me through.

He took me around by the railroad station. "Mind you," he said, "you must not say a word in French. You know no French." He was not far wrong. We slipped through a window in the railway station, we slipped past two sentries somehow—strange what you can do when you try. We got up to a railroad man who shoved me in and shut the door and I stayed there an hour or two in the dark and the train got out to the front; and when we got towards Fern on the Belgian front I got out and in the rain and the darkness ran into the town. Now it was a pretty tiring journey. Unfortunately I had a typewriter with me—a machine gun. Well really, I do not see why you should laugh, it was very handy. And as we trudged along in the mud knowing that at any moment some curious and inconvenient French sentry might choose to put a bullet in us, we were both mighty glad when we got to town. From Fern we got outside, saw the whole battle, and got back safely. I said to the guard when we got into the city, "Why did you want me to keep quiet?" He said, "Of course I had to make the explanation," and I said, "What explanation did you make?" He said, "Of course you were a very high British official, a very important man, nothing must be said about it."

Well that is illustrative. One might give many occasions where newspapermen at that time had to combat the sheer obstinacy of the authorities. I will say this, that no newspaperman that I know would willingly give away anything that might even in the most remote degree do damage to our cause. After all, give the newspaper man credit for the same loyalty and for the same desires to serve the national cause that you have. There is something we value more than scoops, and that is victory. But it was a case where we knew that the suppression of publicity was doing the national cause harm. We knew that the British army, for example, was being misunderstood and minimized because the deeds of the army were not being told abroad. We knew that some men were getting much more credit than they ought to while the great masses of the soldiers, untiring and suffering, in this war were being passed over. We knew that publicity rightly used is the stimulus for the soldiers and would help to fan even a greater flame in the splendid valor of our men.

The army wanted the people at home to know what they were attempting and what they were doing. Well, the British

authorities came to realize this. From shutting out the press altogether they threw the doors open wide for the press. I suppose that during the last eighteen months the press has never been more generously helped, more generously given every facility for giving all the news it wanted. The authorities have said to us, "Boys, come and see for yourselves." They have given an invitation to all newspaper men in foreign countries, to all publicists in foreign countries. "We want you to come and see the British cause," they were told. I know many hundreds of men who went over from this country and from neutral countries. From the United States of American, from South American, and from Continental countries they came and I do not know a single case where a man came over to England and from there to the Allied front and studied the Allied cause as it was but that he came back full of admiration for what had been done, full of praise for the great British people.

The British did not make one mistake. They realized that the only valuable press is a free press. They wanted no gramaphones and no megaphones. They recognized that a press is of no value if, having the right to praise, it has not the right, if it sees fit, to criticize. It was the very freedom that has been maintained by the press throughout the empire, the press here in Toronto, the press in London, everywhere where the British flag floats, that has lent value to what has been done.

Now there came the second aspect of this work of intelligence. We were anxious not only to let the people of the Empire and of the world at large know what was happening but also to get the news home to the people of Germany. Here was a somewhat different problem. The people of Germany had been given carefully prepared news, news not so much false as out of proportion, news with wrong motives, with suppression. The result was that the great mass of the German people did not realize what was happening. They imagined that their land campaign was a success; they imagined at times the seas had been cleared of British shipping. Last year some German prisoners who had been taken were told that they were going to be transferred to England. They looked at us in superior fashion, "Oh," they said, "you know that they cannot do that." "Why?" said the officer. "Well," they said, "You know very well that no English shipping is sailing on the seas. Our submarines have sunk so many that they have driven your shipping to port. You cannot take us over." "Well," said the officer, "You will see."

And they saw. Even as late as this spring when I was down with the Americans, German prisoners they took sneered when they saw men in the American uniform. They said, "These are Englishmen dressed up to impress us." You see their conceit. They thought we would take the trouble to dress up to impress them. "Well," said the officer, "Why do you think we are dressed up?" "Why," he said, "Of course you know no American troops can come over here. None have come over." They learned a little better soon afterwards.

Now came the problem of getting the real facts, simple, elementary facts, to the German people, and a very simple and effective plan was adopted. It was not possible until recently to talk about this plan. I tried to tell it in my despatches but it was cut out. I gave a section to it in my new book but the censor took it out. But all reasons for keeping it back now have gone. The armistice has enabled us to talk about many things that we were not permitted to discuss. The British plan was to have a service of white balloons which, when released, drifted with the wind and were let up each night over our front and drifted whenever the wind was suitable over the German lines. Each of these balloons had a number of little boxes of pamphlets attached. These pamphlets had time fuses between so that when the balloon got to one part of the German line one packet would drop; a little further another, and so on. There was no concealment about it. On the contrary there was the utmost advertising. In any sky you could pick out these balloons.

The German soldiers saw them, and what was the use of issuing regulations that the men were not to read the things, that they were to give them up? Curiosity is one of the greatest forces in the world. They say it is a woman's vice. It certainly is a man's. So that when these packages dropped over the German lines the soldiers rushed and got them. I was in Monchy some weeks ago a few hours after we captured it from the Germans. It was very interesting indeed. I went up with General Ross, a well known Medical officer. The Germans were shelling the place heavily. They had just opened. Some of our own shells were falling short making it still more lively but we got in and got through the village. We got down in the concrete emplacements and we saw masses of things the Germans left behind. And there we caught it and in trying to get back we got a little too far one way and suddenly my companion disappeared. I was a little in front of him. I looked around and saw him put his head up, "Get down, get down." I rushed forward, strangely,

and he shouted, "Don't you see they are sniping at us?" We got down in the shell hole and finally got away in very undignified fashion. We had got too far over the ridge. We made a burst to the next shell hole, rested there, got our breath and went on again. When we got back to safety General Ross looked at me and said I must be in bad condition. I ought to have done each of those rushes in two seconds less. I told him I had made the best time in my life.

However, it was not on that I wanted to talk about, but of what I found in Monchez. One of the first things I picked up in that village was a little package of our propaganda literature that had come down from a balloon. It was marked "De Ballon." It was simply a reprint of Mr. Baker's letter to President Wilson. You will remember the letter in which he said the number of American troops who had landed in Europe is as follows:—January so many, February so many, March, April, May, total so many. "I have the honor to be," and so on. That was all. Printed on one page, printed clearly in good German, simple and effective. No appeal to the sentiments of the German, no appeal to his higher emotions. (Well, I found a good many of them who did not seem to have many higher emotions.) Simply facts. And in the days that followed when we got over a great deal of ground behind Cheussey at the Canal du Nord I found constantly among the German letters and papers that had been thrown away by the men copies of these papers of ours. They were simply statements of facts. We were bombarding the Germans with knowledge and with high explosives and gas shells.

They got good sound literature, the British believing, as the Latins believed, that truth brings victory. We found on many of the German prisoners, at least nine out of ten of them in one section, some of our literature stored away in their pockets. You must remember they were going through a very disappointing time. They had expected victory and they had encountered failure. Their hosts were being wiped out. They knew their armies were in superior force, as they were at that time. They knew their artillery was superior to ours but somehow our force, inferior in numbers and in guns was yet beating theirs. And there they found a plain statement of facts that behind this force immensely inferior were forces ever growing in strength that would soon crush them. Do you wonder it took the heart out of them? Do you wonder the German soldier began to question the wisdom of the powers that be? Do you wonder that he began to think that maybe the game was up?

We found when we came to talk with the prisoners brought in that our messages had gone home. The final thing they had to say to us, the final word when I asked them what they thought of things, all they said was, "It's finished, the war is done." Good sound propaganda helped to undermine the German autocracy and helped in the work and so when our armies came in and crushed the German forces as they did so splendidly there was a great current of public opinion to finish the struggle.

Last year the German propagandists estimated that their campaign of propaganda was worth two army corps. This year our propaganda based on truth has been of invaluable service to us. That kind of propaganda is over. The time for it is done, but to-day the new campaign of propaganda is wanted, a campaign of propaganda that can only be carried out by individuals and particularly by individuals on this continent. Governments can do little or nothing here. Germany is launching her campaign. The men who worked for her propagandist campaigns in neutral countries are to-day preparing fresh secret campaigns aimed at creating a line of cleavage between America and the Allies. Now what are we going to do? It is for us, for you and me, to counteract this at every turn. It is for us to make ourselves individual propagandists in consummating a bond and increasing unity between our neighbors and ourselves.

I know how anxious you all are to do so. It has been my lot to see how splendidly American soldiers have fought. I was with them in Lorraine, and how modest they were! And if some big blows over on the other side who have never been near the front do claim too much and do try to make out that they accomplished everything; well, what does it matter? We do not intend to let the boastings of a few irresponsible men blind us to the great service of the great masses of the nation of America, our ally. The only way in which the world's peace and security can be maintained is by the English speaking peoples linking together closer and closer, maybe not by formal bonds, but with bonds—sympathetic for a common purpose and mutual helpfulness. Germany wants to prevent that. Shall we let her?

(December 16th, 1918.)

Demobilization of the Canadian Forces

BY MAJOR-GENERAL MEWBURN.*

Mr. President and Members of the Canadian Club of the City of Toronto,——I feel very highly honoured by the extreme courtesy you have shown me in asking me to come here and say a few words to the members of the Canadian Club. I hesitated to accept your kind invitation, because I felt that I might be unable to pass on to you the various problems that, I know, you are all anxious to hear about. On the other hand, I felt it a duty as well as a pleasure to endeavour, to the best of my ability, to say a few words to you on the very heavy problem that is now confronting the Department of Militia and Defence and the whole Dominion of Canada.

First, I would like to touch just for a moment on mobilization. Mobilization is entirely different from demobilization. If you have the men, it is a much easier and simpler task,—in that all you have to do is to collect your various units together in camps—and you know where your physical objective is; that is, the battlefield. Demobilization is an entirely different problem, particularly in the case of a citizen army. You have your army, and your duty is to bring it back and return its members to civil life. The single business of discharging the men is not difficult, provided the machinery is available, but they have got to be absorbed into the nation and despatched to their homes throughout the country, North, South, East and West. I feel to-day that our task is something like that of the man who tried to unscramble a scrambled egg and put it back in the egg-shell again. That is the way the problem strikes me.

In 1914, when Canada agreed to enter this great world war, the only authority we had for an army was what is known as the Militia Act, the Statute under which our permanent and non-permanent Active Militia was raised. At that time, the

*Major-General the Hon. S. C. Mewburn was Adjutant-General of Military District No. 2, (Toronto) and is Minister of Militia and Defence in the Union Government.

strength of the Permanent Corps was only 3,000; and there were only 60,000 non-permanent Active Militia in training. I need not now go into the details of what was accomplished at Valcartier, but I wish to bear testimony to the wonderful work done by the Active Militia. I think you will agree with me that in 1914 the Militia justified its existence. Overseas units were formed—our first contingent that went overseas at once, a second, and a third,—and the Militia units of Canada were the backbone of those contingents.

What I say, I say advisedly; and I say it so that you will realize the difficulty that confronts us in our demobilization problem. Instead of organizing our existing units on an active service basis—and I am not saying this in any critical way, because anybody will recognize the magnitude of the undertaking—new units were authorized, particularly Infantry units, from the First Battalion up. There were 258 Infantry Battalions authorized. There were 258 Battalions raised, the majority of them up to full strength.

In 1915, a new scheme was started, whereby we would have draft-giving units; and some of you will remember that certain battalions sent drafts over to the Front, drafts of 250 men and five lieutenants. Later, that system was abandoned, and complete units continued to be despatched. They went over. You know what happened over there. The bulk of them were broken up. Instead of 258 battalions, there are less than 50 battalions in the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France to-day. That was all that we felt it advisable to keep in the field; but the trouble was that those 200 extra battalions were broken up and used as reinforcements for the fifty battalions in the field, and the identity of those reinforcing battalions was lost.

I am pointing that out to show how difficult a problem it is to try to unscramble the egg and get it back into the shell again. If we could have had militia reinforcements on the old basis with numbers 1, 2, and 3 battalions for each regiment, they would have been a separable organization. I am not saying that in a critical way, but I am trying to show the difficulty of the task. Take the Toronto units for example. There are no regiments in the Dominion of Canada that have done better work than those from Military District No. 2, and when I say Military District No. 2, I do not mean Toronto, because Military District No. 2 is the biggest district in Canada. Take, in Toronto and the immediate vicinity, the Queen's Own, the Grenadiers, the 48th Highlanders, the Mississauga Horse, Gov-

ernor General's Body Guard, the 109th, 110th, and those fine rurals, the 12th York Rangers and the 36th Peel. There are no regiments in Canada that have done more excellent work than these have done. I am proud of my own city of Hamilton. We have sent over 12,000 men out of the city and we have not got a representative unit at the Front. I know my own old regiment, the 13th, sent over 3,800 men who passed through the ranks of that regiment—and they were distributed among twenty-seven battalions at the Front.

I am pointing that out because it will hold good in every district in Canada. The Overseas units were subsequently organized on a territorial basis. But many units have changed their identity. Take the 16th Battalion, General Currie's old battalion, that came from Vancouver, B.C. To-day it is a Manitoba battalion. Take one battalion raised in Winnipeg. To-day it is a New Brunswick battalion. Take the 13th Battalion which is fostered by the 5th Royal Scots of Montreal. It is composed, to the extent of nearly fifty per cent., of Ontario men,—and there you go, on down the line. I could follow the same argument right through the other branches of the Service; the Artillery, Engineers, and so forth.

In the United States, learning by our example, they started a new idea,—the interchange of staff personnel. When the war broke out the Permanent Corps,—a large number of them—were permitted to proceed overseas. Others were held in the United States for training purposes; their officers and instructors were packed off overseas with units for training purposes. It was absolutely necessary. Others were held in New York and Camp Pershing. They were unable to proceed overseas, but it was hoped that, of those who had gone overseas, some would be brought back to pass on their knowledge gained at the Front and allow an interchange. If those officers and non-commissioned officers who were held in Canada to train men for the Front had had the opportunity of interchange with officers and N.C.O.'s at the Front, and other men had been brought back, I think it would have been better for everybody concerned. In other words, we should have had one Canadian Army for Canada, England, and France,—instead of three distinct armies.

Now I don't wish to dwell on that to-day, because I want to pass on to the problem we are all worried about, demobilization. But I would just like to say briefly what Canada's efforts in the war have been. I have prepared a memorandum here, copies of which I will be glad to give to the press if they

desire to have them. I will read this, because it contains figures, and I want to have it as nearly correct as possible. It is as follows: and it is as correct as we are able to make the figures at present:

THE PROVISION OF TROOPS FOR SERVICE OVERSEAS,
THE WORK OF THE MILITARY SERVICE ACT
COMMITTEE, AND THE WORK OF THE
MILITARY POLICE IN CONNECTION
WITH THE MILITARY
SERVICE ACT.

During the war more than 611,000 men passed through the hands of the Canadian Military machine in one form or another. The armistice was signed on 11th November; the exact number of enlistments, etc., reported up to the 15th November was 595,441; and in addition some 16,300 men who came into touch with the recruiting authorities were struck off the strength. The two sets of figures thus aggregate 611,741.

Of the 595,441, some 41,000 were men who were dealt with, but were not required to render service, over 21,000 enlisted in services other than the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and about 15,000 were reservists, British and Allied, who were sent by the Canadian Government to the colours in their own armies.

The exact figures are contained in the following memorandum, which covers the period from the beginning of the war to 15th November, 1918.

ENLISTMENTS.

Voluntary Recruiting—

The total number of recruits obtained for the Canadian Expeditionary Force by Voluntary Enlistment is reported to be 465,984

Military Service Act—

(a) Obtained under the M.S.A. or Voluntarily reporting within the class called out	83,355
(b) On Leave without pay under the Orders-in-Council relating to Compassionate and Hardship cases, or subsequently discharged	24,933
(c) Struck off Strength and returned to the Records of Registrars appointed by the Military Service Branch of the Justice Department as liable only to non-combatant service (either as Conscientious Objectors, or by reason of the War Times Elections' Act); or as being of a category which ought not to have been ordered to report	16,300

Overseas Service other than C.E.F.—

Enlisted in Canada for Overseas Service other than C.E.F. the following:

Royal Air Force	12,902
Imp. Motor Transport	710
Inland Water Transport	4,701
Naval Service	2,814
Jewish Palestine Draft	42
	21,169
	595,441

Reservists—

In addition to the above, British and Allied Reservists who have been called to the Colors of their own country 14,590

DISPOSITION

Proceeded Overseas—

Total number of C.E.F. proceeded overseas.....	418,052
Overseas Service other than C.E.F., men enlisted for Royal Air Force, etc., who are either Overseas or in Canada....	21,169
British and Allied Reservists transported Overseas from Canada	14,590

In Canada and St. Lucia—

(a) On the strength C.E.F. in Canada and St. Lucia including those under training as Overseas reinforcements Siberian Expeditionary Force, Canadian Garrison Regiment, Military Police Corps, Medical and Administrative Services, etc., but not including an estimated number of 12,500 who formed part of the total force which actually proceeded overseas, but who are now in Canada, in Hospitals, undischarged or on duty	36,533
(b) <i>On Harvest Leave</i> — Number on Harvest Leave without pay	15,405
(c) <i>On Compassionate Leave</i> — Number granted Leave of Absence without pay under orders-in-council relating to Compassionate and Hardship cases	7,216

DISPOSITION

(d) Discharged—

Number discharged in Canada who had not proceeded Overseas for the following among other reasons, namely—As below Medical Standard, Absentees, Aliens, To Accept Commissions, Deaths, On transfer to British Army and Royal Air Force	95,306
Included in Enlistment Returns, but for whom Discharge Documents have not been received, or who in some cases, may be duplicate Enlistments. This number is being adjusted as further records are received from Military Districts from time to time	1,760

595,441

In connection with these figures, reference may be made to the work of the Military Police. Some time ago a Special Force of Dominion Police was formed for the purpose of enforcing the Military Service Act: it was administered by the Justice Department. On 31st May, 1918 an Order-in-Council was passed transferring this force to the Militia Department. It became the Canadian Military Police Corps and was placed under the command of the Provost Marshal, Colonel G. Godson-Godson, D.S.O., a returned officer.

The work of this Force has been exceedingly heavy. No fewer than 269,121 cases have been investigated. This number appears extraordinarily large, the explanation being that Absentees and Defaulters have made a practice of moving from one place to another, so that it became necessary to make many investigations about one man. These cases thus concern a much smaller number of individuals.

Practically the whole of Canada has been covered by the operations of the Canadian Military Police Corps, and parties have been sent to all places where absentees and deserters have been reported to be hiding. Sometimes these parties had to penetrate to regions hundreds of miles from the railway, and exceedingly difficult of access.

The Royal North West Mounted Police rendered most valuable assistance in the districts in which they were operating.

The total number of cases handled by the Military Police (including the Civil Branch) arising from the operation of the Military Service Act have been:—

(a) Men apprehended who had failed to register (Defaulters)	18,824
(b) Men apprehended who had failed to report when ordered (Absentees)	9,454
(c) Deserters apprehended, both draftees and others.....	2,304
(d) Cases investigated	269,121

Note.—(a) and (b)—A large percentage of these numbers were found medically unfit and allowed to return to civil life.

(c)—"Deserters" includes all men who have been taken on the strength of a Unit and have afterwards illegally absented themselves.

I do not think that we have any reason to feel ashamed when we look at some figures of other countries. I notice, in the first draft of the United States, the number of men who were struck off on medical grounds; the figures are simply amazing. We had quite a number, but nothing to be compared with what they had. Nevertheless, it is appalling to think of the numbers of our young manhood who are physically unfit. There are certain diseases which I would like to speak plainly about, and the country has got to wake up and deal with the situation. I do not hesitate to speak here to a gathering of business men in Toronto, for I think there are too many people who are mealy-mouthed about this subject. It is one of the greatest problems we have to solve. I mean, of course, venereal disease. We in the army have accomplished wonderful things in the cure of that. We have been making men fit as soldiers. In this work I give all credit to my Adjutant-General and the Medical Staff. We have another duty to perform, and that is a duty to the nation. I think we should hold the men who are not physically fit for civil life and make them fit. And we are making them fit. When they come out they will not be a menace to the community. Is that right or is it wrong? We believe to-day that this duty is imposed on us from the nation's point of view as well as from the purely military one.

The statement I have read to you shows the position of the organization and the efforts made by Canada. Up to the day the armistice was declared, and for a few weeks prior to that,

we were in entire uncertainty as to what to do about sending over men. I was in close touch with the authorities and the question was, were we to continue sending men, or were we to mark time? It was dangerous to mark time. I have up here two maps that till now have not been for publication; but I think I am at liberty to refer to them now. They show the disposition of troops on the Western Front, and they are issued from time to time by the General Staff. I think they are most wonderful maps; and one of the most able men in the British Intelligence Corps, a native of Toronto, Brigadier-General Charles Mitchell, is responsible for them.

Now, on the 21st day of October, this showed the allied line extending down here, (indicating) and it showed the disposition, so far as could be gathered by our Intelligence Corps, of the German army opposite it. At that period, so far as military operations went, the German army had not been defeated; but the question was, whether it was going to collapse. Canada has reason to be proud that we at home never wavered. We satisfied the demand of the Canadian Corps in everything, and we still have ample reinforcements to keep going for some time. When the Canadian Corps entered Mons, it was up to full strength and ready to proceed any further distance. I feel, therefore, that we are justified in congratulating ourselves that we in Canada never wavered in our support of those men at the Front. It was appreciated by the men in the Field very much. When I had the privilege of being with them, it was very gratifying to me to know that when the Corps was depleted by casualties, there were ample reinforcements to replace them. The gaps were filled in a few hours. It was gratifying to know we were able to do it.

Right down through the ranks the morale of the Corps was splendid. Without boasting, or without in any way making invidious distinctions, and we want to be careful not to blow our own trumpet too hard, we know that the Canadian Corps was one of the strongest striking forces in France right up to the end. I think you have all read General Currie's wonderful cable from Mons, a cable of congratulation sent from the doubly historic battlefield of Mons:

"From the doubly historic battlefield of Mons, and on the eve of its departure for the Rhine, the Canadian Corps acknowledges with a sense of deepest gratitude your message sent on behalf of the people of Canada. We join with them in humble and grateful thanks to God for the glorious victory vouchsafed to our arms. Our hearts go out to those to whom there remains only the cherished memory of their loved and lost, sacrificed in the noblest cause for which men have died.

Weary with work of destruction, we long for the time when we shall be homeward bound to take up again, with a clearer conception of its responsibilities, our duties as citizens of the fairest land in all the world, our own beloved Canada."

I want you to pay particular attention to what he says, "with a clearer conception of its responsibilities."

Canada is now confronted with demobilization. This year, early in the season, a committee on demobilization was organized in England. It included representatives of all branches of the Service, and a representative of the troops at the Front; and a certain scheme of demobilization was laid down. It was estimated, during the armistice, that we would have to bring back to Canada approximately 286,000 men,—to be distributed throughout the various provinces of Canada. It was considered that the scheme of demobilization depended largely on ships and railway facilities, and the question was how to bring these men back. It was decided that the proper method was to commence with a number of men who had seen longest service overseas, particularly married men, and work down on that basis. As you know, very many suggestions have been made, but that was what was adopted.

Then came the question about bringing the men back by units. As regards the fighting troops, about 100,000 men, they are likely to be in France until at least the 1st day of March; and I would like to point this out to you gentlemen, that it is not going to do those troops any harm to remain there. In the first place, the Corps wants to stay. Can you imagine any man in the Canadian Corps who wanted to return immediately after the 11th of November, when he had not had the privilege of getting into German territory. I do not think so. The great regret of the men in England and in the hospitals is, that they had not been allowed to accompany their comrades in France, to get into that march. Another thing, what is happening to these men after the 11th of November? They are getting up in the morning after a good night's rest, given a good breakfast, they are well clothed, well fed. Their work is simply a route-march, with the bands playing, with comradeship, new scenes, and new environment.

What is going to do the men more good and settle them down to normal conditions of life than what they are going through to-day? I believe the men will improve physically and mentally, and I am so advised by some of the highest medical men in the country. On the other hand, we are besieged with letters and telegrams, and some newspaper

articles; asking by what right we are keeping the men overseas. I do not think Canada is going to fall down at the last, when she has gone through four and a quarter years of this war; that she is going to funk her duty at the last minute. I don't think the people of Canada want to do that.

First, we have to consider the matter from all its different angles and adopt the plan that is best for all concerned. This is what the Great War Veterans' Association, representatives of which from all over Canada met in Ottawa about a week ago, did, and I might say I am in very close touch with that organization. I am glad to consult anybody who will give me constructive advice—not destructive advice, which so many are ready to offer—but constructive advice. They passed a resolution urging us to go slow on demobilization. I am getting telegrams from certain districts in Ontario—"for God's sake don't hurry the men back." I am getting letters from other people. "Why don't you bring them back immediately?" We cannot satisfy everybody, and all we can do is to take the course that will do the most good to everybody concerned.

Peace is not yet signed. We do not know when it will be, but we are bringing the men back, and arrangements have been made to bring them back as rapidly as they can be properly handled. Before demobilization started, we had been working on a system whereby men could be brought back from overseas and go immediately to their districts where they would get two weeks' furlough. They were not coming back in large numbers and that was considered advisable, so that the men could have a holiday as soon as they got back and then report to their districts for discharge. In some cases they were only on leave, and might be returned to the Front or be absorbed into the C.E.F. in Canada, so those men who came back in the past were not all for discharge. Now, that system has been carried out up to the present. It had to be changed. For instance, the authorities were criticized recently because some of the soldiers' friends had not been notified when their boys came back. Some men got off at Montreal with two weeks' furlough in their pockets. They were at liberty to stay, one, two, three days, or two weeks, and come home whenever they liked. Well, some of them came home one day and nobody knew they were coming. Nobody met them at the station. I spoke to the men. They said they didn't want to be met at the station. One man said to me, "Why don't they bring nursing bottles down for us?" Now, I am just pointing that out to you, to show you the difficulties we have to meet.

Another thing I want to speak of is the question of priority of return of officers. I regret to say I am being flooded with requests to bring officers back first. I absolutely refuse to do it. I cannot conceive of any officer who has the privilege of holding the King's Commission and who is responsible for his company, his battalion or his brigade, or whatever it may be, ever wanting to come back home and leave his men behind him. The officers themselves do not want to do it, but some parents think their boys ought to be brought back as they want them at home for a certain occasion. I say, the officer should be the last man to leave; and we have decided that there should be no such priority.

Now we are changing the scheme, and the new one will not be workable till January. I took it up immediately with the railway people, before demobilization started; and with the Minister of Railways and Canals. While this is not altogether my job, I feel I am more or less responsible; I am the government goat to-day and I realize that I cannot help it. I got the presidents and the general managers of the three railroads to come to Ottawa; and we had a very happy conference with the C.N.R., the C.P.R., and the Grand Trunk. I wanted some man whom we could advise that a ship was going to dock, and who would see that trains were there ready to meet it. It worked alright for a while, and then there was a little friction which was soon straightened out. Now we have a new arrangement, whereby the railways each have a representative in the City of Montreal, with one chairman. The minute we get notification of a ship's coming, we telephone the chairman; and it is up to the committee to arrange to have trains at Halifax or St. John, and route these men through. That, I think, is going to work satisfactorily. It remains to be proven.

But you must remember that railway equipment is short, and sometimes the trains are late. Last year we had trains 14, 15, and sometimes 24 hours late. I cannot help that. We have got an arrangement with the three railways that troop trains shall have priority over everything else, that all passenger trains and other trains must give the right of way, that if necessary engines will be taken off a passenger train and put on a troop train; and, I think, the public can very easily consent to suffer for the benefit of the troops. I have arranged with the committee that every troop train shall be made up in lots of 500. We have established Clearing Depots at Halifax, Montreal, Quebec, and St. John; and Army Service Corps Depots at Divisional points, for extra supplies in case of acci-

dent. That arrangement is working. It may slip a cog any day. I suppose I will be to blame. However, I am going to try to keep smiling as well as I can.

In notifying the relations of the returning men we are doing the best we can. I don't know whether it will be possible to keep it up; but we are going to try. You know the difficulty that arose here. I believe your Mayor, Mr. Thomas Church, is going to be more liberal after this, because when I came in here* he said, "This is the Sunday School that I was first taught my religion in." Tom is all forgiving now, and we are going to start afresh. All I want to say is that we are doing our utmost. When the last lot of troops reached here there was a mistake. It was made in good faith. It was made by the unfortunate Transport Officer who tried to get that list of names over the wires from Halifax. It was ninety-six pages of foolscap. The train was about to pull out; and he thought, "I can get to Quebec and have it sent from there." But it took twelve hours and a half to get that list on the key-board. Now, those are some of the difficulties I am pointing out to you; and all I ask you, is to have patience and to co-operate. We are going to do the best we can, but if it is found we cannot continue these notifications by wire then we will have to cut it out. And I don't think anybody is going to suffer as long as they know a troop train is going to arrive. We may not be able to tell that John Smith or Henry Jones is on board, but we will do our best.

Another problem, the women and children. As you know there are about 45,000 women and children overseas. It is not altogether the duty of the Militia Department to bring them back but we are doing our utmost to help. There are serious problems connected with their return. Personally, I felt that they do not need to be brought back on the same train with the troops. We have had some very sad experiences. It would be better for the troops, and it would be better for themselves, if they came on separate ships. However, they are now being brought on the same ships. The result is, that the ship docks at Halifax and three or four soldiers have their wives and a couple of babies there with them. We have a troop train made up with accommodation and room for 500 men. You can understand that it is difficult for five, six, eight, or ten, women to get on board with those troops. That is one difficulty. I would sooner have them come back on separate ships, and have special trains to bring them up from Halifax. I think it

*The meeting was held in St. James Cathedral Parish Hall.

would be better. There would be less confusion and it would be better for the women and children. We have another problem too; there are about 2,000 war-widows, women who have never been in Canada, women who married Canadian soldiers in the Old Land and whose husbands have since been killed. That is another problem, and we have to help those women and children who have never been in Canada. It is not only the duty of my Department, but it is the duty of every Department of the Government, and it is the duty of every citizen in Canada to co-operate and help in the best way they can.

We have our hospital patients. On the 11th November we had 32,000 patients in England and 10,000 in France. A large number of these will become convalescent before they return. We must not hurry them. We have found out from experience that for the good of the man, for the good of the individual,—when he is getting the very finest treatment, the very finest surgeons and medical and hospital attention,—it is better for that man to stay and get fairly well cured before trying to bring him out here for further treatment or operations. I can tell you dozens of instances where we have had men in hospital demanding that they be taken home. I can tell you of one sad case, of an officer who had lost a leg, and his family demanded that he be taken to his home. He was not taken proper care of, gangrene set in and he had to have fourteen more operations. If that man had been allowed to stay in the hospital he would not have had to undergo all that terrible torture. We are trying to do this thing in the best interests of the men; and the public must realize we are not doing it from any other motive but the desire to help the men themselves.

I wish to bear testimony to the wonderful work of the medical and dental profession and the nursing sisters. I do not think the public realize what these men and women have gone through; and I wish to impress upon you another serious thing, that we will need their services for perhaps two or three years more. Take the case of a doctor or a dentist who has carried on his profession in his own town, who went overseas and chucked his profession. When he comes back, his practice is gone and he has got to start all over again. We have got to reward the services of these men. They would like to get back and pick up the threads of their practice. I say they are giving up more than any other citizen of any community in Canada.

Now, if I am permitted, I will deal with another problem,—

the question of the returned soldier. We have been shouting from the housetops of what our wonderful army has done for you and for me. What are we doing for them? Now, what I am going to say is said personally, and not as a member of the Government. But it is what I think ought to be done, and what I believe will be done, and what I hope to be able to accomplish. In another few weeks there will be a large number of unemployed in Canada through the various shiftings from one industry, and from war work, to another. Now, we are bringing back soldiers at the rate of 5,000 men a week, and that rate is liable to increase as facilities are made available; but it is estimated that for December and January we will bring back 20,000 men a month, who, with the women and children, will take up the capacity of the Canadian railroads. They cannot handle more. Starting in February, they will come over at about 30,000 a month and upwards,—as many as we can cope with. We have already carried into effect Dispersal Areas, mapped out very carefully; probably two or three dispersal areas in each military district, selected with very great care after consultation with the railroads; which areas, we hope, will be working by the end of January.

When a man goes on board ship, his medical board will be already made out; and only his physical examination will await him. That is in the interest of the man; it is also in the interest of the country, because it affects the man's claim for pension in the future. We must have it. All the man's documents,—which are many, and his pay book, will be made up to date; and a cheque will be made out for him; a cheque will be made out for his clothing allowance, a cheque will be made out in advance for his first month home pay; his discharge will be made out. We hope to get that done on board ship. In some cases, with a fast ship, we will not be able to make it all out; and so, as much as possible will be done in England. Men who come back can go to any dispersal area they like. At the dispersal area, their documents and their cheques will be handed to them. Each man keeps his uniform, but turns in his arms and accoutrements. He goes out of the room a civilian.

Now, although my duty, technically speaking, as far as that man is concerned is finished, my obligation as a citizen of Canada is not. There are various departments of the government all interested in returned soldiers, and now they have all got together into one organization which is doing very good work. The citizens of Canada must co-operate with us. The

G.W.V.A. are very much interested and are working hard; and every citizen in the community into which the discharged man goes must help. It is said that the man is not normal. I don't say he is not normal. But what have we been doing with that man? We have been teaching him to kill, to kill the Boche. He goes to France, and what is his duty? He is drilled and trained further in that business of killing. He has not got to think, "What will be next month's procedure?" He gets three square meals a day.

Now, what do you do? When that man is brought back, is it fair or reasonable to think that he can get down to work and concentrate for eight or nine hours a day? It is not possible. Therefore, I say that the Dominion of Canada and the people of the Dominion of Canada have got a far greater burden on their shoulders than they ever had when the war started. You have got to be sympathetic, encouraging. No charity, they don't want any charity. You never paid the Tommy. He never worked for pay. But what you have got to do, is to encourage him. The employer of labour, in my opinion, has got to do his part. You take John Smith, who is overseas,—give him back his old job again; he is pitted against men who have never been away, and he doesn't believe he can do the same kind of work,—and he won't be able to, for a while. He cannot stand the strain. It worries him. The employer says, "That man is not more than fifty per cent. efficient"; that he cannot keep him because he cannot get the same amount of work out of him. I say to employers of labour, "You have got to do it. You have got to realize that you must re-educate that man and get him out of the education of killing, and get him into the education of working for the national interests," which, as General Currie said in that cable, is "to have a clearer conception of our responsibilities." That is our responsibility.

We have been in the habit of giving three months' Post-Discharge Pay. I believe that ought to be increased to about six months. I will tell you why. While the man has been in the army, we have clothed him and fed him. Take the case of a man who gets \$33 a month, and his wife \$30 separation allowance, making \$63. She also gets Patriotic Fund, and so forth. A single man gets \$33 and a married man \$63. Now, from the rank of Sergeant down, we ought to give these men six months subsistence. I think the nation has got to do it. Some people say, "Bring them back immediately." You read a lot of suggestions in the papers to bring them back and keep

them employed as soldiers till they can get jobs. I don't think that would be right. In the first place, there is the difficulty of bringing them back and putting them in barracks. It would be better for the men and the country to let them get out of uniform as quickly as possible. It would have cost the country that extra three months' pay to keep them in the army, and far more. Why, we who stayed at home ought to be glad to be taxed to pay those men for another six months as a war gratuity for what they have done. I believe it ought to be done. Private Smith may come back and get into his job to-morrow. Jones may be unable to do it; but, even if he does get into a job to-day, the gratuity would make that man much easier in mind. He would say "If I am unable to get on well, I have got something coming in."

There is still another problem about which we want to be careful. We don't want to encourage men to become loafers. It is well known that after every war in history,—take South Africa, I know fellows who went to South Africa, some of the finest men, and they have never done a day's work from that day to this. It is a fact. Therefore, it comes back to individual citizens of Canada that we must individually and collectively see that those men get some useful employment; and we must help them, and encourage them, and try to get them back into civilian life.

I think, Mr. Chairman, that the Dominion of Canada, and the citizens of Canada who entered into this war and accomplished so much, will not fail now in one of the greatest undertakings we have had in our experience; and I believe that, with the solid co-operation of all concerned, we will be able to cope successfully with these problems. All I ask from the good citizens of Toronto, (there is no other city, to my personal knowledge, that has done so much to encourage this war) is to help the soldiers; and I am sure they will do their utmost in carrying on this last war duty. For God's sake, till the final settlement, let us carry on.

(December 23, 1918.)

A Soldier's Peace

BY LIEUT. CONINGSBY DAWSON.*

Sir and Gentlemen,—I feel very much, in coming to speak in Canada, as if I were bringing coals to Newcastle. I am very certain that in what I am going to say to-day you will concur; whereas usually when one stops to talk about the soldier attitude one expects to find a certain amount of hostility, or at least a certain amount of misunderstanding. Therefore, I feel as if to a large extent I were bringing coals to Newcastle.

There are things, however, which we feel very strongly about; which perhaps in England they feel more strongly about. I was with the Americans for two months this year down at Namur and they shared the voice of the Canadians and English as regards what they were going to do to the world, and I was also with the Foreign Legion and I found that the same ideals held good there. So it may not be wasting your time if I speak as simply as I can, and certainly as modestly as I can, of those ideals, because I know you will read about all kinds of other ideals the men have discovered for themselves at the front.

When we started into this war, perhaps we did not have a very clear conception of the ideals for which we were fighting. I do not think that the Anglo-Saxon race was really out to fight it out for Liberty. The Frenchman likely was; he can visualize Liberty in the abstract. We do not. We went to fight it out for Decency. We knew what it was to live decently, and we had a respect for children; and when we saw the Hun marching into Belgium behaving as he did, I think the Anglo-Saxon went out to give him one, and to pay off old scores for the kiddies.

But, now that we are looking back, it is possible to visualize all the ideals which really are at the bottom of every man's heart. I believe I cannot say it more briefly than by saying we

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fought to prove there was still a God in the world. Now, if the Hun had won over the Anglo-Saxon races there would have been no God in the world. We had seen our men die; mothers and fathers had seen their sons die; wives had seen their husbands die;—and if, after all the sacrifices, Might had prevailed over Right there would be very few of us who would still believe God really existed. One has to keep that lesson in mind; because in a number of soldiers one has seen tendencies, definite tendencies, to argue as to what nation should have the credit for having won the war. The thing we need to keep in mind is the British, the Canadians, the French, none of them won the war. The Frenchmen didn't win the war, the British didn't win the war, the Americans didn't win the war. If we start to say, "We won, our own right hand has given us the victory"—we forget not only all the spiritual values of victory; but we also deny the ideals for which the men who lie dead out in France died. God won. We didn't dare say that until we had won, but now we can say it. Of course, the Kaiser was not as modest in saying that God won. Of course, the story of Mons, the legend of the angels, is simply a legend. But that is the first place where the people began to say that a spiritual agency was fighting for France.

Everybody knows that not strategy alone and not the bravery of men or units alone could have saved France at the commencement of this war; and perhaps the most spectacular case of that happened last spring, because last spring we made up our minds we were going to dig in, we were going to sit and hold where we were,—we would hold the Hun. The Hun became wise to that, and his game became to keep us guessing as to where he was going to try to get through. The whole war on the Western Front became a game of reserves. They had tested every part of that line from the northwest right down to Rheims. We had used all our reserves and the French were the only people who had any reserves. They would not bring reserves down to the South where the Germans had made a feint because they said his game was to keep them guessing where he was going to attempt to break the line. When the Hun saw the French would not bring down their reserves he called off the attack. They tried the same trick if I remember rightly at four other parts. They wanted us to get our reserves in the wrong place. This summer we kept the Hun reserves trotting his legs off up and down the line, and that is what they tried to do with us this spring. He and not do it as successfully as we did. It became fairly certain

he was coming through on the Rheims salient. The French said he was coming through on the South side of the salient; we said, on our side. First, he launched an attack at the French, and the planes had nothing to report. When the sun went down the whole attack was in the line and was being held. The Hun failed because there were reserves there to push him back. Then he tried to gather on the British front and put on a camouflage attack. The French very gallantly came to our support.

You oppose an attack as with a piece of string which must give and give, but must never break. If it does it lets the whole resistance down. Or, better still, it is like a line of men standing, clasping hands, from the channel to Switzerland. Now, if one man lets go hands, one unit crumbles,—there is a gap, and the whole thing breaks. So, you see, there we learned one of our great lessons. I know Democracy grew there. The man in the north depended for his safety on the men at Lorraine. The French, Americans, Belgians, were holding hands. You might not see the man who was saving you down there, but you felt the thrill coming up to you, and you knew you were saved because he was dying. Now when the Hun tried to break the line of course there was nothing for it but for the line to retreat. If the line broke, why you went back and back still holding hands.

At last the Hun succeeded in making a gap. Of course what happened then is well known. I was fortunate in getting it from the lips of the one man who did more than anybody to save the situation. He was told he had to get 5,000 men up to the gap at once or else the front was lost. They really thought it might be lost. There were not 5,000 men to get, because we did not have any reserves. He went out collecting lorry men and batmen, men who had never done any real soldiering, a lot of laboring men, none of them of fighting quality. They were given rifles and ammunition,—then put into the line. When they got there they were not worth a damn. Most of them did not know anything about fighting and very few of them could hit anything at twenty yards. At early dawn three Hun aeroplanes came over to see what was happening, expecting to find a few men only, (they usually play safe). When the planes came over all those darn fools who had never heard a rifle popped off all the ammunition they had. The planes went back and reported it was too late to get through the gap, that it was held very strongly by storm troops. The result was, the Hun attack was called off when

it could have, or ought to have, passed clean through the gap in our line. And that goes all the time. The Australians then pushed in on the flank, swung up north, and crippled the Hun so badly that from that time till June the Hun did not attempt to attack there.

When I say that God proved himself, I think that is a typical instance. For no one could have expected that our poor labor troops there, our batmen, would be taken for storm troops. It was an indication, and when we feel inclined to say the Canadians did this, or the Americans did the other; why, let us think that it was Somebody Else that did it. I do not think your soldier will ever forget that; and as time is more or less limited I would like to tell you briefly as far as I have seen, what it is the war has taught the fighting man. I think it is something different to what war has taught civilization; and, to that extent, I think civilization still has something to learn in the way of understanding the fighting men. Last November I was on leave, and after two days the chap who was with me said, "I am going back." I asked him what he was going back for, and he replied, "I want to be where there are men." When the men return they have got to live as though they had a future. Up front nobody has a future. This man said he wanted to get back where he would not be thinking of himself.

Now, as far as I can see, the war has taught the fighting men a number of things. It is the spirit that counts. Before we started we thought a bank account counted, that social position counted, that respect where it was merited was only the wild talk of the world, that respect of any kind was valuable; and we never troubled to look inside ourselves. It was what the real man was like at the front that counted. If we "got away" with things; that formerly was good enough. Now you could not get away with things when you got to the front. Having a bank account or a good social position or being married to a handsome wife, were no good to you when you got into the firing line. They did not help you to carry on when it was difficult. They did not help you to stand up under shell fire and to do your bit, and perhaps a little more than your bit. They did not help you when a chap was wounded up front and they wanted someone to go up and take a chance and bring him out. They did not help you to go out and take that chance. The only thing which helped you to do that, to play the man, was that thing which we had never regarded in peace times, the Spirit. It is the essential thing that you come into life

with ; and, by golly, it is the only thing you can take out of life. So men took this spirit of theirs, saying they were bankrupt of everything else, and groomed it as though it were a prize horse. They took a pride in it. And they were always willing to take another dare to see where this spirit would go. It was the only thing which made one different from the man reported to be yellow, so you placed high value on this thing, the spirit, which you had never thought of before.

There is another thing, of course, which you find out when you get that sudden point of view,—and a man gets it in about two days, but he borrows it from the chaps he would not have talked to or looked at before he went to war. Another thing, you see an attack. You see the whole population of a city get up in the morning. You see them go over, and then you go up and you see the whole attack as it was. They are men. When the men went up to attack at Regina trench they knew what the other men did. And you believed those things lying there were not men who would not come back. If you had believed those were soldiers you would not have been a good soldier. You would have been shot back of the lines. And the men who did believe it were shot at dawn. But the men who knew the real things, who could see the army that had gone on, were the men that were yelling to go on themselves.

Now, another thing we are taught at the front is that it was not life that mattered but the courage that one brought to life. Before we went to war, Life had to matter. We were all fearful to face death. It was the ultimate tragedy ; and we formed our life, and we followed life, chiefly because we feared death. Life was the protector which stood between us and the ultimate tragedy, and we would humiliate our opportunities and our bodies in all kinds of ways if we could keep life with us a little longer so that we might be protected from that tragedy. Now, inside twenty-four hours that old terror of death was removed. It was nothing. The only thing that mattered there about life or death was living or dying well. When he had ceased to fear death, a man had not the same use for life. He suddenly found himself in the position of a man who, having had life for his master, became the master of life ; and life became for him of use only insofar as it was a kind of grind-stone upon which he could sharpen the sword of his courage. The men are coming back with that point of view. You have got a tremendous lot of men coming back. There are seven and a half million fighting men coming back to Great Britain, men who are not afraid.

You can see exactly what kind of world we had lived in before, a world as regards fear. Do you remember what kind of literature we read? Novels of twenty years before the war, and I include my own, all carried for their reading theme, Fear;—fear of life, fear of death, of old age, employment, sickness, always fear, fear, fear. We are not going to have that any more. We have got too many men who have conquered fear. Do you remember the way in which the world was thrilled, about two years before the war started, by a party of Antarctic explorers coming back from the South Pole? One of the members fell ill, the food gave out, the dogs gave out, and the progress of the party was seriously hindered by carrying and dragging him back. The sick man realized he was jeopardizing their chances. There was only one thing for him to do as a white man, and that was to relieve them of their embarrassment. He crawled out into the night storm and gave his life that his friends might be spared. When they found him they put up over his body a monument, "Here lies a very gallant gentleman." When we read that in the papers it seemed to us that the only gallant gentleman in the world was dead.

Very soon after Great Britain declared war on Germany we discovered there were many gallant gentlemen in the British Empire. We all thought that the gods of heroism had disappeared about 400 years ago, that they gave up going out in search of new worlds in the Elizabethan times and we have suddenly discovered that the gods of heroism never left us. We found that there were never so many men with the nerve to be heroes as in the world of to-day; and, of course, what it all amounts to is that all the men and women too, of intervening years, kept on being heroes, only it is a difficult thing to be a hero over a small paltry matter. At the front, everybody stood up to be a volunteer in a dangerous task; but if you wanted them to do chores everybody wanted to "mootch" off. We are coming back to the times when we are not asking chaps to do the dangerous work but the chores. We will have to be very careful about the ideals discovered at the front because chaps who were quite willing to die for you will find it difficult to do chores. A lot of people were physically incapable, or were too old, or were of the wrong sex. There was something that kept them from going. They had the more difficult thing; they had to do the chores. We have got to learn to do the chores.

One of the chief lessons which has been taught at the front

is that of sharing. It is a kind of new relation. Nobody ever spoke about it very much. The best men out there did not like church parties and I think very few men prayed. Nevertheless, the men I met at the front were the most religious men I ever met; because, while they never talked about God or religion, they were close to God. And when they struck the enemy they did not strike so much in hatred of their enemy; they struck in memory of you, and for your sake, and for the women and children who were behind them. And when men went up to fight they were not thinking so much of the fighting as they were thinking of doing their share. The thought that was in each man was, "If I let the chap on the right down and the chap on the left; that might spread," and each man felt it was only by doing more than his bit that the front would hold. It was a personal proposition. If he did not play the game the whole thing would go. You had to relieve a man up front. "Well," you said, "I will go up an hour or two earlier so he can come back earlier." An hour or two earlier in that kind of muck, especially in November, meant a real sacrifice. Take a small instance. A batman I had, heard a Colonel say he always had to have a hot meal brought up to him. I wondered how long the Colonel had been up at the front. My batman said nothing, but the next time we were up at the front, through the fire I saw my batman coming up. He was coming up the wrong way, and when he came up I said, "What are you doing here?" "Having a look at the front," he said, and he sat down; and there was my hot meal. Now that batman after that never failed to bring me my hot meal. I could not stop it. That, in a small way, is what sharing means.

Sharing, in a large way, was most dramatically proved for me on the day I left. We were billeted in the Queant-Drocourt line. The Hun had counter-attacked through the wire. They could not see the guns coming in, and I was taking up a number of guns for sniping work. But he got a line on us before we could unhitch and placed his first shell right under the centre team. Before the other teams could unhitch both horses were down, rolling on the ground. I had got my ammunition wagons parked about 700 yards away. Now, it is no cinch to see horses and men knocked out and volunteer to go in and pull them out. Soon, there were just the first line wagon teams left, and the driver of one of those was a man who had a very unsavory reputation. When he came to us he had a crime sheet which was a "beaut." It was more or

less like a dime novel,—you could keep on turning the pages; and if one thing didn't interest you, you would be sure to come to something that did. He had done about everything that he could do. When he came to us everybody said "Oh, he can't last long." We said to him, "You have about the rottenest reputation of any man in the Canadian First Division; but we are going to play the game with you, we are going to pretend you are a white man as long as you pretend. We will pretend together. The moment you cease pretending we will cease—and then God help you." Well he pretended so well that he had the best groomed horses in the battery. He was always cheerful and the people said, "Well that chap really ought to become an N.C.O." But one thing we doubted him on,—he had a great reputation for being yellow. Men said, "Wait until he gets under shell fire. He is a quitter. Once a quitter, always a quitter." He did not get a chance when we went over for the August 8th show. It was all right then. He did not get in the shell fire up in front until this September show. There he was. He could have said, "Well I have got a good excuse for not going up." Instead, without an order, he clapped his spurs into the leading team, shot out without an order from anybody, and was coming hell-bent-for-election towards us; and it was only by absolutely commanding him to go back that he could be made to go back. That man, after playing the game for four years, learned through being treated as a white man, to play the game through everything. And there are a whole lot of men, I think, who have been taught by the war to play the game, and they will play it when they come back.

The soldiers, as I say, learned to share; and the civilian, to a great extent, learned to share. The great thing that learning to share has done for England, as far as I can see, is two-fold. In the first place, it has brought on the emancipation of women. There was real danger to the national unity of our life before the war in the division which had sprung up between the sisterhood and brotherhood of the race. As things were going, it was the death warrant of the nation. The women started to emancipate themselves, acting as though they were men. Well, I do not wonder. I would have broken windows. They were brought up and trained for marriage and when they had been trained for marriage there were never enough men to go around. Of course they broke windows. For the first time in England, when war was declared every one felt she had a purpose and her purpose showed itself

in service, and hard service. It was not expressed in trying to become men, but in becoming superbly womanly. Women have become in England, in Great Britain, the real partners of the men, and you will find an absolutely different spirit there. They have all got a purpose and it is always a sacrificial purpose. You know the great number did not try to do the easy thing. The best type of girl wanted to mutilate her body. We are now going to rely on those over five million girls. They have got the soldier spirit and they are going to do precisely what the soldier is going to try to do, to fight for the ideal.

Now, he is not going back to be a soldier in Canada, in America, but he is never going to take off his spiritual uniform in my opinion; and any time he is called on to do his duty in a civil way he is going to march off and do it. He has a sense of righteousness and a sense of duty. That thing is very much feared in the old country. Those men, who have done their bit out there against the Hun, are going to fight the Hun in peace life with just the same energy and with just as little quarter as they fought the Hun out front. We have got to regard life as a kind of Western Front strategy. Even this little city is manned in the same way as our fronts were manned—not by men of any particular race, not always by good men, but by men who are trying to do something that is good.

It was not always the good man who was the bravest man at the front. War gave our chaps a certain big chance. To many of our men who did not know how to live well, and did not live well, God gave the chance to die well when he sent them out to the front and those men who died usually did die well.

What I am trying to appeal for is; that the people at home will give those men of the type who did not know how to live well before the war, but who went out "to die" bravely for you,—will give these chaps a chance when they return. Do not let all the virtue and all the decency and all the ideals which men have lived and fought for go for nothing. Let them come back and have their chance, because you know there are lots of men who did not want to come back from the front. They had lived very much above their old rank, had lived in such a spirit and relation, that they felt certain they would let themselves down when they came back, and they wanted to die in the hour when they were the most chastened. They did not want to come back and live through the long monotonous years, did not want to come back to

human fear, did not want to come back to live despised; but wanted to die in their moment of supreme elation. Give them their moment of supreme elation when they come back. Teach them by your example that you appreciate the new salvation and the new worth, that you prize this lesson of the spirit counting; that you appreciate that it is not the things you see on the outside, but the man inside, which really matters; and that you appreciate this new gospel, which is not so new because it was learned in Nazareth, of giving and sharing, which men have discovered by co-operation in the trenches and the intimacy of the front line.

We do not want the day ever to come when it can be possible for us to say, "The one and only very gallant gentleman is dead." I do not think that day ever will come. I think we shall always, through our future generations, when we see a man let himself down, say, "Well, I think that he can be a very gallant gentleman," and we shall go to help him. And, if we ever forget, there is something which will remind us,—if we get back again to the selfishness of the individual men, or the individual class; or, worse still, of individual country, (for sharing is as wide as the different nationalities to a large extent),—if we ever forget those who went to sacrifice with laughter on their lips, if we ever forget those heroic messages,—there is something which will make us remember, for out of the war there is come a different new nation, and in that nation there are Canadians, Americans, British, French, Belgians, Chinese, redskins. They all belong, and you won't find any of the men who belong to that nation in this country or in the States or in England, or in Japan,—you have to go to France to find them, and that new nation is the nation of the "Gentlemen of France." They lie in the forests, they lie on the hill crests, they lie in the mine craters, in shell holes; sometimes they lie in buried dugouts, sometimes they do not lie anywhere, there is just their memory. They lie there in their sacrifice, and in their dignity, and in the magnitude of their example—just the way they held the line there, holding hands for righteousness. All were very gallant gentlemen. And if we forget; if ever we raise our hand, class against class; if ever we let things creep back; if ever we raise our hand, country against country; we shall hear those men, the Gentlemen of France, arising up out of their shell holes, out of the mine craters, pushing back the little white crosses, to come out and refight the battle which we have not got the guts to live after they have won it.

You are Canadians, and you know what the Canadians did at the front. You know what reputation they have there, and you know they were chosen out of the whole front this summer to be the fighting wedge in the big attacks. You know the part they took in the last push which started August the eighth, when they were pulled out and marched and marched, nobody knew where they were marching to,—and finally they were put in as storm troops and broke the Hindenburg line. Your country should be the banner country, your men should be the storm troops for righteousness amongst nations,—it is a right which has come to you out of the sacrifice and the glories and the *grandeur* of the great conflict which, we all hope, is passed.

(January 6th, 1919.)

“The Blind Problem,” Particularly in Reference to British Soldiers who Lost their Sight in Battle

BY SIR ARTHUR PEARSON*

Major Wright and Gentlemen,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to meet this distinguished and representative gathering of business men of Toronto; and to have an opportunity of telling you something of those gallant fellows who have been under my care for four years, and who are learning or who have learned to be blind.

First, I should like to remove from your minds some possible misapprehensions which may have lodged there in regard to people who have lost their sight. A good many people think that if you lose your sight you lose a good many other senses too. In fact, they believe that you become a more-or-less helpless and incompetent member of the community. I do not know where the idea comes from. I had it myself six years ago. My ideas were based, I believe, on the helpless, pathetic and miserable figure of the blind beggar; and the more miserable and pathetic he is, perhaps, the more likely he is to pick up pennies in his little tin box.

The whole idea of St. Dunstan's is to get away from any conception of that kind. One of the first things I have always said to a blind soldier when I met him is, “Now, old chap, you are not coming to an institution for the blind. We have none at St. Dunstan's. We do not have anything to do with them. We do not believe in them. All we have there are normal men who cannot see.” And once he gets that ideal before him,—once he realizes the fact that what has happened to him is that he has been deprived of an extremely precious possession, but that it is quite possible for him to make up that when

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he gets instructed, (which he does extremely rapidly)—once he begins to do things, and to take a pride in doing them, then that man is all right.

St. Dunstan's, I have no hesitation in saying, is the best, the cheeriest place in the world. I have come to Canada the bearer of messages from many of the fellows who are still with us there, and the very last fellow I saw before I came away was a Toronto boy. I shall see his mother this evening. He said, "Tell my mother this is the best place I ever struck."

One of our blind soldiers sometimes goes out in the motor bus in London. An old lady got in one day and evidenced great interest in him and finally asked his companion if she could speak to him. She said, "Now, my man, would you really tell me what it feels like to be blind." He said, "Yes, ma'am, it is a very nice hobby; you try it out."

And now I want to tell you some ways in which those gallant fellows find it a nice hobby. I wish I had time to describe to you intimately and accurately all there is at St. Dunstan's. St. Dunstan's is the property of Mr. Otto Kahn, a very well known and superbly generous New York financier. It has sixteen acres attached to it. Mr. Kahn placed it at my disposal and said, "Do not trouble to ask me. Do anything with it, and treat the place exactly as you wish to treat it." It is really a beautiful place, covered with beautiful terraces, gardens, and lawns; covered with workshops, school rooms, and offices. It gives us an opportunity to deal with the problem of the blinded soldier in a way in which it would be impossible to deal with it under other conditions.

St. Dunstan's, you must believe, is big. Originally there was but the one house of St. Dunstan's; but around that quickly grew up other places, and there are now eleven establishments altogether. St. Dunstan's is one of five in London. There is the central building with others grouped close around it. These others are in the country to take care of convalescents or those unfortunate fellows who, besides losing their sight, have really been knocked out.

"Victory over Blindness" is the St. Dunstan motto. I am going to tell you how our fellows win that victory. First of all, they have to get back into the normal ranks as quickly as possible. They accustom themselves to the ordinary affairs of life, learning to handle this, learning to get about, learning to read, learning to write; all in a way that is new to practically all of them. In reading we use the Braille system, whereby one reads through the fingers instead of through the eyes. As

a matter of fact, all of us read with our brains; it is merely a change of method of conveying the impressions to the brain. I want you to get that into your heads and keep it there. You do not see with your eye. You see with your brain. We of St. Dunstan's use other means than you do of conveying impressions to the brain. We see. I do not say that we see with the same exactness; but, we see. I am not talking into an empty room; I am talking to you people and I am looking at you. I do not look in the dark, and I do not come to you in the dark. I have everything described to me pretty carefully; and I lose no opportunity of impressing on my fellows the supreme importance of getting everything before you in your mind's eye, and getting a true and accurate picture.

I wont detain you by describing the Braille system to you. It is difficult to accomplish with real speed and perfection, but our fellows pick it up capitally. Something like ninety per cent. of them are able to read; and, mind you, a good reader can read just as quickly as you can. Writing means the use of the typewriter. Most of them, practically all of them, had never seen a typewriter. The typewriter is very valuable to us because it is not, as you may suppose, at all difficult to learn to typewrite. It is quite easy; and, when a fellow sees or feels himself to be accomplishing what may be an easy thing, it encourages him in a marked degree to do and accomplish things very much more difficult. Knitting is also taught, not as a hobby though; but because it is useful and easy to learn and gives confidence in one's ability to do other things more difficult.

In our work shops you find fellows learning a good many things such as cobbling (a new industry for blind people) and basket making, which I need say nothing about except that our fellows learn to make just as good baskets as can be made. The blind soldier cobbler is just as capable of soling and heeling a pair of shoes as anyone in that business. The blind mat maker is just as good a workman as the man who can see, and I always encourage the shoemakers to learn it as well. Another industry, and an entirely new one for blind people, is carpentry, which is taught in our shops. Some learn to make heavier things, such as tables, and so on;—some specialize on lighter goods, things ornamental, corner cupboards, and things of that sort. These are turned out with very remarkable success indeed. It is amazing to see how those totally blinded fellows handle their tools, and the perfection with which they turn their work out. It always amazes our visitors to pass

our carpentry shop and hear the hammers going, the planes going; and every sort of industry going on in the dark.

I will tell you something about massage. Massageing is the one thing which a blind man can do not only as well as, but better than, the other fellow. It is taught with the utmost thoroughness. Our fellows have to pass the most difficult examinations that there are in the world. A trained masseur requires considerable knowledge of physical anatomy. They are not only taught that at St. Dunstan's, but they complete their course in hospitals. Those masseurs, as I have told you, are turned out completely competent, and have the ability to do everything that is demanded of them in that profession. The best testimony of their worth comes, I think, from Sir Robert Jones, the greatest orthopedist, and one of the greatest authorities, in the world. He wrote me something good about the blinded soldier masseurs and spoke of them in terms most glowing. In fact, he said to me, "Dictate a letter and I will sign it,"—but I would not have dared to put the case quite as strongly as he did eventually. Another authority, the head of one of the largest hospitals in London, wrote me expressing complete satisfaction with the work of three men who had taken a course in his hospital. "I regard it as nothing short of a crime," he said, "that men who can see should do this work."

You have heard in Toronto of Sergeant Mayell, the soldier masseur, and I want you gentlemen to bear in mind that if any of you or any of your friends desire any treatment of that sort, if you will apply to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind whose offices are at 36 King Street East, they will tell you about Sgt. Mayell. I want to tell you this little bit, because I expect that, as in England, there will be some prejudices to overcome; and people will not believe in him at first, will not believe there is anything in the treatment. I do hope that the people of Toronto and of Canada will get it into their heads quite firmly that the blind masseur is something more than a Turkish-bath rubber, and is thoroughly competent in administering that most useful remedial treatment. Before leaving Mayell I am going to mention another Toronto man, Pte. MacDougall. He was one of the 243 candidates from all over the United Kingdom who passed those examinations and he passed them second out of the 243 candidates. Pte. MacDougall is now engaged under government auspices in instructing both soldier and civilian blind masseurs in this city. I have no doubt that, as time goes on,—either in the employment of the government or in private practice,—

he and Sgt. Mayell will prove to the public that the blind mas-
seur is the most capable one.

I want to go back now to the blind shorthand writer. That, of course, seems ridiculous; but I want to tell you that blind soldier stenographers leave St. Dunstan's with a guaranteed speed of 100 words per minute, and many of them now working in my secretarial department are able to write 120 words per minute. We have some forty men engaged in large business houses as shorthand secretaries and typists, all giving splendid satisfaction. There has not been any suspicion of failure in the work of blind shorthand operators. It would take me too long to explain how this apparent miracle is accomplished. It is accomplished by learning a very difficult and complicated system of shorthand, the instrument of use being little machines with which the typist takes down, and afterwards reads off with his fingers, whatever you have dictated; and then transcribes on the typewriter with perfect accuracy. There is only one shortcoming in the blind shorthand writer, so far as I am aware; and that is, that a man usually requires from his secretary something in the way of looking up things. But I have many testimonials as to the work of the men we have placed. If you want any secretarial or shorthand work done, and I do not ask that you do it out of curiosity, try one of these blind shorthand writers and I will guarantee he will give you satisfaction.

I must tell you of poultry farming at St. Dunstan's. It again seems an industry created for blind people to-day. The fellows learn it with thorough scientific accuracy; and one of our fellows can pick up a bird at random and tell you the breed and whether it is a good, bad, or indifferent bird. They learn scientific feeding, incubating, preparing poultry for the table; and, in fact, learn everything up to date that there is to learn about the poultry industry.

I should like to say just one word about the playing at St. Dunstan's. It is just as important as industry, because a man always has to retain his normality; and exercise is a great necessity. Walking is important, and rowing, also, is a big pastime at St. Dunstan's. We have the good fortune to have a lake in our grounds, and almost all the fellows take to rowing. Some have rowed before, but the majority have not, but we turn out thoroughly competent oarsmen. If any of you Toronto men want to see how a light skiff can be properly propelled I refer you to Captain Edward Baker, late of St. Dunstan's. He can show you. Riding, again, is a thing they are very keen

on,—more particularly the officers. Every Saturday and Sunday, parties of officers go out riding. In sports, we have great competition between the various workshops. Visitors who interrupt our games, sometimes may wonder if they have wandered into a ground for the mentally deficient. We have walking races and running races—none of your toddling races, but real races. Dancing, too, is a thing the fellows are very keen on, and every Friday they invite their lady friends. You would be really astonished at the times the men have; if you saw them you could hardly believe they were in any way different from yourself.

I regard theatre going as a very necessary part of a blinded man's education. One can enjoy the play just as well as can a person who can see if one has some person to tell accurately the layout of the stage and read the program. And a man's other senses are really sharpened by the loss of sight. For one thing, he uses his hearing for the first time in his life. He gets a curious sense of direction and of obstacles, which the ordinary mortal never acquires. The progress towards normality which a blinded man makes depends largely upon the intelligence which he exercises in making his other senses make up for him what he lacks in the loss of that supremely important one which he has lost.

I should like to tell you something of the blinded officers with whom it has been my privilege to be associated intimately for four years. They practically lived with me, and I regard them one and all as my personal friends. I have spent many pleasant week ends at Brighton with them, and we have a very beautiful place on the Upper Thames to which we sometimes adjourn in the summer. We have at St. Dunstan's what we call our guest night, when once a week we gather to hear some distinguished man. They are really enjoyable occasions.

I must tell you something about what we call our follow-up system, that is, the method of following-up fellows that leave us. It doesn't do to train men, start men, and then leave him entirely to shift for himself. We exercise the same supervision over the quality of the articles he makes and help to market his goods when he does make them. Besides, we have a system of social visiting.

I should like to spend quite a long time telling you of some of the results at St. Dunstans but time is short. Pte. Perkins is engaged as an instructor in the poultry division at Guelph and is a splendid example of the St. Dunstan's poultry farming expert. At St. Dunstans we have over ninety Canadians

who have lost their sight and quite a number of whom are learning poultry farming. They will make good at it when they return to their own homes.

Captain Ed. Baker has returned to you here. He took a course of electrical engineering at the University of Toronto. He was, without any exception, the most proficient fellow that has ever been there. Captain Baker returned to his position with the great business of the Hydro-Electric Power Company of this city, and was performing his duties there to the complete satisfaction of Sir Adam Beck and other members of the executive staff. Well, the Canadian Government approached Capt. Baker recently with the idea of his assuming the responsibility of looking after the Canadians who have lost their sight when they return here from St. Dunstan's; and of supervising all training of those who have never been to St. Dunstan's, and of making himself generally responsible for their welfare. He accepted that offer and he is now in an executive position at Ottawa. I believe he has made a considerable sacrifice in doing that, for I know he would have had a good career as an electrical engineer. It is extremely to his credit that he was willing to leave it to go and help others along the dark trail. And then there is Corporal Veits who returned to Toronto. He had been with the Imperial Insurance Co. and returned to that great institution and has been very successful.

I shall tell you a story or two and then conclude. One young officer said to me one morning, "I have been invited to meet some friends at a down town restaurant. What shall I do?" I said, "Just go. A guard will take you down so far, and then take two steps to the stairs, five steps down, and five more forward, to where a man will take your hat and coat." I should have told you this man was blinded by a bullet which passed behind his eyes, leaving him perfectly normal in appearance. He went away and got confused in the number of steps, with the result that he blundered down rather badly and lurched into the man waiting for his hat and coat. "I am sorry," he said. "I am blind." "Yes, sir, I can see that, but we can't have you in here in that condition."

We get many invitations from sweet, sympathetic people; and one day there came a letter from a lady asking two blinded officers to come and spend Christmas with her. She said her husband was away at the front but her two daughters and herself would take care of them. She said, "We will wash them and dress them." We all thought it was very kind of them, indeed; and two of the young beggars wanted to accept the invitation and go and have a lark.

I had a letter some time ago from a lady who had heard of the number of blinded soldiers getting married. I may say 300 of them got happily married from St. Dunstan's. The lady said she would very much like to marry a blind soldier, that she was a good cook and very plain.

On one occasion I was riding in a 'bus; and, apparently, I must have been looking for some time in the direction of a certain gentleman, for when I arose to get off he said, "Pardon me, sir, but I guess you will know me again when you see me." I answered, "I am afraid I wont, I have a very poor memory for faces."

Now, I just want to say one word about the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. There had been talk for some time of creating an organization of this kind, but finally the decision was arrived at; and I am more than proud and happy to see it in operation in Canada. The Canadian National Institute has been founded; and it is a going concern which is, I believe, going to immeasurably benefit the five or six hundred blind people in Canada. We are going to work in the closest co-operation with similar Institutes all over the world. It is going to make all the difference in the world to blind people in Canada. I am more than gratified to think of what has been accomplished at St. Dunstan's and this and other work is going to redound to the benefit of blind people everywhere else.

I want to pay a tribute to the magnificent courage of the men of St. Dunstan's. I don't want you to think that all they have done is learn lessons. All of them have had to go through the mill of very dreadful helplessness. No tribute which I, or anyone else, could pay them would be adequate. I told you what the Canadians had done, and there are no better fellows there than those, fellows with the staunch spirit which stormed the Vimy Ridge. Mind you, I have been up there; and how in the world any men could carry that ridge will always remain to me a mystery. The same courage which enables them to engross their names in letters of gold upon the records of the great British Empire, enables them to face their present situation, and to perform the miracles which I have told you about, —because in a sense they are miracles.

(January 10, 1919.)

Repatriation and Employment

BY HON. J. A. CALDER.*

*Mr. Chairman and Members of the Canadian Club,—*I have been intending to visit your city for a long time. A number of invitations have reached me from different quarters to address some of your citizens, but until now I have never had the opportunity. Let me say at once that I am very glad to be here, because I am sure I have matters to discuss with you in which not only you are interested but all the people of Canada as well. You will, I am sure, pardon a brief personal reference. I have apparently established a new reputation for myself in Eastern Canada. You will note that recently I have been dubbed "Silent James." That is something new to me. In the West my great trouble has been to know when to stop talking once I get started. I hope, Mr. Chairman, if I transgress on your time too much you will pull my coat tail good and hard in order that these busy business men may get back to their work shortly after two o'clock.

I must not delay you with further preliminaries. I desire to have a plain, straightforward talk with you. We have just come through the great war. Canada has been at war for over four years and it has been a long, hard, struggle. I need not stop to discuss in detail what Canada has done. I think I can say for our people that we accomplished, in proportion to our population, and we contributed, according to our wealth,—as much, if not more, than any other belligerent country. Our people, through these four years of war, have sustained their war effort in a magnificent way. Our army in the field was kept up to full and efficient strength until it finally reached and captured Mons after some three or four months of struggle—the bitterest during the whole war period. Then, suddenly came the armistice; and overnight the whole situation was changed.

During the war period, our people put up with almost any

*The Hon. J. A. Calder, in addition to his work as Minister of Immigration and Colonization, is Chairman of the Committee on Repatriation and Employment, whose task is that of transferring the returned soldiers to Civil life.

privation; as a matter of fact they grumbled because they were not required to make greater sacrifices and suffer greater inconveniences. To-day the situation is quite different. I suppose, the attitude of our people now could be very well represented by an interrogation mark. Our people are questioning. They are worrying, many of them are very fidgety, shall I say? There is a tendency to grumble to-day, a tendency to kick, such as we did not have before. It is not to be wondered at. It is only natural; it is only human. Among all the belligerent nations you will find the same thing. Our people have grown war-weary, and they are anxious to get back to something like normal conditions just as quickly as possible. To-day, our people are wondering as to whether or not the nation is ready to take hold of the new job that faces us. You see a great deal of criticism in the press; you hear it on the streets, in the street cars and in the homes, from the platform,—everywhere you hear the question asked as to whether the government or governments in this country have made the necessary plans and preparations to cope with the new problems that stare us in the face. That is the question I propose to discuss with you for a short time to-day.

I suppose, Mr. President, it would be entirely out of place for me to talk politics to a gathering of this kind; but I intend to say one or two words on the side, and in doing so I trust I shall not trespass on the rules of your club. There is a good deal of questioning to-day also in reference to what is likely to take place at Ottawa. There are rumors afloat throughout the country to the effect that there is a good deal of dissension at the Capital; that within Cabinet circles conditions have arisen that would seem to indicate a break up, leading shortly to a general election. I am here to tell you, and I think you have a right to know,—that, so far as I see the situation, there is not the slightest indication at Ottawa that there is to be anything in the nature of a smash at any time in the near future. We have taken up our new task as we took up the old. We realize the dangers and the difficulties that confront the nation. We recognize fully that we have a tremendous job on our hands, and I think I can say there is not one single member of the government who does not believe that it would be criminal during the next few months to force a general election upon our people.

No! There is too much at stake. The problems, the immediate problems which this nation has to face are too important to play politics just now. I say they are too im-

portant; and I wish to assure you that as far as the Government is concerned, there is not the slightest tendency in that direction at the present time. We propose to continue until our soldiers are home; that is, provided a majority in Parliament will permit us to do so. In my opinion, there should be no election in this country until our soldiers have returned and are demobilized. Surely, if any men have ever earned the right to exercise their full rights of citizenship, they are those men who have carried on over there during these last three or four years. It would not be fair to have an appeal to the electorate until those men are back, so that they may have an opportunity to take part. They should have a chance to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with conditions in Canada, in order that they may have their share in establishing whatever government is deemed advisable to carry on the nation's affairs.

Just a word or two in reference to a term which is bandied about so much these days—the word “reconstruction.” It implies a great deal. It implies more in some other countries than it does in our own. It conveys the idea of a smashing, a breaking down, a destruction of things, both physical and otherwise. We have not had very much of that sort of thing in Canada, we have been fortunate enough to be out of the war area. Reconstruction, as applied to countries like Belgium, Northern France, Serbia, Roumania, and other European countries—is a very different thing from what it is in Canada. While Canada to-day is an entirely different Canada in many respects from what it was four years ago, we have our reconstruction problems; and, to put the matter in a nutshell, I think I can perhaps express it best in the following way. Our people, as a result of this war, are thinking in a different way to-day from what they did four years ago. There is more independence of thought. Our people's hearts and souls have been touched as they were never touched before. There are many people who have the idea that we are going to assume our old normal conditions shortly. That is not true. The old conditions and old modes of thought have gone forever. Our people have at last wakened up to the idea that they must take an interest in the public affairs of the country.

In pre-war days, our people took an interest in public affairs only immediately prior to an election—and even at election time a very large number of people did not use their judgment at all. They simply followed their old party leaders, regardless of the consequences. The people of Canada are not

in that humor to-day. There are a good many people who have a very different notion of their citizenship. On the other hand, there are those who think that all they have to do is to beat the big drum and their faithful followers will fall in line as in the days of yore. It cannot be done. It won't be done. The people of Canada intend to follow a different course. When the time comes—when the people of this country have an opportunity of deciding what government they shall have and what policies shall be put in force, the old party cries and the old party ties will have but little, if any, attraction.

In Canada, we have some reconstruction problems that should have been taken in hand long ere this. We have not been progressive in our national policies, we have been lagging behind the times. Our reconstruction work for some years to come will embrace very largely the putting into operation of policies that will tend toward the proper development of Canada and the bettering of the conditions of our people.

Many people wonder if anything very serious in the way of an upheaval is likely to take place in Canada. I say frankly, I do not. We are not going to have anything in the nature of an earthquake. We shall have but little Bolshevism, and that only in spots. The great majority of our people are moderate and sane; and we are certain to come through the post-war period with a minimum of trouble, with very much less trouble, I think, than they will have in many other countries. By that, I do not mean to say that we won't have unrest and disturbances. These conditions are bound to prevail for some time. On the other hand, however, I believe the people of Canada are so constituted from every standpoint that real Bolshevism cannot appear and thrive in our midst to any extent. To prevent it you business men must play your part. You have your share of responsibility. Unless the central government, our provincial and municipal governments, our various national organizations, our business men, and our people generally, all join in playing their part in dealing with the problems we now have on hand—there may be danger of our having something worse than unrest throughout the Dominion.

As your president intimated, I have come here mainly for the purpose of discussing with you the work of a committee created at Ottawa very shortly after the armistice was signed. I refer to what is called "The Repatriation Committee of the Privy Council." Let me state briefly the immediate problem that confronts us. We raised an army of nearly 500,000 men. Many of these have returned home. It is estimated that we

now have overseas some 250,000 men; and that, in addition, we have nearly 3,000 munition workers who crossed to Great Britain to help in factories there. Besides, it is estimated we have 50,000 dependents in Great Britain—soldiers' wives and their families. According to the best estimates, there are now in Great Britain and Europe a total of 300,000 Canadians with their dependents to be brought home.

It is calculated that we cannot bring home more than 30,000 a month. A good many of our people are inclined to complain because this work cannot be carried on more expeditiously. Our various Departments, and particularly the Militia Department at Ottawa, are simply deluged with requests to bring people home. Everybody wants to come home first or else wants his or her relatives to come home first. That is simply impossible. The rate at which our people will come back, soldiers and dependents, is determined largely by two factors—the shipping factor and the railroad factor. Insofar as shipping is concerned, there is a possibility that we may be able to bring our people home at a rate exceeding 30,000 a month; but, insofar as our railways are concerned, the whole question has been gone into thoroughly; and we know as a matter of fact that it is impossible for our railways in Canada, with the facilities they have at their disposal, to handle more than 30,000 a month during the winter season. As a consequence, there is bound to be discontent and all sorts of grumbling and complaint. That, however, cannot be avoided. We might as well take it for granted now that ten months at least will roll round before our soldiers are all home.

Well, of course, the bringing of these people home is only a small thing. Arrangements have been pretty well completed, insofar as that is concerned. Arrangements have been made to handle those people as expeditiously as possible. If I had time, I might go into the details; but I shall not take up your time with that end of the discussion. Simply let me assure you of this, that in making arrangements in the Old Country and gathering those people together, putting them on ships, carrying them over on the ships, landing at the harbors, caring for them in the harbors, and carrying them to their homes,—every detail is being carefully worked out. There is still cause for complaint. Things happen that should not happen. You must remember that there are a great many people dealing with this problem; but I wish to assure you of this, that insofar as all the details of transportation are concerned, every possible thing is being watched day by day and studied out and improved;

and we hope the machinery will be soon in full operation and that there will be very little cause for complaint in the future.

Well, now, as I say, that is only a small thing, a small end of the work of bringing our people home. The big end of it has to do with what we are going to do with these people when we do bring them home. I refer particularly to our returned soldier, and he must be repatriated. What does that word mean, in essence? It means, that we must use every effort to put every one of those soldiers back into our civil life, put them back in such a way that they will be useful citizens, that the conditions in which the individual soldier lives will be at least equal to, if not better than, they ever were before. That is our problem, and it is not a slight problem. People ask, is the Government ready? Many have an idea that nothing has been done, that chaos exists at Ottawa, that we are totally unprepared, that we have not given any thought or attention to that problem. Well, that is entirely erroneous. I say, it is entirely erroneous. As a matter of fact the Government, in its various departments and its chief officials,—has given a great deal of time and attention, thought and study, to the various problems that surround that question; and a good deal of progress has been made. I will give you some indications.

The problem is not new. We have been at war for four years. The problem has been on our books for some time. We have brought home and cared for and placed back into the nation a good many thousands of men; so that it is only a continuation of the work that we have been doing previously, simply on a larger scale. What has been done in that direction? In the first place, so far as demobilization is concerned, while our men were coming back in small numbers very little difficulty was experienced. The Department of Militia had carefully worked out all the plans for the demobilization of the army after the war had ended. The matter had been gone into. Officials went over there, the very best officials went over to Europe, to Great Britain, and sat down with the best government officials there and went into this whole problem exhaustively and worked it out in all its details.

Then the armistice came and the question arose as to the demobilization, and all our plans were upset overnight. We had to scrap, to a very large extent, all the plans that had been made, and they had to be scrapped because the boys in the army would not come home the way it was decided they should come home. I am not going into the story. I don't blame them

at all. But the result of it was, we had to get busy, (and it was no easy job), and devise other ways and means of undertaking that plan. Plans are practically completed. General Mewburn gave me the assurance that all the details of the new plan are practically worked out; and that everything will be in operation very, very shortly—and, I am sure, successfully as well.

But I merely mention that to show you that, in connection with this problem we have on our hands, no matter how carefully you may plan and prepare, all your work may be scrapped overnight because new conditions arise that may make your work impossible. I have found that out, time and time again, not only in connection with this, but with other problems, both war work and peace work. We have very little to guide us. We have not had any experience in the way of demobilization. We have got to face experiences as they arise from day to day, and we never know from what quarter some condition may arise that will upset our whole plan. In normal times, it is very easy to carry on the work of the government, because there is precedent to guide you; but, in times like these, it is all new, and one has to use the best brains one has in order to meet the various situations as they arise. Well, that was one problem that was dealt with.

Here is another; and that is, the question that has arisen in this country of ours of Soldiers' Settlement. You know, the idea that many people have, with regard to that and kindred problems, is very strange. Why, it is just as easy as rolling off a log. Every man on the street has a solution; every man on the street could solve a problem like that, or any other difficult problem, much more quickly than that darned old Government at Ottawa. The Government at Ottawa apparently is dead and doing nothing, and doesn't know how to do anything; but if you only gave him a chance, he says, he would fix it up very quickly. Well, let me tell you, there is no more difficult problem, in a sense, that we have to face in this country than that question of Soldiers' Settlement. It is a tremendous task and involves an enormous amount of money.

You must remember there are varying conditions; there are all sorts of land difficulties, all sorts of land, and all sorts of prices; there are various kinds of agriculture carried on in the various provinces. In some cases the Federal government owns the land; and, in others, the provinces. Some provinces will agree to one thing, and other provinces will not, and so on. Some two years ago, the then government decided on a

policy, so far as land settlement is concerned, of giving to the soldiers Federal Crown lands. These lands, of course, only existed in three provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. You might say two provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta, because there are practically none left in Manitoba available for settlement.

That was decided on as the policy, so far as soldiers' settlement was concerned;—to give to the soldiers the right to settle on Federal Crown land with a promise of assistance to the extent of some \$2,500. In addition to that, it was laid down as a matter of policy that if a soldier desired to go ahead by himself, to go on previously owned land, or on his own farm, or on Crown land in the provinces,—the Federal Government would advance a loan up to \$2,500. That policy was laid down over a year and a half, or two years, ago. It is there to-day. We have no further statutory provision. But then we began to look into that question, to get down to rock bottom; and we found that there was not in this Canada of ours sufficient suitable land to meet the situation available for settlement, and I am speaking now of land classed as suitable and available; that is, within proper distance from railway and other facilities.

As a consequence, the Government has had to consider the whole question anew; and we recently came to the conclusion, after discussing the matter with the Premiers of all the provinces, that the door would be opened, and opened wide, and that opportunity would be accorded whereby our soldiers could be placed upon purchased land. I say, on purchased land. We have got millions of acres of land in this country of ours that has passed away from the Crown. This land is now in the hands of private owners, is not being used, but is being held for speculation; and a decision was reached that that land should be made available in order that our soldiers might get the benefit of it. Instead of forcing them to go away out on the fringes of our settlements in Canada, away from our railway and other settlement facilities, we intend to give them the opportunity of settling down right among our people in this country.

It is only right and proper that they should have that chance. They will succeed there where they would never succeed in the world, in my judgment, if they were put out on the other plan. Well, let me tell you, it took some little time and thought. I took part in it, and I know what it meant. By and by, we reached a settlement; and now the ground work has all

been covered. When the necessary legislation is put through, as it will be put through shortly by both Federal and Provincial houses, I am sure we will have placed on the statute books of this country a policy that will meet the situation so far as settlement of the soldiers is concerned. I am convinced of this, as well; if we had attempted to follow along the other lines that had been mapped out, failure was written all over. We now have a chance to succeed; and, more than that, the soldiers will go out on that land (and there will be some thousands and thousands of them who will do it), and they will also have a chance to succeed,—which is the most important thing.

Well then, Mr. President, the people overlook the work that has been planned for and done so well by our different Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment departments, under Sir James Lougheed, work previously carried on by the Military Hospitals Commission. The Government takes the position that, insofar as the disabled soldier is concerned, the man who comes back unwell, unfitted, disabled, not prepared to take his place again in our civil life;—that the state owes a duty to that man, that the state must take hold of that man and refit him for his place in the community. We have been doing that work for two years. We have something like 150 institutions of various kinds scattered throughout the country for the purpose of giving medical treatment to men of that class; and many of those institutions, most of those institutions, have done splendid work. We have already taken and treated and fitted, as well as we can, something like 3,000 men; and have placed them (that is, after treating them, bringing them back as far as we can to a normal condition, and training them for special work) we have placed something like 3,000 of these men, soldiers broken in the war, back in the civil life of Canada. Our people do not get that. As a matter of fact, the Department over which Sir James Lougheed presides has been doing splendid work.

Just let me say this again, and I say it in all seriousness, that it is only natural and human that people should kick and complain about the mistakes that occur. None of this work that we are carrying on is perfect. It cannot be. We have had the greatest difficulty in this country to provide facilities with which to do this work. Look at the situation in Canada insofar as Vocational Training is concerned. Our nation is miles behind so far as that work of technical education is concerned. We have not the institutions in the country. We have

not the trained men who can do that work, and when we created that department for the purpose of helping those men who had been broken in the war,—with the intention of assisting them to the fullest extent in our power, so far as technical education or vocational training is concerned,—it was no easy job.

We had to create an entirely new organization, erect buildings in different places, equip those buildings, get the staff (which, after all, is most important—and the hardest thing to do is to get the men to undertake that work). I simply wish to say that, while there may be a great many not completely satisfied with the work carried on; yet, in my judgment, after having gone into the work of that department as carefully as I have, and knowing the difficulties that have been met and the work that has been done, the accomplishment has been great. And we trust that, as our men continue to come back, we will be better able to give those of that class the training they require to put them back in civil life.

Well, then, at our last session we anticipated this employment problem that we have on our hands by providing for an arrangement whereby both Federal and Provincial governments could co-operate in the establishment of labor bureaux throughout Canada, on the basis that each would contribute one half. That was done after consultation with the provinces. They agreed that bureaux of that kind should be established. Already some thirty of them have been set up and are in operation. It is expected that some thirty-four more will be in operation very shortly; and we will have, from ocean to ocean, sixty-four employment agencies set up for the purpose of dealing with the problem of finding employment, in the first place for the soldier, but also for our civilian population as well. There is another feature that I will touch on later. I merely mention these things to show you that, insofar as the general problem is concerned, the Government entirely anticipated some of the work that would have to be done; and that we gave a good deal of consideration, thought, and study to these problems, and we were not entirely unprepared when the time came.

You ask why this committee was set up? I will tell you very briefly. We found that, insofar as the general problem of Repatriation was concerned, no less than, I think, six departments of the government were dealing with some phases of its different aspects. There were, the Militia Department, Interior (under which the Soldiers' Settlement Board acts), and

Labour Department,—looking after industrial conditions and Labour conditions. We had Sir James Lougheed's Department, and the Immigration Department was dragged into it; so that, all told, we had, I think, six departments, all having some phase of the work to attend to. In addition to that, there were various organizations throughout the country also interested and taking part in this work. For example, there was the Soldiers' Aid Commission, established through the whole country under provincial law, assigned definite duties, with thousands of branches everywhere, doing splendid work, but working in the same field. And then there were the Patriotic Fund, women's organizations, Great War Veterans,—all doing splendid work in Canada. In other words, when the armistice came, and we had this new problem in a larger way on our hands and began to look into it and saw all the forces that were in operation, we found all sorts of overlapping,—overlapping in work, in expenditure, and in effort;—we simply made up our minds that some central body should be created in Ottawa whose business it would be to overlook this whole thing, get the people into consultation, and define their work fairly and definitely, in order that everybody would not be trampling on everybody else's toes.

Well, there was a good deal of annoyance about it. This committee was created for that purpose. It has been in operation now for five or six weeks. It consists of five or six members of the government whose departments are concerned. We have met every day for an hour during the last five or six weeks. We have just kept our minds on this problem all the time.

In addition, we created what is classed as an inter-departmental committee; that is, a committee below our own, consisting of all the chief officials of the departments. That committee has been at work for some weeks as well; and as a consequence of the work that has been done in that direction, insofar as organization is concerned, we are pretty well secured. They have kept in close consultation with us and they are "Right there." The Great War Veterans have a committee of three sitting there constantly. We expect they will have some five or six men whose business it will be to travel throughout the whole country, getting in touch with the various organizations, in order to make their men thoroughly acquainted with the plans and organizations of the government. When you have a problem like this on hand, the best way to do is to get out and get at it by personal touch, not by pamphlets

and literature, but by men actually on the job; and I consider one of the best agencies we will have, insofar as this work is concerned, will be the different field secretaries that we have who will bring the message actually home in person to the various organizations throughout Canada that will be interested in this work.

We have also all the women's organizations of the country represented on our committee. Three ladies represent these various organizations, and one of them is there all the time. Of course, we want our women's organizations to play their part.

We have swept in all the municipalities, through the officers of the Municipal Union; and the secretary of the union is there. I might indicate what we asked them to do. One of the questions that naturally comes up is as to how our municipalities are to assist in this question of employment. We have asked the Municipal Unions to ascertain, as rapidly as possible throughout the whole of Canada, what the program of all our municipalities is for next year, insofar as public works are concerned. That touches on the question of employment, and we have been holding up our public works for the past four years.

But that doesn't get at the problem. It doesn't get at the problem of organization. So far as that problem is concerned, it can accomplish but very little after all. That is, to say, by creating an organization to do this work—you do not provide jobs. That can only come through some source which, if I have time, I will touch on a little later. I have merely touched in a very general way on what the work we have on our hands means. We have endeavoured to get in touch with all the various organizations in Canada that are playing any part in this problem. Our churches are of assistance, and our women's organizations and various other organizations will help. We have been bringing in their chief officials, and have sat down and discussed the problem with them; and, as a result, we have a very complete organization in sight. Insofar as the whole country is concerned, there is no danger of unemployment; because we will have in being very shortly, (it is practically completed) an organization that should be competent to handle this problem without any question.

Well, what is the crux of the whole situation? It is this, that there are too many people in Canada who are prone to put this job entirely upon the back of the Government. That is not the place for it. I say again, that is not the place for it.

This problem, of repatriation of the soldiers and the caring for those thousands of dependents who are to come home, will never in the world be solved by any government. There is only one way in which it can be solved, and that is, by the people of this country. Unless our people, unless our country, rallies to help in the solution of this problem,—well, I am afraid we are steering straight for serious trouble. This job is a national one, it is a personal one. The question, in my mind, which every one should ask himself now, is not, "What is the Government doing," but "What am I prepared to do?" You know, it is better to be penny wise now than pound foolish a little later on.

As I intimated in the first part of my remarks, I do not anticipate trouble in this country. I do not look for it because our people, during all these trying times, have shown themselves to be splendid to the last degree. Our people have not shirked their responsibilities in war time, and I believe that they will not shirk them in peace time. I believe that our people, who did what they did in the way of raising men, sending them across, supporting them while there, raising the necessary funds in this country to carry on the work, doing what they did in the way of production and in a hundred other ways,—I say, people who did that in war time are not going to fall down in peace time. A nation that produced the army that smashed its way through, after four years of war, all the way from Amiens to Mons, after having lost in casualties something like 200,000 men during the war; a nation that produced such an army as that army was, resting in honour at historic Mons when the armistice came; the people who produced an army like that are not going to fall down on this peace task that we have now taken hold of.

But, again I say, the problem is yours, and it is the problem of all the people of Canada; and if there is one idea more than any other I would like to bring home, not only to those in this room, but to every man and woman in Canada, it is this—the time has come when they, when you, must take up your share of this work; because, after all, the greatest thing we can do is to see that when these men come back to this Canada of ours,—these men who have done so nobly, these men who have fought your battle and my battle, protected your home and my home, and your property and my property;—I say, the one thing they have a right to demand from us as citizens, and the one thing I am sure we as citizens will do, is to see that every last man of them has an opportunity to get back

into our civil life at the very earliest opportunity, and into conditions of which we as a people and as a nation will not be ashamed.

Mr. President, the time is passed, and all I wish to say in conclusion is, that I thank you and the Club for having given me this opportunity of saying these few words.

(January 13th, 1918.)

Zeebrugge

BY CAPT. CARPENTER, V.C.*

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I do not want to waste any time. I would like to sum up everything that is aroused in my mind by your reception, by the words "thank you." And we will get on with the work.

Now this story, if gone into completely, would be a very long one; in fact my own opinion is it would take about five hours to tell; and as some of you want to get back to your offices I am going to try to condense it considerably.

This (indicating Germany) is the country that I was told captured that one (England). I do not believe it because I come from the latter. The former is the land of good beer and bad Kultur.

Here is Flanders. On the coast of Flanders there are no natural harbors, only artificial ones, and they can be kept open only by continual dredging. On that coast the sand is continually moving. It is a most extraordinary thing, and is more marked there than on any other coast in the world. One of the results is that that coast is a mass of shoals, and those shoals are always on the move. Only by continual dredging can the ships navigate in safety.

During the war that coast has been in German hands and it has not been possible for us to sound in those waters, with the result that any navigation done in there has been very risky.

Now the main German base in Flanders was Bruges, nine miles inland, consisting of lakes and canals connected to the sea by canal systems, one leading to Zeebrugge, and another one down to Ostend. Bruges is a very modern and straight canal. Bruges was the dock yard. Submarines did not stay at Bruges nor at Ostend, although there were one or two ships at each place for patrol work. Bruges is where they got their fuel.

*Captain Carpenter, V.C., etc., commanded the "Vindictive" on the memorable occasion of the blocking of Zeebrugge Canal in the Spring of 1918. His address was illustrated with lantern slides.

The canal of Zeebrugge was very modern, absolutely straight, and very deep; in fact, light cruisers passed through it. To block that canal effectively, we had not only to block it at Zeebrugge, but also at Ostend. Now, we attempted to block the two on the same night, but the one at Ostend did not come off very well. We made a second attempt, but it turned out afterwards, from information we got, that it did not very much matter because they could not place any of their decent craft through there.

This (indicating) is a plan of the entrance to the canal at Zeebrugge. The entrance to the canal is between two curved piers. Here is the shore line and the whole thing is flanked by the now famous Zeebrugge Mole. Ships had to go from the north in between these two piers, down the entrance to the channel into the lock, through the lock, and down to Bruges.

Now, owing to the shifting of the sand on that part of the coast, it is not all navigable right up to the coast line, with the result that in the entrance, the navigable channel is very narrow. There (indicating) is the left hand pier in the entrance, and there is the right hand pier; and this sand you see in the picture is dry. You must not imagine that because the width between the two piers is considerable that the width of the navigable channel is considerable. At this point (indicating) there is no water. Here, you might say there is one foot; here, five feet; here, twenty feet, here five feet; here, nothing. This is a very important point bearing on the story.

The Mole also plays a very important part in the story. The idea of the Mole was to allow the tide to flow freely, to carry away any sand which might accumulate off the entrance to the canal. Now, if the Germans wished to get reinforcements on the Mole in a hurry the best way to do it was by a main railway which ran from the shore across a viaduct and out to the Mole. If, on the contrary, we wished to prevent the Germans from getting reinforcements on the mole, our best plan was to remove the railway. That is what we did.

This picture shows a portion of the Mole. This portion is over a mile long, 1,835 yards. Its breadth is over eighty yards. It is an immense structure. In America, I never fail to tell the Americans of it and that it is bigger than anything they have got in their country.

Here is a German destroyer alongside the inside of the Mole. This photograph was taken a few days before we went across. We used to photograph this place from our aeroplanes every day, sometimes from a height of 16,000 feet. There is

a German destroyer lying alongside the Mole in one of the favorite positions for them to lie. You get some idea of the size of the Mole from this picture; it is an enormous structure. There is a high wall that stands up above the Mole; the top is actually twenty feet above the level of the Mole, and the top of that wall again is twenty-nine feet above high tide and forty-four feet above low tide. It was never intended that any ship would ever go alongside there (on the outside) and there is nothing for the ship to secure to. The other side of the Mole, on the contrary, was built for ships to go along; the top of the wall there is only nine feet above high tide. It is the proper side to go along the Mole, so we went the other side.

This next picture shows a section of the outer wall. This very high wall was built with the object of preventing heavy seas from washing everything away on the Mole. The top, as I said, is twenty-nine feet above the level of the water. Any one wishing to get from it on to the Mole proper crosses over a wall twenty-nine feet high, drops four feet, crosses a gangway, and drops sixteen feet on to the Mole.

Now, the end of the broad part of the Mole is here (indicating) and then the Mole narrows out into what is really little more than that high outer wall I was telling you about. The latter runs right out 360 yards further to the lighthouse. On that lighthouse extension they had a battery of seven guns, and on the broad part of the Mole they had a battery of three heavy guns,—three guns that really mattered.

As I told you just now, the ideal place for blocking the canal was in that very narrow part between the right and left end piers. Any ships had to go from the north down here and down to the entrance; in other words they had to pass in point blank range of those three guns. It could not be done. A ship could not pass. In a matter of fifteen or twenty seconds she would be on the bottom. And, for that reason, when the *Vindictive*, *Iris* and *Daffodil* went to storm the Mole they went around to the left so that their landing parties might storm the Mole and put those guns out of action before the block ships arrived.

From reading the papers, I imagine the people think this attack was a sort of spectacular thing to make another tradition for the navy, or an advertisement, or something of that kind. I really do not know what they think, but from the way people talk here they seem to think this attack on the Mole was the important thing. But it was really only a minor part

of the operation. The main thing was to block this canal; anything else was purely subsidiary to it.

Now, in addition to those three guns there, they had all sorts of defences; barbed wire here; trenches there—because they always anticipated an attack on that portion of the Mole. Consequently, they had guns, searchlights, and so on. In addition to that, they brought four barges from the Rhine and they put them out across the basin of the Mole there, with the object of preventing any ship from coming across that way or small craft coming in and firing torpedoes. Here (indicating) they had a Maxim gun, but it did not stay there long.

This line of entanglements inside the Mole harbor was placed there so that if the ships came in they would get their screws entangled and the ships would be helpless. So, any ships coming down from the north had to pass between the ends of the barges, within point blank range of those three heavy guns for a matter of three hundred yards.

This next picture shows the lighthouse extension; on the outer side there were seven guns. Now, if you can imagine a duel going on between those guns and a ship out here to the left of the Mole, say at 1,000 yards, all the ship would see of that gun would be just the muzzle of the gun. Her chances of hitting that would be very small. In fact, if she did hit it, it would be just as if you holed out in one in golf. But what about the gun itself. If the ship is steaming past at point-blank range (take a ship like the *Vindictive*) that gun could not miss that ship except by a fluke. You could not miss, at 1,000 yards, a ship 120 yards long—except by a fluke. Why, at 1,000 yards firing we used to fire at a target smaller than the lighted up part of this screen—twelve rounds in one minute, and twelve hits. So the duel, between that ship passing out here, and the seven guns, was decidedly unequal.

In addition to those guns there were a great many other things to contend with. On either side of Zeebruge the Germans had in all 225 guns for coast defence purposes; and, out of these 225 guns, 136 were heavy guns. Those guns used to bombard our ships, making it uncomfortable. We used to bombard them at 15,000 yards; then we got better guns and hit them at 20,000 and not so very long ago we carried out our last bombardment at 48,000 yards.

Those big guns made it absolutely impossible for any ships to steal in in daylight. Also, at night time it was impossible for any ships to come within, say, four or five miles because the Germans used to turn on searchlights, fire star shells—and

make it like daylight; so that any vessel within a few miles would have been sunk immediately. You could not steam about either by day or night under ordinary conditions. In addition to that the Germans had all these waters, out to about sixteen miles, mined. That is, most of them—of course they had safe channels.

A lot of people imagined erroneously that we knew where the channels were, and so we had only to steam through them. That, of course, is absolutely ridiculous. Supposing that we did know, and we started on our ten hour trip across. The Germans would only require half an hour's notice to go and mine those channels with the latest mines. It was the most dangerous place on the whole coast, and nobody would ever dream of depending on any information as to the position of any of those channels. We knew those places were mined, and there were two alternatives for us. One was to sweep the channel, a risky business if they saw you doing it; and the other was to chance it—and we chanced it.

Now, in addition to that battery of which I spoke, the Germans usually had patrol craft out, especially at night. Again, they had air craft at Zeebrugge, the biggest seaplane base in Flanders; and those air craft would be up and about more or less, by day; provided, of course, our men were not there. And imagine a German air craft up here, say 10,000 or 15,000 feet, on a moderately clear day he would see our ships leaving, and give the defence warning. They would be all ready for us on half an hour's notice, and the whole expedition would be an absolute fiasco. So, I think you will agree with me, that we had a great deal to contend with. This operation was looked upon as an absolute impossibility.

But there was one saving clause to the thing, and that was the use of smoke. We decided that if we could get favorable conditions, a light wind blowing towards shore, we should be able to drift in behind an artificial smoke screen and take the Germans by surprise. But there were still one or two points to consider; one was, if you drift in behind a fog how are you going to find the place? And there were the German guns on the coast to be considered as well.

This is a picture of the *Vindictive*. It was she who undertook the job. She was a very old ship; but, really, one could not have got a better ship for this job. She had two masts after she was fitted out. We took along nothing that was not absolutely necessary. We put a roof over that fighting top there. We had two guns. That outer wall was at least

twenty-nine feet above the water and any gun in that ship less than twenty-nine feet above water line could not, therefore, fire down on the Mole. That is why we had guns in that fighting top. Those black things are gangways fitted right out over the ship's side, the idea being that when you got alongside the wall you ran down them on to the wall, dropped four feet on the parapet, down another sixteen feet, and then started to work.

The Iris and Daffodil were the other two ships which accompanied the Vindictive to storm the Mole. It was decided that it was ridiculous to put all our eggs in one basket, because the chances of being mined were great. And if the Vindictive had been mined some considerable distance out from the land and thus made the operation impossible, these two would have come in handy for picking up survivors. On the contrary, if we were very close in when mined, these fellows would go on and leave us, and storm the Mole themselves.

A lot of people imagine that we only had half a dozen ships in this operation because that is all they have heard of. Actually there were 156. I do not mean little craft like motor boats making smoke, small torpedo motor boats carrying torpedoes with which to attack the enemy's craft and destroyers just outside the Mole and along the coast; but in addition to those, we had 156 ships. Of course, we had a great many others involved. There was always the possibility, just a possibility, that the Germans might have a rush of brains to the head. They might suddenly come to the conclusion that there were only a few light craft, inferior vessels; and they might send their whole fleet out; and, in case they should do this, we always had on such an occasion our Grand Fleet at sea, ready to intercept the German High Seas Fleet and push them to the bottom.

Now, one talks a lot about the ships, but after all it all depends upon the men. Our difficulty with the men was rather great because we had to keep the thing a secret. Even half an hour's notice would have been ample for the Germans to make the thing a fiasco. At the same time, we wanted men to volunteer for the expedition. Admiral Beatty told me himself if we asked for volunteers he would guarantee me 20,000. We only wanted 1,600 officers and men. So a certain number of men and officers from each ship and squadron were told they were wanted for something hazardous. That was all. We got them down south and gave them

intensive training,—night fighting,—during which time they were not allowed to communicate with shore nor send any letters, so that there would be no possibility of the secret leaking out. They were frightfully enthusiastic, as you may imagine. It had struck me that the men ought to be given a chance to withdraw if they wanted to, so the men were all told that any who wanted to withdraw would only have to give their names in, no reasons would be asked as to why, but they would just be permitted to go. The number of names given in was nil. I had a large number of cooks and workmen on board; and, of course, it was never intended that they should go; but half an hour before we started they put in a request to have their names considered. We really did wrong in taking them, but I took along the whole blasted lot and formed them into stretcher parties and that sort of work.

This picture shows the *Vindictive* actually starting on her trip. It was taken by an officer on another ship. We had flame throwers stationed at each end of the vessel. The Germans invented them, so we thought they must like them. We knew they were very fond of one that would throw thirty or forty yards, so we got them to throw eighty yards. We had two of them. As I have told you, we were required to go at night, on high tide, so that the block ships could get in the canal—because in low water they could not navigate. The wind had to be blowing towards shore. There had to be no heavy seas—so that you could manipulate light craft, and I suppose we might have waited twenty years to get all the weather conditions we required. On the first occasion, we started out with the wind blowing towards shore and it changed and blew from the south. We got all the ships within fifteen miles. The aircraft started their attack and we could not stop them, and it was a very wonderful sight. The admiral had to decide whether to turn back or not, and he rightly decided it would be sheer folly to send men in there with no smoke to cover them; and, very reluctantly, he had to give the order calling off the operation. Those men were going into an operation in which they knew their chances were mighty small, and during all the waiting there was not a murmur among them. They were perfectly splendid fellows. They appreciated the danger, and I had spoken to them and told them, "Now men, you have got to remain in your positions, and you know it. If any man leaves his post during action he is going to be shot."

Our third attempt came off, but we had a certain amount

of trouble. When we got out a way from Zeebruge, it came on to rain—preventing the air craft, on whom we depended to create a divergence,—from going on. It was hard luck on them, it being the one night of all nights they wanted to go. The next thing, because of the mist, the ships bombarding could not find out where they were; and the bombardment started twenty minutes late. About three-quarters of an hour before we got across to Zeebruge, the hawser parted and the Iris and Daffodil were left behind. Twenty minutes before we got to the Mole, it started to blow from the south. Now the smoke had drifted towards shore all right and it suddenly started coming back; and as we came down from the north in a very thick smoke screen and getting very anxious, (we were doing the whole thing by time, and we wanted a few seconds to come along the side where the Mole ought to be,) suddenly the fog lifted; the smoke drifted past us, and left us in clear weather—and 300 yards ahead of us we saw the seven-gun battery. A thousand yards is point blank range,—but 300 yards, I don't know what you would call it. We put on full speed of sixteen knots down to the Mole. We passed the first gun 300 yards off and the last gun fifty yards off. They saw us immediately and started firing. How many times they hit us it would be hard to say. They probably hit us several hundred times. But the gunners must have got a little excited because, I believe, the ship was so close. They simply fired at the first thing they saw. If they had fired at the water line they could have put the Vindictive out of action. They concentrated on the upper part, where the damage to the ship was very small but the damage to the personnel was very great.

During that run down, we lost two senior officers of the storming parties and two of the marine parties. Three or four were killed. We ran down and stopped; the Daffodil came down, as ordered, from the north, and the Iris came along and about 100 yards ahead. They could not secure because, unfortunately, there was a very heavy sea. We never dreamed of head seas. Eventually, the Iris steamed around and came alongside the Vindictive on the other side to send her men over the Vindictive to the Mole. She was very badly hit and fifty-eight men were killed. The Captain of the Iris was also killed. He was a very fine fellow, and he only lived for one thing, as far as this show was concerned, and that was to get his ship alongside. He talked all day about it and probably dreamed all night. He was as courag-

eous as a lion. He had both legs shot off and he went off unconscious every now and then. Every time he regained consciousness he asked, "How are things going?" He kept on asking how things were going on until he died.

There was actually a German destroyer in that position (indicating) that is to say, here alongside us, say eighty-one yards away across the Mole. Well, with the tremendous advances in gunnery, we could hit that ship at eighty-one yards, likewise at 36,000 yards,—and we hit that ship. We kept on hitting her until she went down. After she went down, we had only another 100 yards to make. Immediately we got alongside, we got the gangways out and the men stormed the Mole.

This picture is as accurate as anything could be. I sent it back five times for correction. You will notice there are only two gangways. During that run, out of our eighteen, fourteen of them were shot away. Out of the remaining four, two were so severely damaged that they could not be used. On the remaining two the men stormed it. Once alongside, the whole of the ship was protected by the Mole. Her funnels were showing above the wall and the Germans concentrated on those upper parts. The noise was absolutely an inferno. You never heard anything like it. We were being hit every second. This gives a very fair idea of the task of storming the Mole. The men carried long ladders, twenty feet long, so as to get down sixteen feet from the parapet to the Mole.

This picture shows the actual floor of the Mole. On the outer side is the *Vindictive*, and the men are seen coming down the wall. The Germans, I might mention, had machine guns on the parapet; and they kept potting at the men coming down, so the men had rather a bad time. You can imagine those men going down there with their backs to the enemy; knowing not what was waiting, carrying all their accoutrement, flame throwers, and so on.

Four hundred of those men got down and fought their way along, past barbed wire and machine guns, and got out to those guns at the end of the Mole. Now, the whole thing was done on time. We were due at the Mole at midnight exactly. We were only a minute late. We were there at 12.01 and we had those guns knocked out by 12.18.

Out of 400 men, of course, a certain number were killed, and a number of them were wounded—and wounded so badly as to be prevented from getting up on those ladders. The

Germans discovered where we were on the Mole. They probably got some details of the operation and began shelling with eleven and twelve inch guns from a range of three-quarters of a mile. How some of those fellows climbed back up those ladders, under fire, and carrying disabled comrades, I'm blessed if I know. Out of the 400 men who got on the Mole, the total number who were left behind, including killed and wounded, was twelve. I think you will agree that a very large number of men who got up those ladders again must have done something very fine, and certainly deserved the highest award that could be given.

The majority of those fellows were marines,—R. M. Light Infantry. They could not all be given the Victoria Cross, of course. So they voted in the Vindictive, Iris and Daffodil. They voted to give the decoration to a man in a different regiment altogether, and yet these men admittedly had done a fine thing. If they voted for any other man you can bet your bottom dollar he deserved it. Up in the fighting top we had several guns. They concentrated a terrific fire on the Germans, who soon discovered the trouble and concentrated on the fighting top. Finally they hit and dismantled the guns, and killed every man except one. That man examined the guns and found one gun in order and went on with the fighting. He went on with the fighting until knocked out. But he was not killed.

This picture shows the damage to the Vindictive. Up here on the bridge, everything was wrecked and nearly everybody down on this deck was killed. This is the conning tower here. I was standing here giving instructions. Once there was a sudden burst and two men beside me disappeared. I looked down on deck and saw one fellow lying there. I bent down to see how badly he was hit, and he was blown clear in half. There was a fellow placed to fire rockets in case we could not find the Mole, but the Germans fired so many star shells we had lots of light. I suppose he considered his orders very explicit. I found him lying dead at his post in the morning. Before we shoved off, my First Lieutenant was shot through both legs. He remained above for four hours. My Quartermaster got his arm shot off. On the way across, I had been going for the Quartermaster about the steering. On the way back I had to steer the ship myself, which was a damnsight worse.

This photograph shows the fighting top. There was a gun here, and the crew were waiting behind this door. A shell

killed the whole ten of them. Another crew were located here, and a shell killed seven out of ten. I had my place here (indicating). You can see the whole length, on the side of the ship, from one side. It was thus an ideal position to be. I had one officer in there with me. The place was full of sparks. What was making sparks I don't know. One remaining officer told me there were over two hundred holes through the wall. But neither of us were hit, although we got a lot of stuff through our clothing.

Five minutes after we got alongside, our submarine came along, loaded with high explosives. The Germans saw her coming and ran along the wall right over her with guns, firing at a range of fifteen feet. It was a miracle the crew were not killed there and then. We all considered that they did one of the finest pieces of work ever accomplished. Whatever chance we considered we had, we believed that they had none. Yet they all got through alive. They ran the submarine in, headed her for the viaduct, lighted the time fuse and were taken off in a motor boat; which, although her propeller had come off and she was under heavy fire, managed to keep afloat. When the loaded submarine blew up the viaduct went up, and the Germans on it went up also. I am sorry to say that the commander of that submarine, Lieut. Cameron Sandfield, died a few days ago of typhoid.

There (pointing) is the break made in the viaduct by the submarine. It was so extensive that the Germans finally abandoned it. It was considered unnecessary to do any further damage to the viaduct. The actual break is 105 feet long. The actual time we were alongside the Mole was one hour and ten minutes.

The Thetis, of the blockships, led down this canal here. She was under tremendous fire from heavy guns yet they struggled on, the engineer managed to keep the engines going; and finally sank his ship across the canal. These blockships fought with mines underneath, because we wanted them sunk and had to blow the whole bottoms out of them. The other two ships followed on and when the Intrepid got into position she was sunk. The next one followed on and thought she saw a gap in there, and headed across until she ran ashore. When he was perfectly sure he was ashore on both ends he pressed the button. Now those ships absolutely blocked the channel for five months. Those three ships were sunk with their bottoms blown off. They could not be blown up; they could not be got up because we filled them with

concrete in such a way as to prevent it. We are now trying to remove them.

Here are German photographs taken from a German aeroplane. This is the *Thetis* as she is now.

All these blockships carried crews and a motor launch went in and alongside them under tremendous fire to take off the crews. This launch was designed to carry fifty or sixty men and she brought off 165. The rescue work was most heroic. I do not think anybody believed we would ever get any of those blockship fellows back. We thought all would be killed or captured. Volunteers were asked for amongst motor launches. The work they did was very fine.

The Germans are the most wonderful liars on earth. Here is a photograph taken with the *Intrepid* in the background, with the camera held facing towards Bruges, with the result that they got land in the background. They removed that land and made it look like sea horizon. I have kept one of the photographs they sent out to their papers.

Here is also a German photograph. You can see how the sand in the channel itself is dry, very nearly as far out as the *Intrepid*. The sand is always on the move and if you get any obstruction the sand all gathers around it and it is the very devil to move it. They tried to move those ships but gave up because it was impossible. We made the approach very difficult. Our aircraft dropped bombs on them continually and they had a lot of casualties. They finally got a little bit cleared and managed to get some of their craft out. In fact I believe that was what they were waiting for before they abandoned it.

There is the *Vindictive* after she got back. Directly we got away from the wall, of course we came under heavy fire. Two shells went clean through and did a lot of damage. During the landing, a heavy shell struck the wall and knocked a piece of concrete on the ship's side. We found that chunk of concrete, as you see it in the picture, when we arrived at Dover. The main portion of it is now in the Imperial War Museum in London.

The men were simply wonderful. If anyone were to say anything against my men I would break his neck. But there are lots more fine fellows in the navy, and the army is full of them. What we have to make certain of, is that the whole Empire is full of them. Afterwards, I was talking to one of the lads who had both legs shot off and I asked him if he were sorry that he came. He said, "No, sir; because I got on the Mole."

But if I were to start and talk about my men I would never finish. This picture shows, I think, about all the officers we had left. They showed the men a very good example. I believe the average age of my people on board was twenty-three.

(January 20th, 1919.)

The Returned Soldier and Reconstruction

By HARRY LAUDER.

I didna' get smokin' vera' long (referring to the lighted pipe in his hand). And you can't smoke and talk, especially to a lot of hard heads like you fellows. Oh, yes! you are. Don't say you're not, because you are. I know you are.

The war is over and some of you think that is the end of it. You are wrong, you are only beginning now, only beginning.

There is nothing in this world like personal contact, and I want to tell you men here to-day that the reconstruction of Canada depends entirely upon you. Many of you have not been to the war. Many of you have made vast profits since the war began. Many of you are thinking about nothing else but your bank account and how things are going to fare with you in the future. Now, as business men, I want to tell you this—and I say it in all seriousness. There is only one thing to study to-day; and that is, the reinstatement of the soldier back from the war. You can't do anything at all in Canada until you reinstate those men as civil citizens again; and you will have to be cautious in how you handle them, because those men went across to France and Flanders and elsewhere—and when they had left their jobs for a few weeks they forgot all about their jobs. There was only one thing that interested them, and that was the defeat of the Boche, and they were going to do it.

Those men went into camps, (and I have been with them). They sat in those camps for weeks, aye, they sat in the camps for months. Some of them never got out of the camps. They were lying, lolling, lounging about, from morning till night. They had nothing to do. Then they went to the front. They went into the trenches,—for hours and days and weeks they had nothing to do. It was a great life with some of them. They thought they would never have such a life again. All those men have come back from the war. They

have been away for a long time. They have been accustomed to lying around, waiting; and if they do not get busy in five months when they come back home again, don't lose your tempers and get angry with them and say, "Well, if you don't get a hustle on,—you will have to shift; I will have to get somebody else."

Those men went to fight for you, and you have got to be patient with them, got to be very patient with them. You have got to take them by the hand as you would your own brother, and you have got to ask them their troubles. You have to say, "Now, what can I do for you?" You must know that often when a man comes home from the front and settles down in civilian life again, sometimes when he is doing something, all of a sudden he stops and looks. You wonder what he is looking at. I will tell you what he is looking at. He is looking at the desolation of France. He sees it, aye, he sees it every day. Do not turn on him and say, "Get a hustle on." He can't help it. It was the atmosphere he was in, all for you, all for you and yours.

It is the business men of the cities that have got to take those men to their bosoms. I want you to do it. I want you to do it as a duty to your fellow men and a necessity to your country. They stayed for long years as battlements between you and the enemy; and what those men have gone through and what they have suffered in their anxious moments, there is nobody at all can tell you. You were far removed from the zone of the war in Canada, mind you. You had a man here last week that could picture to you some of the awful scenes of battle. I refer to Capt. Carpenter. There are responsible men in every city that must be responsible for the reconstruction of Canada, and the sooner you get started to that reconstruction the better for Canada. It took a long time to mobilize the men, and take them across the Atlantic, and to fight the fight. But those men are all coming back, and they are coming back in great bunches, they are coming back in great lots, they are all concentrating together—and sometimes they may get discontented. They are getting discontented simply because they are kept waiting. It was a different sort of waiting from what they had in the trenches yon time; because they see the well dressed civilian passing them on the street, and they say, "Here am I that fought the fight, and why can't I do it as well? Why are they neglecting me?" It is a great problem men, is the problem with which we are faced to-day—reconstruction.

I know that the military authorities in the city of Toronto are doing everything possible—but the civilian population, the merchant, and the employer of labor, will have to help. They will have to give everything up for the present time and get those men started again; because, if they have come home to the cities to loll and loaf about, they will become bums in a month or two. They will then have grievances, and those grievances will grow against you, and they will believe what they think. Do not give them time to do that. Do not give them time to sit and have a grievance. Get busy because, I tell you, the great fight was between two Gods, the God of Heaven and the God of Earth—and we know who survived. We know who won. The God of Earth was the God of Destruction and Blood, and stood for everything that was hellish and cruel; and the great God in Heaven was for everything that was good and noble—and those men, those men that I am talking to you about, are the children of that great God, and they depend upon you.

We could talk about the German cruelty for a long while. We believe that God says "Love your enemies." I believe that. But I have searched the Bible and I cannot find a passage where it says that God expects me to love His enemies.

If you were on the side of the God of Humanity, you will have to prove it; and to-day is the day that you have got to start to prove it. It did not take great minds to knock France and Flanders into smithereens. It did not take great minds to sink hospital-ships. It did not take great minds to sink 17,000 men of the British Mercantile Marine to watery graves. To-day is the day that is going to take great minds to build up our reconstruction again. And Toronto as a representative city both in the Dominion of Canada and in the British Empire expects you to do something, and will look to you to do something, and if you ever had an opportunity to square yourself, to go and become an example to your fellow men and to the other cities in the Dominion of Canada and the British Empire,—the day has arrived; and do not let it go by you.

There was only one force in the world that was able to keep back the hellish forces of Prussian rule, and that force was the English speaking race. But, mind you, the Prussian god, of thunder and murder and plunder, shook the ship of civilization from stem to stern; but his Kultur was false, and his Kultur failed, and his Kultur is crumbling to the dust.

I say, men ; when the gentle breezes blow, see that they do not blow any of that German dust into the crevices of Canada. You will have to stand up for a long while, with a duster in your hand, keeping things clean and pure as they ought to be.

I am of the opinion that the corner stone of our reconstruction is the peace pact that we are going to make now, that is in the making ; and that corner stone must be built on a solid foundation. It does not matter how long it takes us to dig down to get that foundation ; we are quite willing to wait so long as we know that we are on the right track. We must get down to a proper solid substance. We must build this time on the rock of Justice and Truth ; and, when we build, let us take our building right up to the sky—higher than the sky. Let us take it right up to God this time. None have had such foundation as we have to-day. Our foundation is human, based on the bones and blood of the best men that the world has ever known.

The war is over. Are we going to lie back in our big easy chairs and smoke our cigars and say, "All right, the war is over." The war is not over, men, the war is going to last as long as there is a soldier walking the street in his uniform, and the longer he walks about the more discontented he will become. The English speaking peoples to-day are supreme. Do not let us forget those things, and let us take away everything that does not make us supreme. Let us take those things all out. We must be supreme ; and our aim is Divine. Everybody knows that we did not fight for territory or for glory. We fought for victory over our enemy, and although we had the greatest army of all time, eight and a quarter million men on the front, and another quarter million men doing duty at home ; eight and a quarter million men willing to lay down their lives for humanity—yet we gave it all up to France. We handed it all over to Foch. We even handed over our strategy. And we followed Foch, fought with Foch, fell with Foch ; and, thank God, we had a victory with Foch.

After all the sacrifice, are you going to sit down and say the war is over? As long as there is a man from this war going about the streets in uniform, you have not completed your duty. I hope the day will not come when we will have to criticize the slacker and the shirker in the reconstruction, as we had to do sometimes during the war. And let there be no slackers ; let every man stretch out his hands and say,

"Here am I. I want to be a shareholder in the bank of humanity." Christ died for humanity, and our soldiers died for humanity. Let us put our resolutions into action and stand as solid as the Rock of Ages in this great problem we are passing through. Let us hope our sacrifice will make us face the future with faith; it is to be the testing of the English-speaking people. We have a right to be proud of the English-speaking world to-day because we were triumphant in the trenches, triumphant in the air, and we were triumphant on the sea. Oh! what a triumph there was on the sea. Oh! what a humiliation to the enemy. But you do not realize it. Some of you think it was all in the days preceding. Yes, but if you had been across yonder on the other side; and if you had seen yon great battle ships, with the wee curl of blue smoke always curling up over the side of the funnel ready to steam out in two minutes, at any time, and the men lying at their posts, at their guns, everywhere on board ship,—with their great coats muffled around them, ready at any moment to go out into the North Sea and face the enemy. Are those men going to be left to walk the street when the things are all over? It depends upon you. You are the responsible men at the finish.

Two Jack Tars were leaning over the rail of one of our battle-ships, when they were bringing home the German fleet. One of them said to the other, "Bill, what do you think of them?" Bill said, "Well, I don't know, but I think they are a lot of rusty sardine tins." Jack was silent for a long time, then Bill said to Jack, (it was a commander on board, standing on deck quite close beside these two men, that told me,) "What are you thinking about, Jack?" Jack was silent for three or four minutes in which he never spoke a word. "Well," he finally said, "I am thinking about my holidays." "Well what about them?" said Bill. "What about them?" replied Jack, "Lor' love me! just look at the rust. It will take us months and months to scrape that bleeding stuff off of there. We cannot take them up to Whitehall in that condition you know, Bill." Jack thought they were going to take the German fleet right away up the Thames to the House of Commons, yonder. Oh, but they found a better place for them than that! They are tied on to Scotland now. Scotland, to-day, is the grave of the German naval hopes. And, what we get, we keep. You know, Scotland to-day is very proud. Fancy, we are the keepers of the German navy. They will never get it back. There will be a terrible struggle. You

know how the two fellows fought like tigers or bears or lions with a Scotchman, to rob him; and when they came to his pocket he had only a threepenny bit in it. They would have an awful struggle to get away a battleship.

I told you a while ago that 17,000 British Mercantile Marine men laid down their lives. Oh, these German pirates were the pollution of the seas! Men, the British Mercantile Marine must be considered one of the bravest arms of the British Empire. Because, when they were torpedoed, when they were rescued from a watery grave—probably after floating about and hanging on to a spar for hours, (aye, some of them for days),—when they were rescued, they did not go home and sit at the fireside and shudder at the name or the thought of the Germans' piracy. No, no! A British Mercantile Marine man, when he got ashore and got a new suit of clothes on his back, went up to the ship office and said, "When does the next ship sail?" That is the British sailor man.

Yes, those men, the British Mercantile Marine and the Seamen's Union and the Dockers Union, want the Kaiser and those responsible for those 17,000 murders; and we have got to get them. If we do not get them; then our international law and our common law is a joke, and we are a lot of jokers. Suppose I said to you to-day, "Let us go and burgle Smith's house," and you said "All right." We go and break into the house, but Smith interrupts us in the execution of our nefarious occupation and says to us, "What are you doing here?" We just give him a knock on the head, knock him down, kill him, gather up the jewels and plate and vamoose. In a month the officers of the law come to us and say, "You burgled Smith's house, and you murdered Smith; and you took away his plate and jewels and cash." We said, "Yes, you are quite right. We did all those things. We quite agree with everything. Quite true. But that was a month ago. We have retired since then."

You would not allow men in Canada to commit murder and burgle and then retire. We are not going to allow it in any other country. The British Empire, the doings of the British Empire, and the constitution of the British Empire, are looked upon by the whole of the world as a world example, so let us give the Germans what they asked for, "A Just Peace." And in giving them a just peace, let us not be sentimental about it and say, "Well, the war is over—and what is the good of bothering about the Kaiser. He is growing a beard and has

a withered arm," and all the like of these things. Why, in our own country here, if a criminal commits murder and then tries to commit suicide we take him to the hospital and we heal up his throat; and then we take him out and break it again. You have to be cruel to be kind, and we have got to get the Kaiser and his Junkers.

I wonder how many men here know how many women were at work in Britain during the great war. Five million women were working every day and every night. Thousands of them were down on their knees working, scrubbing and rubbing. They had never done that work in their lives before. Methinks, when they were on their knees, often they said a prayer for their men and their laddies that were at the front. But you are so far away from the zone of war that you did not see those things. You live in the country where the sun shines every day from the heavens, where the sky is high, where the atmosphere is clear. We live in cloudy old Britain, surrounded by the sea; aye, and bordered by the Prussian menace all the time. You would not go to your bed every night and sleep securely if you knew there was an enemy that just lived on the other side of that lake, there; and who might take you any night at any time.

We must live at peace in the world, and that peace can never come unless we get close to one another, unless we get to know one another. The closer we get to one another, the more we will get to know one another; aye, and the better we will get to love one another. It is what the employer in Canada has got to do, to get closer and take hold of that fellow that was at the war, and give him a kindly hand shake and a kindly word; and, man, it will go around the ranks like wild fire. You have only got to handle one soldier at the end of the rank kindly. Man! you should have seen them standing yonder. When a word was spoken, they just whispered from the side of their mouth and it went down the line like wild fire. You want to do it at home.

You know they said old mother Britain was in her decline before the war. She was dying, she only had another couple of years to live, and then she was a dead one. Then the enemy rapped at the door one morning and said, "We are here." Yes, the news went around the world and all old mother Britain's sons came tramping home. They came over the mountains, they came down the plains, and they came over the sea. They came back to the house. Many of them had been away for a long, long while, but they met one another,

they shook hands with one another. They had a cup of tea with one another; and old mother Britain got well again when she saw that, and the boys all left to go away. They said, "Well, now you are all right, mother Britain; we are pleased to see your great recovery and we will write to you." They promised to write to one another. They promised to go over and see one another. The great re-union has taken place—so much so that we all believe it has played a mighty part in the resuscitation of humanity.' We believe that we will never be separated from one another again.

I would like to go back to where I began; and that was, the War. We cannot get away from the war. Do you know why? Because it was the plain man who won the war. Oh, if there were men who went to yon war with fancy ideas in their heads, they were all knocked out in a couple of jiffies. I remember standing one day at a horse-trough; we all had cups in our hands and we went there to drink with the horses. We had big lumps of bread in our hands; and, I tell you, it tasted very sweet. Then we saw men living away down in dugouts. We saw a fellow going about with just one spat on and a kilt on, and just a thin undershirt. He was as happy as the day is long, and he never had such a time in all his life. It was a real life, watching the enemy all the time, watching for fear somebody would come over and kill him.

I tell you, if we do not look after those men, you know they will all break out just the same as they were on the battlefield. They will all go back to it again, and they will go back so quickly that you won't know what is the matter with you, because it won't take them as long to go back again into it as it took them to go to it in the first place. They have experienced it and they know that it is nothing for a man to die as long as he is dying for a cause that he holds to be the best and greatest that has ever been at stake in the world. As for those that have died, their memories will win more than passing thought from those who knew them. Oh, they gave their lives not impulsively, nor in recklessness. They had settled this matter in the depth and not in the tumult of their souls.

Men, the day is wearing on and you are all busy. If you have not thought about the great reconstruction before to-day, I want you to go back to your offices, to your warehouses, and to your shops; and say to yourselves "Put that thing aside to-day, and wait until the soldiers are all restored

again." I want every man here that agrees with my logic as to what ought to be done, I want to ask every man that is in favor of reconstituting the men who come from the war first before they do anything further in self aggrandisement,—I want you to stand up or hold up your hand. Wait a minute, I am not finished yet. You were brave enough just now. You had the courage to stand. Maybe it was because you would not like the man sitting next to you to think that you would not do it. But I will tell you what you have done to-day. You have made a promise. You have made a promise, see that you are British, see that you keep it.

I will tell you a little story of the Western front, then I will finish. I have had quite a lot of little stories come upon me during the war—in the war zone and out of the war zone. I remember being invited by my friend Gen. Gunn here to go down to his camp at Bramshott; and after I had been there, (it was on Sunday), I got a letter from one of his sergeants. He said, "You inspired me to write these lines." Now I used these lines with much effect over in Great Britain and in America and on the Western front. I am not going to give you these lines to-day. You will maybe be fortunate in hearing them some other time.

But I will give you a little story about "Granny's laddie." I met this lad on the Western front. He was from Falkirk, in Scotland yonder, between Glasgow and Edinburgh. I got talking to this laddie, he was a bright lad; and I asked him his age, which he said was seventeen and a half. I asked him how long he had been out there, and he said, "Since a couple of weeks after the show started." That was two years he had been there, and he was only fifteen and a half when he went there. I learned during the conversation that his mother and father were dead and that he had been reared and brought up by his Granny. Man, when he spoke about his Granny he said it in such a kindly way that I at once was taken away back to when I was a wee laddie and stayed with my granny. A lot of you fellows mind well the time when you used to stay with your granny, when you went for your holidays with your granny. Oh, what a time it was! Two spoonsful of sugar in your tea every morning, aye, and two eggs for your breakfast! Oh, how I mind when I was away for a month with my granny and came back again; and mother used to say to me, "This is the last time you go to your granny's."

Well, I was up in the great West, your Northwest here, last year at a place called Saskatoon; and it came on what they

called a blizzard. I had another name for it. I tell you it blew and it blasted and it snowed. Oh, it can snow yonder! Oh! There is nothing to stop it from snowing! It just starts to snow yonder and it snows on. Well, I was snowed in that day,—I had nothing to do. Mrs. Lauder was away seeing her brothers in Saskatoon, and I was all alone. It was Sunday, and I buried my head under the blankets and I was soon on the Western front. I just closed my eyes and I went away to the Western front,—I went away to where my heart is, and ever shall be yonder;—and I was wandering along when I met Granny's laddie again.

(January 27, 1919.)

The National War Savings Committee and Its Work

BY SIR HERBERT AMES, M.P.*

Mr. Chairman and Members of the Canadian Club.—It has been my privilege, in what I am now beginning to regard as a rather extended period of public life, to speak, on more than one occasion, to the Canadian Club of the City of Toronto; and I have pleasant recollections of having been your guest on former occasions. You have always treated me with such courtesy and attention that I look forward to the opportunity of again being with you.

When asked as to the subject on which I would speak today I selected one which, I admit, is not spectacular nor especially attractive if you have come here expecting entertainment, but is one to which I feel it is necessary for me to ask you to give serious attention in the few minutes at your disposal.

The war, we all believe, has come to an end. A general feeling of thanksgiving and intense relief is with us. We are inclined to cast off the memories of the last five years. Canada is as one who has awakened from a deep sleep in which horrible nightmares were present. No, that is not a correct simile; it should rather be one who has come to himself after taking an anaesthetic and being subjected to a surgical operation. Of all human occurrences, war is the most destructive. The period of hostilities, thank God, is over; but the scars remain.

It is hard to assess the losses that come to a country through a period of war. We sent overseas 420,000 men. Of these, 60,000 will not return, for they lie buried for the most part in Flanders fields. 60,000 more are coming back to us broken in health and maimed of limb. It is impossible to estimate the loss which Canada has sustained in the lives of her brave men.

*Sir Herbert Ames is Chairman of the Canadian National War Savings Committee, also Chairman of the General Committee of the Patriotic Fund.

and in the lessened efficiency of her maimed heroes. We can, however, with a somewhat greater definiteness, estimate financial losses. First comes the actual cost of the war; the disbursements made in raising, equipping, and maintaining our troops. This will approximate \$1,400,000,000. Then, we have assumed—and rightly—the burden of supporting the widows and assisting the disabled men. This obligation capitalized would represent an indebtedness of not less than \$600,000,000 more. While it is probably yet too early to accurately determine what financial burden the war has placed upon Canada, I think we may assume that it represents a capitalized amount of at least \$2,000,000,000; that is to say, a debt of \$250 on every individual in the Dominion. As yet we are unconscious of this burden; but it is inevitable that we, and those who come after us, should feel the effects of this war for generations.

On whom does the loss of war fall? Who pays the price? On my way to the office a few mornings ago I passed a burned building; during the night this property had been destroyed. My natural feelings were thankfulness that the fire had not spread, and curiosity to learn if the owner was fully insured. If the latter was the case I was hardly inclined to push my investigation further; and yet, wealth to the extent of the outlay required to erect or re-construct that building had disappeared. The world is that much poorer. The insurance company will distribute the burden on us all; we shall not feel it; but collectively we must make good every penny of that loss.

On the immense sum expended in connection with the war, there is very little salvage; it has gone into munitions, food, clothing, transportation, wages. The exploded shell represents wealth that has absolutely disappeared. Trace it back, the manufacturer may have been paid his price—and a good one; the furnisher of material may have been re-imbursed; the workmen may have all been paid;—but if you follow it back far enough, someone, and in this case the Government, has assumed responsibility to make good that loss.

So throughout the world; the accumulations of centuries have disappeared during the past five years; they must be replaced to put the world back where it was before, and making good those losses will tax to the fullest extent all nations that have been engaged in the war.

Serious though the situation is in Canada, (and had our financiers five years ago been asked to contemplate present figures they would have been aghast) the outlook is hopeful;

and we believe that Canada will be one of the first nations of the world to emerge from the incubus of the war. The war has taught Canadians some lessons of great value; aside altogether from the revival of patriotism, we have learned to know the meaning of "produce, save, invest." One sometimes wonders how we came through the past five years so easily. A partial explanation is given when we note how our trade balance passed from the adverse to the favorable in the later stages of the war. During the past three-and-one-half years the surplus value of exports over imports represents a larger sum than our entire war cost during that time. It is with nations as with individuals; if we can produce and sell more than we consume, then prosperity is ours.

Canada's financing during the war period has been one of the most wonderful chapters of the war. In previous eras our Finance Ministers borrowed in England. In the early days of the war this source was closed to us. For a time we borrowed in the United States, but when that nation entered the war their entire resources were needed for their own activities. Our two Victory Loans, launched less than twelve months apart, which were supported by the Canadian people to the extent of \$1,100,000,000 will go down in history as a most wonderful achievement. Regrettable though the necessity was, if you grant that the money had to be raised, I fail to see how the situation could have been better handled. Our obligations are well distributed over ten, fifteen and twenty years. Eighty-five per cent. of Canada's debt is to-day in the hands of Canadians themselves. Every eighth Canadian is a Victory Bondholder; and, best of all, there has come to us a supreme confidence that whatever situation presents itself we are capable of seeing it through.

But though the sum raised by the last Victory Loan exceeded expectations, it will not be sufficient to carry the Government through the reconstruction period. The Canadian people must be called upon to lend their savings still further to the Government if we are to sustain industry and provide markets for our products when sold abroad.

To the Victory Loan our manufacturing establishments subscribed largely. They lent the Government, in many instances, monies they could well use for re-adjustment and extension. Now that the war is over, their surplus profits will be required to enable them to deal with new conditions. Then, too, while the Victory Loans were in contemplation, the field was cleared of almost every other form of investment. New projects must be floated if our natural resources are to be developed, and it is

to the regular investor that such enterprises turn. Should the Government require—as it will—to make further borrowings; it cannot expect in future, as in the past, to draw upon the industrial surplus nor upon re-investment capital to the same extent as heretofore. If, then, we are to sustain industry during the re-establishment period and the Government is called upon to provide money to this end, it must look elsewhere to borrow. In fact, it must appeal to the small investor, to the war-saver whom the small Victory Bond has created, to the wage earner to whom safety and a good rate of interest is the primal inducement.

Now, it is in view of the situation that I have endeavored to describe that the Government of Canada has found it desirable to introduce what is known as the "War Savings Stamp" idea. The appeal to the small saver has been marvellously successful in Great Britain and the United States. The £1 for 15/6 plan to-day to a large extent, finances Britain's expenditure. In the United States, the sale of War Savings Stamps during 1918 fell but a few thousand short of \$1,000,000,000. Two months ago the Canadian Government named a National War Savings Committee and entrusted to them the task of introducing and popularizing the war savings stamp idea.

You ask, and rightly, what use the Government intends to make of this money? Valuable though it may be to induce our people to save by an attractive form of Government security, the money is not borrowed merely for the moral effect upon the lender. It is needed, and vitally needed, for Reconstruction.

When the armistice was declared, we had 300,000 men overseas. They are coming back to us in large numbers. We welcome them with enthusiasm and escort them through our streets amid the acclamation of admiring throngs; but the best welcome we can give the returned soldier is a good job—an opportunity to get back into civilian life and to support himself and his family with reasonable comfort. Some of our returned men must find homes in the cities; others will seek the country districts. Now, while Soldiers' Aid Commissions and organizations of friendly citizens may do much to secure employment for the returning soldier in our cities and towns; if industrial activity is absent the best of intentions will not find him an opening. Our industries must be busy, then employment will be available. Manufacturers will not make goods unless they can see a market for them, not unless they have customers who can pay the price. Overseas in the devastated countries there is an immense demand for commodities such

as we produce ; but those lands, exhausted by war, have not at the moment the cash with which to purchase. If we are to supply them with goods we must do so on credit, and the banker of the situation is the Canadian Government.

We hear that many of our returned soldiers desire to go on the land. But when we offer them a strip of woodland or a patch of prairie a score of miles from a railroad, where they have no neighbors, no schools, no social life,—we cannot wonder that they are not eager to accept the gift. Men who have grown accustomed to constant companionship do not yearn for a life of loneliness. If, therefore, we are to place soldiers on the land, we must purchase or expropriate areas within reach of civilization. Legislation has already been passed to provide for lending the monies required for buildings, machinery, and stock, and to carry the farmer until his first crop is marketed. If we are to place our soldiers on the land and thereby increase the agricultural output of Canada, the fundamental source of our wealth, the Government must again act as banker. Thus we see that whether the returned soldier seeks employment in city or country, his job depends to a large extent upon the Government being able to lend. This money will be repaid. It does not constitute a permanent debt ; but during the period of readjustment the best service we can give to the country is to produce more, to save more, to lend what we save to the Government in order that the Government may re-lend to promote industry and thus make it possible for our population to find employment.

As I explained a few moments ago, the War Savings Stamp is the promissory note of the Government. It is purchased to-day at \$4.00 ; it is redeemable on January 1, 1924 at \$5.00. It is a short-term loan. At the end of the five years, if the Government finds it inconvenient to repay, there will be offered to the holders some other security so attractive that conversion will be well-nigh universal ; but if the Government finds that it can repay these loans it will do so. What will be the result ? We expect to issue this year, \$50,000,000 of these securities ; we hope they will be all taken up. We believe that several million Canadians will buy them and it is our aim to have a nation of small capitalists. See what it will mean to have this money available for co-operative use five years from now. Hitherto, to develop natural resources we have turned to a few capitalists who could subscribe large sums. May we not expect in the future by the union of many small capitalists to accomplish the same results and to distribute the benefits among the many instead of the few ?

Every one of you should be in this movement. It is of special value to the employer of labor that his workmen should be war-savers. The man with a stake in the community, however small, is a steadier, happier, better employee. Tell your wives about it. They will, I know, appreciate the idea; and the Home Economy Club can help the nation. This is something which fathers can commend to their children. When you buy your boy a thrift stamp and inspire him to win others by his earnings and savings, you are helping him to form a habit upon which his future success may depend. Don't imagine that the well-to-do man is not interested in this plan. He should carry a thrift card, and whenever he saves the quarter should record the act. His example will be followed by others.

The National War Savings Committee is not planning for a "drive." The work that they have before them is not of a sensational character. They intend to carry on a continuing propaganda in favor of thrift, and the degree of success attained will be evidenced by the number of stamps sold. We have divided the Dominion into fourteen districts. Of these, all but one are organized, with Committees at work. I am sorry to have to confess that central Ontario in this one activity is behind, but we hope shortly with your help to organize here.

You may be interested to know of the Montreal organization. It is being developed along four lines. Members of the Rotary and Publicity Clubs have undertaken to interview the retail merchants and secure their consent to sell thrift stamps without commission, as a patriotic service. An industrial committee is interviewing the management of all business houses. One hundred establishments have made a gift, of a thrift card with a dollar's worth of stamps attached, to each employee; and this is being followed up by the formation of War Savings Societies among the workmen. A third committee is organizing the schools, addressing the children, arranging for societies among them. The fourth committee, presided over by Lady Meredith, is interesting the women's organizations; and we expect that eventually they will make a canvass of every home and will explain to the homekeeper the War Savings idea. I know that Toronto develops methods peculiarly its own, and I would not have the rashness to ask you to follow the example of another city, but I sincerely trust that, along similar lines of your own development, an organization may be created here which will produce results commensurate with your reputation for patriotic service.

There will shortly appear a poster issued by the National War Savings Committee. It is hoped that this may bring the

idea we promote to the attention of you all. The poster, (designed by Frank Nicolet, who earned lasting fame for the Victory Loan poster of the soldier of Flanders Fields) depicts a Canadian soldier returned to Canada. He stands in an open field, the smoking chimneys of an industrial town visible in the background. He has laid aside his helmet, tunic, belt and war-like accoutrements, his throat is bare, sleeves rolled up, his head is thrown back, and he is turning from the habiliments of a soldier to grasp the handles of a plough. Across the horizon stretches a rainbow. Beneath the picture is the title: "After the Storm." You see the lesson it conveys. The rainbow, we hope, symbolizes that the deluge of war will return no more. Our soldier boys are coming back to us and must be replaced in civil life. There must be no scarcity of opportunity for their employment. Whenever you buy a War Savings Stamp think of this: "The money I save and lend the Government is by the Government re-lent to stabilize industry, to secure markets abroad for our agricultural products, and to provide employment." It is as much of a patriotic act to "*Save, Produce and Lend*," to-day, as it was at any time during the war.

Now while most of you have probably seen these War Savings Certificates, I am going to describe them even at the risk of telling you something you already know about. This is the War Savings Certificate being issued by the National War Savings Committee. In itself it has no value, because, it specifies no amount. It simply is a vehicle on which the denominator is placed, but it contains all the terms and conditions, and when the denominator is affixed its terms and conditions apply. The denominator consists of what we call a War Saving Stamp. A War Savings Stamp is simply a promissory note of the Government's, payable January 1, 1924. It is sold to you to-day at a discount of \$1. You pay \$4 for it to-day, and in five years the government will pay you \$5 for it. Now, if you only affix one to your certificate, you have a \$5 bond. "Only \$5 you say?" Yes, but that is just as respectable and acceptable in its degree, and is just as much a government security, as a \$50.00 Victory Bond would be. If you put on two stamps, you make it a \$10 security; and if you put on ten of them you make it a \$50 promissory note or public bond payable January 19, 1924.

Now, there are several advantages to this method that will immediately appeal to you and which, you will see, commend it to the small saver. Unlike the Victory Loan, you do not have to pay a fixed instalment on a stated day. Whenever you have \$4 to spare you can buy a stamp. You may be able to buy

two or three this month and none next month. You pay your instalment always on the day it is most convenient for you to do so. In the second place, when you get a number of these stamps, if you have no place to keep them, all you have to do is to step into the first post office and get it registered so that if you lost it you could get your money. In the third place, the government will redeem it at any time for what you paid plus three per cent. interest; and the exact value of these stamps for sixty months is mentioned on the certificate. If you apply to a Money Order Post Office in November 1921, you can get \$4.39 for each of the stamps, or \$8.78 for two. Thus, from the moment your stamp is purchased and stuck on here your money is earning interest. It is very much like a railway train,—it starts slowly. At first it goes slowly, but the rate increases the longer you leave the stamp on the certificate and if you hold it until the end of the period you will be paid 4½ per cent. compound or five per cent. simple interest if we regard it as computed at the end of the period. These are the characteristics. Your payments are optional, it is redeemable at any time, and you can register it at any post office. This renders it absolutely safe.

Now these stamps can be secured at any bank or branch bank or at any Money Order office, or Post Office, railway ticket office or express office. We are in hopes that possibly here in Toronto we will be able to get a very much wider sale than that. If our merchants here consent to do what they are doing in England and the United States, many of them will be willing to patriotically carry these stamps and sell them to you, to make it convenient for you to buy them wherever you are.

In order to facilitate the purchase of them and encourage saving, we have, in connection with that, issued a Thrift card. It carries 25-cent stamps, and every time you can save a quarter on a purchase or any other way you attach that stamp to the thrift card; and when you have sixteen of these you have the equivalent of a War Savings Stamp and you can go to any bank and exchange them for a War Stamp. Of course, this is intended primarily for the children; but it is also intended for everybody. We feel that many people will be able easily to buy their \$4 stamps, one a week or one a month, but we feel also that many others, old and young, will take advantage of this method of saving twenty-five cents at a time. It will have the double value of encouraging thrift and of making an easy way of acquiring an interest-bearing certificate.

(February 3, 1919.)

Vicious Circles and Others

BY PROFESSOR R. M. McIVER.*

AT a regular luncheon of the Club held on the 3rd February, 1919, Prof. R. M. McIver, D. Phil., of Toronto University said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,— The war has been succeeded by a great amount of unrest and disturbance, rebelliousness and revolution, and we may be alarmed at that, we may be excited to see signs of it in this and other countries, or we may even, as some do, feel a kind of thrill and wonder what is going to happen. The one attitude that I think is not necessary is surprise. I do not think we have any right to be surprised. If we are surprised at what has happened I think it must be because we did not realize that in human affairs as outside them there is such a thing as cause and effect. After all you cannot uproot a plant and expect it to grow as it was before. You cannot expect it to grow at all unless you give it a great deal of care and attention, and accordingly you cannot uproot society and expect it to grow as it was before.

Society has been very largely uprooted during the war. Men have been drawn from their occupations, they have been drawn from their environments, their thoughts have been uprooted, their habits have been changed, their whole outlook has been altered. They have been drawn from their occupations and thrown into the most startling and revolutionary occupation, that of destruction, and you cannot expect them to remain in the same state of mind. Their present state of mind was not produced without causes. Cause and effect are the same in human life as anywhere else and if you get one set of causes they naturally bring effects, unless you can introduce another set of causes. That may explain the mysterious title of my address, which the printer has made more mysterious.

I want to speak about certain changes and causes which

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are operating in human society. There are two different sets, one of which you may call the Vicious Circle and the other the Beneficent Circle. I would like to illustrate the former of these, the Vicious Circle. If you take the emotion of fear, most of us will have noticed how our fear often brings to us a kindred fear or brings the very thing we fear into existence. Supposing there were a narrow plankway across an abyss and we had to walk across it our fear would send most of us tumbling down to destruction, but if that plank were across an ordinary street only half a foot from the ground we would not fall at all. Our fear brings into being the very things of which we are afraid. That vicious circle is very common. The fear works usually in a more round-about way but brings the same effect. Take international relations. The fear of others leads men to amass force and that force creates new fears, which leads men to get more force, and so on, and you keep on creating more fear and more force, until the crash. The same applies if you start with the common law of revenge. In the old Highlands clans feuds raged from generation to generation because one act led on to another. The same thing still exists today in countries like Albania. And the same applies, I think, in a great degree to international relations. Now revenge breeds more of itself and so far for that matter does any continued hatred. We must therefore see to it that in our period of reconstruction this spirit is not too much stimulated. There was the other day an ecclesiastic, I think a false one, who came all the way from New York in order to stimulate this emotion. That is very dangerous for more than one reason. One of the most abominable inventions of German militarism was their German gas. When they let it go the wind was favorable and it worked destruction among their enemies but sometimes the wind changed and it came back. There is something like that in warlike emotions continued in the times of peace. They may be directed where you want them but they may come back and cause destruction within the country. A good deal of the cleavage existing today within countries is part of the reflex of the cleavage between countries.

Take another example from the economic sphere. You have vicious circles there. You have the circle of low efficiency, low standard of living, low wages, all bound up together. Low wages produces low standards of living, and low standards of living produces low efficiency. So you have a circle; it is almost a kind of Nemesis, this strange irony by which certain evils seem to perpetuate themselves.

But the most striking illustration of the self perpetuating circle is found in the sphere of government. Tyranny breeds revolution and revolution in turn often breeds tyranny. Tyranny breeds bitterness and the bitterness reaches itself out perhaps to tyranny on the other side. It was so in the time of the French revolution under the extraordinary tyranny of the feudal system as it was exercised in France. It has been so in Russia. The amazing tyranny of Czardom, in which a small percentage of the total population held all power and privilege and escaped all taxation, led to bitterness and revolution and that in turn is working out its own chain of effects. I think the first thing to do, therefore, in a matter of this kind is to understand why this state of mind exists. You see in connection with affairs of this kind praise and blame are of very little importance. The first thing is to understand why. Revolution itself is usually due to deep seated evils, and to praise and blame it is to ignore the fundamental need of the situation. That is one thing I think that is at fault in our news in regard to the Russian situation. I think we should get less in the way of praise and blame, but more of the state of mind of that country. The solution perhaps lies in the understanding of the state of mind. If we got more direct news I think it would be all to the good, because the only way you can break up this vicious circle is to cause another circle of another kind. If we do not understand why men act as they do, our best intentions will only lead us astray.

That leads me to the other side. Just as these circles work themselves out, just as fear works out its own fulfilment, so does hope. Just as tyranny works out its own fulfilment so does fairness; just as low wages, inefficiency and low standards are connected everywhere, so are high standards of efficiency and high wages. I think that is an important matter at the present time. We have to see how far these vicious circles have progressed, ascertain their causes and how far it is possible to introduce that other circle of causes which breaks across these the former and finally leads out of it. Take for example the present situation in Canada. You have here as elsewhere some vicious chains of causes in progress. What are we doing to modify these, to change them, to bring a different set of principles into existence? What are we doing, for example, to meet perhaps the most disturbing cause of unrest; that is, unemployment and the general instability of industrial life? It may be said that it is difficult but I think it is of outstanding importance. We have not, I think, one hundredth part of the activity which was so

nobly displayed in war time directed to the problems facing us. If we had I think many of them would be solved. I doubt if that activity, certainly not from the centre, is being displayed. There are many thousands of unemployed today and so far as I can see there is very little in the way of constructive measures being taken to meet that situation. It is surprising to find even a cabinet minister saying that perhaps reconstruction is not necessary and you will find another saying that it is up to the people rather than to the government. It was said at the Canadian Club the other day. Supposing that had been said in war time. What would have happened? How long would that government have lasted? How long would this country have lasted?

We are now facing other problems and they are also serious. The mere fact that they are hard is no reason why we should say they cannot be solved. It is all the more reason why we should try to solve them. And now is the time that other circles can be brought into being of which one element is real stable employment and the sense of industrial security. Just as tyranny breeds revolution which in turn breeds tyranny so it is fair dealing and co-operation which in turn produce fair dealing on the other side. In the long run if you could get other peoples' points of view it makes it easier for them to get your point of view. Probably their points of view will not be more reasonable than yours. It is possible they will not be less reasonable. Now the spirit of accommodation, which to my mind is the first necessity in the present situation, is the only way in which that circle can be started. I am convinced that worse will befall unless that is done but I am also convinced that better things will come into being if we meet the situation. Ceaseless effort is necessary if this country of ours is going to be worthy of the men who have lived and died for it and if the resources of this country are to be used for this country's prosperity. The resources alone are not enough, to these must be added imagination and understanding if we are going to achieve a greater place in the world. It is the constructive imagination of the people that is needed at this hour.

(February 10, 1919.)

The Function of Railway Regulation

BY MR. S. J. McLEAN, LL.B.*

AT a regular luncheon of the Club held on the 10th February, 1919, Mr. S. J. McLean, LL.B., of the Dominion Railway Board said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—After the kindly way in which your president has introduced me I recall with very much pleasure that for a short time I had the pleasure of being a member of your executive. Unfortunately, on account of certain duties which necessitated me always having a lecture at the time the club was meeting, I was not able to be present at a meeting of the club before.

Back in about 1853, in a discussion in regard to the respective locations of the Grand Trunk and the Great Western it was urged that the Great Western had prior rights and that the Grand Trunk should not build into the territory it was attempting to develop. Robert Stevenson, son of the more famous Stevenson, was called in and he suggested that, instead of having a policy of "free trade" in the railway charters, there should be a policy of dividing the country up into districts that railways might be chartered to develop and there should not be duplication of facilities by the construction of unnecessary lines in the same territory. Sir Francis Hincks, who had the final say, however, took the position of favoring a policy of "free trade" in regard to charters. One may think of what might have happened if the policy of districting railways had been adopted. It would have obviated the anomaly of many railways scurrying into developed centres with duplication of mileage, while at the same time there was a deficiency of mileage in other sections.

It may be of interest to refer briefly to a few of the conditions in regard to railways in Canada today. Although I may have to use a few statistics I have endeavored to pro-

*Mr. McLean, a former member of this Club's Executive, is a member of the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada.

tect you by quoting from memory. We have some 38,000 miles of railway in Canada today. That has come with very rapid development. In the year 1867 there were in round numbers 2,200 miles of railway. In the years 1912 and 1913 the addition to the mileage was equivalent to what had been obtained in the years between 1834 and 1867. In the period from 1910 to 1913 the average construction amounted to about 3 miles per day, year in and year out.

Now, as regards the very rapid construction, the Government has given very great financial assistance. Today the governments of the Dominion and of the provinces hold bonds representing about \$407,000,000 in aid of railway construction in recent years, (I am not referring to subsidies given in earlier times) and about 40 per cent of the capital obligation of the railways has been undertaken by the Dominion. One way of measuring what the mileage of Canada means is by some reference to conditions in the United States. Take the population of Canada at eight millions, and that of the United States at one hundred millions. The United States with twelve and a half times the population of Canada has six and a half times the railway mileage. Or putting it another way, while the United States has about 400 people per mile of railway in Canada there are about 210.

Now we have an extensive railway mileage and the question is, how to grow up to it. One of the very urgent problems in view of the obligations the government has assumed is how traffic can be developed to carry the railway mileage. And, I will say, parenthetically, that I am much convinced that one very essential thing is the linking up of a highway system with the railways. It is important not only as to the traffic of the cities, but also from the standpoint of getting down costs of haulage to the railways.

The railways we have today are capable of doing a great deal more work than they are doing. Taking statistics again; on a passenger basis we average about six and a half trips per capita throughout the year; or on a basis of 365 days that is an average for every individual of about one mile per day. We average fourteen and a half tons of freight per capita. That is not such a tremendous amount compared to what the railways might do. In 1917 the Canadian Pacific Railway averaged something like 115 trains per day. That is roughly one freight train per division per day. A calculation was made some years ago in the Drayton-Acworth report that in the 11 months ending January 1916 some 180,000,000 bushels of export grain were handled; and it was figured that

the Grand Trunk Pacific and connecting lines, the National Transcontinental, Canadian Pacific Railway and Canadian Northern Railway had hauled to capacity all the freight that could have been handled in that territory with an average of four and a half trains per day for those three lines. So that in the large railway mileage we have today there is a very large margin between the freight that is being handled and its maximum. And the great problem that this country has to face is the development of freight so as to lessen the burdens that the country is assuming.

In connection with the railways it was seen at a pretty early date that the competitive principle did not have as free an application in connection with railways as in some other forms of business. Mr. Morrison, who was a member of the English parliament, away back in the early '30's enunciated the principle that where combination was possible competition was impossible. Mr. Morrison in his speech in describing railway relations used a Latin quotation which may be translated, "their enmities are brief, their friendships eternal." He really had in mind the difficulty of having a thorough-going rate competition such as had been anticipated in the earlier times. Out of that came legislation in England dealing with the control of rates, especially the question of discrimination in rates. Legislation was enacted in 1854 and, more important to us, in 1888, which gave certain power in regard to discrimination. In the United States we have the American legislation of 1887 and earlier legislation of some of the different states. All of these had certain factors in mind, but one especially was the possibility of discrimination. It was recognized that a railway having a large body of capital invested was at the same time an undertaking fundamental to the development of modern business and that regulative development was needed in connection with it that would not be necessary in a smaller business with a smaller investment of capital. Out of the recognition of these conditions was developed in Canada the regulation provided under the Railway Act.

The steps leading up to the enactment of the Railway legislation of 1903 take one back to about 1870 when there was much discussion in the House of Commons, especially on the part of Ontario members, in regard to discrimination of rates. From time to time further discussion took place, and the late Hon. D'Alton McCarthy took an active part in pressing that legislation similar to that enacted in England in 1873 be put in force. Subsequently in 1886, a Royal

Commission was appointed which recommended certain amendments to the powers of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council. Legislation in Canada had provided that Parliament was to have the power to revise rates but not so as to provide less than a certain named dividend. The Royal Commission, of which the late Mr. Schreiber was chairman, recommended that certain powers be given to the Railway Committee of the Privy Council in regard to rates. They reported against organizing a commission such as had been provided under the American Act to Regulate Commerce because it was said it had been so recently enacted that there was no assurance as to how it would meet Canadian conditions; and in regard to the English Act it was said that conditions were so different that there was no saying that what would work in England would work here.

As a result of later investigations in 1901 the Railway Commission was organized. The essential divisions of the Railway Act under which it operates, may be considered as dealing with Service, Safety, and Rates. The commission was organized in 1904 and between 1904 and December 1918 some 39,000 applications were launched before it. Of these some 80 per cent were handled informally. Wherever possible a complaint is handled informally to save expense. Let me illustrate. One of the very successful state commissions in the United States,—that of Wisconsin,—one that has done excellent work, may have had before it a question of protection by installation of an electric bell at a crossing. What is done there is to have all evidence taken in a formal hearing and then the order is issued. I am not criticizing their procedure at all, but our procedure is to have an investigation by our inspectors, and a copy of the report is sent to the railway asking it to show cause why the specific recommendation should not be adopted. This lessens the expense of hearing. In launching an application you do not need even a stamp; the letters come free. We have some formalities but we are not rigid in clinging to them. We have informal complaints of many kinds. I remember one complaint that came before me—and I hasten to say we have complaints involving much more, but this one involved an overcharge of 15 cents on mineral water. What the mineral water was to be used for I do not pretend to know. But the rates were looked into and it was found there was an overcharge and there was an adjustment. In another case the overcharge was 50 cents, in another 68 cents. And they were gone into properly and just as seriously as if there were

very much more involved. It was taken up with the company and settlement made. Just one other instance of a similar kind. Not very long ago a man wrote in about a through passenger rate which he thought excessive. We had it checked up and found \$3 overcharge and took it up with the railway company. We had a very pleasant letter from him in a couple of weeks.

Some 7,000 cases have come to formal hearing since 1904. I want to say a word about the appeal side. Our decisions are final on questions of fact. There is the same provision in the English Railways and Canal Act of 1888. On questions of law or jurisdiction there may be an appeal to the Supreme Court or an appeal to the Governor in Council. In the period in which we have had 7,000 cases formally heard there have been but 62 appeals and we have been overruled in 10.

One thing that off-hand seems most simple in transportation matters is the matter of rates; but I have to confess I know no yard stick of reason as to rates, and I have been struggling with the question and study of rates for a good many years. Wherever possible I like to get down to cost in connection with rates. That is something to build on. A good deal of excellent work has been done on the matter of costs, but the costs so far obtained are Average Costs. In the endeavor to differentiate costs an American expert before us some years ago used a basis involving 112 different re-arrangements of the statistical tables of the Interstate Commerce Commission. I remember a case before the Interstate Commerce Commission where there were three experts for the railways, three for the shippers and two for the commission and each expert had his own cost grouping. So while we cannot get absolute costs we try to get average costs. I remember some years ago coming across a bit of paper on which a vexed railway man had endeavored to explain his situation in regard to costs. It was written perhaps more pathetically than poetically and ran, I think as follows:

If we get five cents for hauling a Crab
From Boston's quaint old streets
To Frisco Town by the Golden Gate
What are the net receipts?
How much for coal and for wear and tear?
And how much for the trainmen's pay?
And how much dead weight does the engine haul
If the Crab dies on the way?

The principle and the point of view of charging what the traffic will bear is often referred to. If charging what the traffic will bear means charging a rate that is at the highest possible notch where it would mean if the rate were made any higher the traffic would fall off, then, for such methods of rate making I certainly have no use. Some years ago a traffic man was asked on what basis rates were made out. He said, comparison, competition, and compromise. That is rather a wide statement and I do not bind myself to accept that or any other absolute standard. I may be criticized for leaving things in this state of flux. Some years ago when I was in college work in the Southern States a friend of mine, (he was an anomaly as a college professor because he had money,) bought some stock in a small bank. I was giving a course of lectures on banking, which shows how college men like to deal with abstract things. He said; "McLean, can you refer me to a book which will show me what rules to follow in connection with discounts?" Now everybody knows that it is difficult to find out the rules the bank managers do follow. I had to admit that I could not tell him.

Lawyers will remember the interesting knowledge surrounding the law of negligence. It has also been said that the great essential thing in connection with the working of the British Constitution is to get 12 honest men into a box. You have the 12 honest men passing upon the most fundamental thing, an individual's life; and yet I know of no fixed yard-sticks of innocence or guilt. It is a question of looking at the facts. In the Southern States one of our neighbors had a cook who was very successful in cooking; her cakes were her specialty. So her mistress said to her, "How do you go about making that cake?" She said, "Oh, I take some flour and take some lard and take some spice, and so on." Said my neighbor, "But how do you mix them?" "Oh," she replied, "that's the judgment."

In starting out on the question of railway control I commenced to explain railway regulation. It might be said that I had followed the ruling of the colored preacher who said he was making his text into three sections, start, depart from, and return to it. I will return. In connection with the railway regulation under the Railway Act we have to take private ownership as a fact. I mean the scheme of the Railway Act gives certain regulative powers over railways with private incorporation and under private management. Outside of the scheme of the Railway Act you find Government railways which are controlled in a different way.

The Board is working as a statutory tribunal. Its functions are to be found within the limits of the Act, so whether the individual member has or has not views on matters of policy regarding the ultimate evolution of railways is something he is not called upon to deal with under the Railway Act.

There is a tendency at times to look upon the Railway Act as being a blank check which the board may fill in. You get extreme examples some times. I remember a few years ago being able to do something for a good lady in connection with a station near where she lived and she wrote in to see if we could not get a position for her son. Personally, I could not find what section of the Act covered that. Another peculiar case I remember was one in which some trouble had arisen between a gentleman and one of a railway company's employees and so he launched an application to have the employee dismissed. That of course relates to the blank check period. Now, I may tell you, I don't know what section of the Act would cover that.

With private ownership recognized the function of the regulation tribunal is to regulate. It is not a function of interference. I have at times heard mutterings, even something stronger, from some who fail to differentiate between our conception of regulation and theirs of interference, but the Railway Act is drafted with the idea that in internal arrangement of the business the regulative tribunal is not to interfere, it is to deal with the matters affecting corporations in which the public interest is involved, and in a method of regulation within the scope of its enabling Act.

In discussing railway regulation it is but natural that one should refer to the war. The war has made tremendous changes in so many things that it seems to be very strange indeed if there was not some changes in the field of regulation. The work that has been done under the McAdoo administration in the United States is a work that has developed out of the war necessities. There are many phases of that legislation on which I hesitate to express an opinion because I am only looking on at long range; and while I have tried to learn by reading the reports, yet a man looking at things from long range oftens finds it proper to suspend judgment. But there are two things of interest. One is the endeavor made by the McAdoo administration to eliminate unnecessary train mileage. We have not quite as much of that in Canada. Our lines are the east and west generally. The United States is much closer to being a square in shape so it has east and west and north and south lines, and as a result

you may have much round-about routing. Let me give you an illustration. Take the routes between New York and New Orleans. Between the longest and the shortest routes there is a 1200 mile difference. One endeavor of the McAdoo administration has been to eliminate roundabout routing in order to get more economic rates. That is important. Take coal costs for instance. It takes about 160 pounds of coal to run a freight locomotive 1 mile, so you can see that every additional mile means additional cost. Another thing that is being taken up by the McAdoo Administration is the prominence of terminals. For example, in passenger terminals you have the Pennsylvania using the Baltimore & Ohio.

Now as to terminals on the Canadian side, it may not be known that we have anticipated this action and that we have also dealt with short hauling. In 1916 because of special defects in connection with the movement of grain in the west, legislation was put through providing that, during the season when navigation was closed, where a railway could not handle all its grain at the head of the lakes or east thereof, the board was given the power to put that grain on the tracks of another railway and to make facilities common.

You may know there has been before Parliament for a couple of years a Railway Act. It is going through very slowly, one section at a time. Once it got to the Senate but some subsection held up the Act. Then it got started in the Senate last year and it was not accepted in the House. Now I understand it is going to start in the House again. But in this Act there are a couple of special things not in the existing Railway Act. At present, if the railway is desirous of getting entrance to a station of another railway, to have a common user of its station or its terminals or part of its right of way, if it cannot agree with the owner of the station on trackage it may make application to the Board and the Board then may determine the terms. In the new Act there is a provision that, in addition to what I have stated, on application by a municipality or person affected or by the board of its own initiative, an order may be given for the common use of stations, terminals, or rights of way; and it is pointed out that where the board considers that it is in the public interest that any rights of way shall have common users that order may be given.

One other feature, is that at present the route map is approved by the Minister of Railways and this determines the general route. Then when that is done and the matter

comes before the board (and the board deals with the location only) it may sanction a variation of one mile either way. But very often conditions arise where the original route map may have side tracked towns and cities. Now provision is made in the amended act that the board shall have power to deal with the whole matter and in so doing make such changes as it may see fit in connection with the route.

These features, I think, are significant because of the fact that even before the war and the changes in the United States Canada had started to deal with these matters.

The function of railway regulation will, I think, probably develop in certain regards as the years go on. I think one effect the war has had is to emphasize the necessity for closer integration for railways. The activity of the Railway War Board (a co-operative organization of the railways themselves) has been concerned in endeavoring to economize in rolling stock and fuel. The results have been such as to win commendation in the house of Commons from the Right Hon. Sir Robt. Borden. Although the results obtained have been gratifying I do not think that we will stop short of a situation where very much closer integration will be brought about in the public interest.

(February 17th, 1919.)

Japan's Part in the War and World Reconstruction

BY DR. T. IYENAGA.*

Mr. President,—You have done me a great honor in inviting me to address such a distinguished audience as is here gathered, including the most influential citizens of this great commercial metropolis of Canada.

Gentlemen, the world is moving fast. Barely a month has elapsed since the Peace Congress formally opened its session, but already the broad outlines of its programme have been put into shape to render justice to the wronged, to inflict punishment upon the evildoers, and to give due recognition to the efforts made by each member of the Allies for the common cause; and, what is more important, the corner-stone of the edifice that is to house the League of Nations has been laid and the draft of the covenant made public.

The world owes an immense debt of gratitude to Great Britain, France, Italy and the other Allies which stood for four terrible years against the onrushing tide of German aggression, and have at last successfully rolled it back, and to the United States, which by its tremendous weight of manpower and resources and its dogged determination to win the war at any cost, has finally turned the scales on the side of justice and civilization.

Nothing has more strikingly demonstrated to the world the soundness and vigor of the British Empire than the loyalty and devotion so wholeheartedly shown during the dark days of the titanic struggle by the component parts, the outlying pillars, of the Empire. We look with admiration, and, in a sense, with wonder, upon the remarkable feat of Canada, which, besides accomplishing at home a herculean task of providing the sinews of war, has sent to the European battlefield, out of a population of 7,500,000, half a million fighters. These brave sons of Canada have, in twenty-seven pitched battles

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from Ypres to Mons, often saved the day for the Allies, and have helped by their brilliant dash and extreme tenacity to completely frustrate the plan of the German General Staff to reach the Channel ports, and, finally, to bring these arrogant war lords to their knees—now bowing low at the feet of the champions of justice. It is, then, but meet that such a noble participant in the common cause should be given a proper representation in the Congress of final settlement. It is still more meet that Canada should, as an independent entity, be represented in the society of nations. That it has been so granted bespeaks the liberality of the mother country and signifies the mighty future of this resourceful Dominion.

Japan's contribution to the allied cause, too, has by no means been small. The position Japan occupied in the war was unique. It has few parallels, if any, in the history of belligerency. Japan entered the war for reasons quite different from that which drove to arms Great Britain, Russia and France, whose territories and national existence were threatened by German invasion. Nor was the ground of Japan's joining the war the same as that which forced the United States to unsheathe her sword. The United States unsheathed her sword to vindicate her honor, after her patience and long-suffering had been exhausted by the ruthless violation of her rights and after she was thoroughly convinced that the triumph of German militarism would be a deadly blow to the life of the republic and to the reign of democracy in the world at large.

Japan, on the other hand, entered the war in obedience to the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which imposed upon her the duty of conducting military operations in common with her Ally in the regions of Eastern Asia and its waters. I need hardly emphasize the fact that this fulfillment of the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was in perfect accord with Japan's national interests, for the German aggressive designs in the Far East stood a constant menace to her security and welfare.

Since that duty to her Ally was thoroughly discharged by the complete destruction of German power in the Far East, however, Japan has for the past three years been apparently standing aloof from the great conflict. While blood and treasure were being expended by her Allies on the European battle-fields with a prodigality that staggered the imagination, the Oriental belligerent presented a strange anomaly of a bystander. It is, then, well for us to fully understand the ground for this aloofness on the part of Japan, as well as the part she has faithfully and loyally played in the war. The terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and her national interest limited

Japan's war activities to the Orient. It was for this reason that at the beginning of hostilities she agreed with her Ally to confine her naval and military operations to the Far East and its waters. True, the sphere of Japan's naval activities was gradually expanded. It was at first expanded to the South Seas, then to the Indian Ocean, then to the Cape of Good Hope, then to embrace the whole Pacific; and, finally, a fleet of destroyers was sent to the Mediterranean to co-operate with the Allied fleets in operations against the enemy submarine.

So far as land operations were concerned, however, the first agreement remained intact. This explains why Japan did not send an expeditionary force to Europe. It was neither the wish of her Allies nor that of Japan that she should thrust herself upon the European stage, for it is none of her part to play thereon. Such an undertaking, unless it be executed in an extreme emergency, was entirely out of harmony with the wise and far-sighted policy that should guide Japan, for in so doing she was bound to face the dilemma of either impairing her hard-won military prestige or of re-awakening the cry of "yellow peril," which is now, fortunately, on the point of being committed to oblivion.

How the Occidental peoples felt loath to bring into play the Japanese troops on the European battlefields is sufficiently demonstrated by the hesitation of the American Government to entrust the sole task of Siberian expedition to the Oriental associate. Again, there were almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of despatching an expeditionary force from Japan to Europe. The most formidable was the transportation problem. In transporting a million Japanese soldiers by sea—and nothing less than this number would have proved of any effective value in that gigantic conflict—with all the necessary paraphernalia of war, it would have required four millions of tonnage. In other words, 1,000 ocean-going ships of 4,000 tons each. Were Japan to commandeer for the purpose of transportation the entire fleet of her merchant marine fit for ocean voyage, not only would much time (according to some estimates it would have taken two years and a half) have been expended before the completion of the transportation programme, but in the meantime the commerce of the Far East with America and Europe would have been completely paralyzed. The foregoing reasons are sufficient to explain why Japan did not send a fighting force to Europe.

So far as it lay within her sphere and power, however, Japan did her utmost to further the allied cause. Let me dwell upon it for a moment. The story of the destruction of

German power in the Far East is a simple one. Soon after the declaration of war, Japan despatched an army to the Province of Shantung, and, in conjunction with the British troops under the command of Major-General Barnardiston, reduced the German stronghold of Tsingtao on November 7, 1914. Japan also despatched the First and Second Japanese fleets and other squadrons to blockade the harbor of Kiaochow, to hunt out the enemy warships roving the adjoining seas, to capture their bases in the South Seas, and to convoy the troops of Australia and New Zealand to Europe. The Kiaochow campaign was, of course, but child's play compared with the colossal battles fought on the Eastern, Western and Balkan fronts of Europe. Nor did the work undertaken by the Japanese Navy prove so arduous as the task imposed upon the Allied fleets in European waters, although the vast extent of the sphere of activity allotted to the Japanese fleet and the consequent enormous length of the cruises they made are not generally known. The details of these naval efforts, together with the losses sustained by the Japanese Navy and merchant marine, which heretofore have been kept secret because of military necessity, will no doubt soon be made public.

The real significance of Japan's participation in the war will, I hope, stand in bolder relief if we let the imagination play a little and picture to ourselves the contingencies that might have arisen had not the Japanese Army and Navy been mobilized against the Central Powers. Would the channel of communication and of commerce between Europe and the Far East, with all that its security means, have been as safe as it had been for the last four years? What part of the Allied fleets, in addition to those already despatched, must of necessity have been withdrawn from the home waters to safeguard the road from Aden to Shanghai? Would not Germany, with her strong base at Kiaochow, have played a formidable role in disturbing the tranquility of China, to the great detriment of the Allied cause? Would not German propagandism, once so active in stirring up revolt in India and in the Straits Settlements, have seen some measure of success, to the prejudice of British interests in her Asiatic dominions? In short, how was peace in the Far East and the Indian and Pacific Oceans, covering almost half of the globe, preserved during the past four years, and the interests therein of the Entente Powers safeguarded? In laying stress upon these points it should not be understood that I am belittling the great deeds of a part of the British fleets, with which the Japanese fleets co-operated, in keeping a vigilant

watch over the Oriental waters and discharging their allotted duties.

Furthermore, Japan subscribed to the loans of her Allies to the full extent of her financial capacity. The sum of about one billion yen, rendered serviceable in one form or another to the Allied cause, is no meagre contribution on the part of the Japanese nation, whose wealth is but one-twentieth of what the American people possess. Japan also supplied the Allies with much needed munitions and other war materials, and especially to Russia did she assure a continuous flow of ammunition, guns, clothing and foodstuffs. Because of the Russian inefficiency to provide transportation facilities, these urgently needed materials did not reach the front on time.

I should not fail to emphasize here that the Japanese women, too, were not slow to participate enthusiastically in the war work. True to the nobler instinct of the gentle sex, they showed profound sympathy toward the sufferers from the war among the Allied peoples, and initiated plans of various description for relief work. They opened bazaars and amateur theatres to collect funds for the relief of the afflicted in Belgium, Serbia and Italy; organized clubs and societies, where they busied themselves in making bandages for the wounded, and knitted articles of comfort for the men in the trenches. They sent these articles on barge after barge to the front. In co-operation with the Japanese Red Cross, Japanese women have had the satisfaction of sending from their midst a few representative nurses for the wounded and the maimed in some of the Allied countries. Under the inspiration of the Japanese women, the society entitled "The Japan Association for Aiding the Sick and Wounded Soldiers and Others Suffering from the War in the Allied Countries" collected a fund of 1,940,000 yen and distributed it in due proportion in Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Serbia and Rumania. Speaking of it, the then Japanese Premier, as the official spokesman of the nation, said: "Those who receive the gift from Japan may well look upon it as the widow's mite, which means more than all the offerings of the rich."

The last contribution of Japan to the Allied cause, which was destined to be the greatest had the war continued, was the aid given, in co-operation with the United States and other Allied countries, to the Russian people for their political and economic rehabilitation. Japan's move in Siberia should not be put in the same category as that of sending an expeditionary force to Europe. Siberia lies at Japan's door. She has, therefore, most vital interests involved therein. Moreover,

as the guardian of peace in the Far East, Japan could not look with indifference on the gradual spread of chaos and anarchy that followed on the heels of the Bolsheviki and were bound to upset the existing order. Above all, it would have been criminal and fatal on the part of Japan to have permitted the steady filtration of German influence into the Pacific littorals. These are the reasons that led to the decision of Japan to send an expeditionary force to Siberia.

The situation in Russia was for a long time much confused and deemed extremely delicate. Indeed, it still continues to be so. The glorious name of democracy, which came to cap the new regime, acted as a mask to cover the great wrongs committed upon the ruins of Czarism. The allied governments failed for some time to formulate a definite policy toward Russia, while Germany used every opportunity to fasten her yoke upon the distracted country. The Allies continued to flirt with the Bolsheviki, who overthrew the old order with the avowed purpose of giving peace and social equality to the country, but instead brought perfect chaos and class hatred of the vilest form; the Bolsheviki who tore up as a scrap of paper the solemn pledge Russia had made to make no separate peace, and threw into the waste basket other treaties which Russia had contracted; the Bolsheviki, who repudiated the national debt and transformed the country into a nest of thieves, brigands and murderers; the Bolsheviki who played the foul game of treachery and became the willing tools of Germany; the Bolsheviki who completely demoralized the once splendid Russian armies that more than once sent terror into the hearts of the war lords of Berlin, until the Great Russia, which till a few years ago overawed the world with her might, presents to-day the saddest spectacle of disintegration and plight which history has ever recorded.

The atmosphere began to clarify with the recognition by the American Government of the Czecho-Slovaks as a belligerent nation and the American intention to aid them in the accomplishment of their aims. It was a step which was tantamount to the declaration of hostilities against the Bolsheviki Government; it opened a way to the Allied expedition in Siberia. The enterprise, undertaken after long deliberation, has already resulted in the restoration of order east of Lake Baikal. The fear once entertained that the Russian people would rise *en masse* against such an expeditionary force has been completely dispelled by the warm reception accorded by the inhabitants of Siberia to the Japanese and Allied troops operating therein.

After all, the Russian problem still remains one of the most knotty questions facing the peace negotiations. After serious deliberation, the Supreme Council in Paris, as we are aware, formulated a compromise policy: namely, to hear from the representatives of various factions in Russia contending for mastery, and to find in the meetings an exit from the dilemma in which the peace negotiators find themselves. To speak it bluntly—they want peace in Russia, but there is no peace; they want an orderly and strong government established in Russia, but there is none; they want the Bolsheviks out, but they can't have it unless they intervene. But they won't intervene, for they are unwilling to undertake such a thankless task as that of driving the Bolsheviks out of power for the sake of other Russians and for the future which is shrouded with uncertainty. Under the circumstances, no other course was left to the Allies than to attempt to persuade the contending factions, with all sincerity, to stop quarrelling.

It would be rash to forecast the result of the conference at Princes' Island, to which the Lenin Government and a few other factions have acceded to send their representatives. Can the Allies succeed in persuading other factions to come? Or will the Allies shake hands with the Bolsheviks, whom they—especially the American Government—had denounced in the strongest terms found in Anglo-American dictionaries? Even if we suppose that other factions will at last join the conference—this much is certain, that the magic influences of President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George could alone succeed in reconciling such conflicting ideas as are represented by Prince Lvoff and by the exponents of Bolshevikism. The satisfactory settlement of the Russian question is, however, the *sine qua non* of the peace treaty. We are, therefore, sincerely solicitous for the success of the plan which the Supreme Council has evolved after mature consideration. In this connection, the soliloquy of the strong advocate of intervention, the New York Times, is interesting. It says: "Huge inconsistencies, manifest abandonment of principle, are involved in this decision, but in the big politics of the world it is customary to forget much, to ignore much."

Before concluding, I wish to say a few words upon Japan's attitude toward the League of Nations. At the opening of this year's session of the Imperial Diet, Japan officially declared, through the mouth of her Foreign Minister, her attitude toward the proposal. Viscount Uchida said: "Japan has decided to co-operate in all sincerity with her Allies for the realization of plans conducive to the establishment of an

enduring peace and the prevention of outbreak of war for ages to come."

Let me enumerate some of the reasons which, in my opinion, would make the proposal of the League of Nations perfectly acceptable to Japan.

In the first place, Japan cherishes no territorial ambition, but builds the hope of her future upon the security of the position she has already gained, and upon the steady extension and growth of her commerce and industry. The fundamental principles underlying the idea of a League of Nations are the guarantee of the territorial integrity and the sphere of influence of each member; the guarantee of an equal opportunity of economic growth for all; and the guarantee of an enduring peace which insures the uninterrupted pursuit of happiness. Nothing, then, could be more welcome to Japan than the embodiment of these principles in solemn covenant entered into by all—at least the most powerful—nations.

Article X of the drafted Constitution, says: "The high contracting parties shall undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all States members of the League."

Some would say that Japan is overcrowded within a small area and that nature would force her to burst out of her confines and embark on a career of territorial aggrandizement, and, therefore, that the covenant of the League of Nations would ultimately prove to such a nation not a blessing but a yoke, irksome and unbearable. I would readily grant the premise, but I would say that the conclusion is far-fetched. The problem of over-population, serious as it is, will find its solution elsewhere and through other peaceful means—on the wide expanse of the seas and on the trails of commerce. This has been, and continues to be, Japan's policy.

Again, the days when nations sought their "place in the sun" through the instrumentality of might are forever gone. The havoc wrought by the great war affords a terrible lesson to the predatory nations. Russia, which 'till a few years ago overawed the world by her might, is completely disrupted; Austria-Hungary is no more; the once proud Germany lies low in unspeakable shame. Japan is sane and wise enough to avoid the footsteps of these war-mad nations. To argue that Japan is extremely war-like because of the successful wars she has fought in recent decades is a gross injustice. She has waged no aggressive, only defensive, wars. The Japanese people are more than content to be left alone in the enjoyment of the peaceful pursuits of life, and entertain no

wish but good will toward their neighbors. There is, then, no ground why the Japanese people would not welcome a League of Nations which is intended to satisfy these longings, especially when it is coupled with the prospect of reducing their heavy burden of taxation as a result of the concerted limitation of armaments.

In the second place, I am confident that a League of Nations will not stand in the way of Japan's occupying the paramount position in the Far East—the fruit of her patient and laborious progress during the past half century. All of us know that some concern has been felt among the British people about the construction of the "Freedom of the Seas." Nor are we unaware that the American people will never consent to see the efficacy of their cherished Monroe Doctrine impaired in any way by a League of Nations. As the League is not a substitute for the Monroe Doctrine, which the American people are determined to maintain; as the League is not a substitute for the naval supremacy which the British people are determined to maintain for the safety of their empire, so, I believe, the League will in no way ignore Japan's unique position in the Far East.

This position, secured after great sacrifices of blood and treasure on the part of Japan, finds its guarantee in the various treaties entered into with other Powers—the Shimoneke Treaty, the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance, the Portsmouth Treaty, the China-Japan Treaty of 1915, the Ishii-Lansing Agreement of 1917. The preamble of the drafted Constitution enjoins the signatory Powers to pay "a scrupulous respect for all Treaty obligations in the dealings of organized people with one another." Thus, and thus only, can the international order be upheld.

Article XXV says that "The high contracting parties severally agree that the present covenant is accepted as abrogating obligations *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof." The Treaties I have mentioned will not be found, I am confident, as contravening the fundamental principles of the League.

In this connection, I wish to refer a moment to the China-Japan Treaty of 1915. It is reported that Dr. Wellington Koo has asserted at the Peace Congress that the Treaty I am referring to is nugatory, for, he argues, it was concluded under duress. Does Dr. Koo mean to intimate that China is so weak, so helpless, that she could not help signing the Treaty under compulsion, and that the Treaty, which she, after eliminating what she considered objectionable, namely, group V., has signed in good faith, is to-day after four years of

operation to be thrown into the waste basket? Is China going to repeat the story of Germany in tearing up treaties as "scraps of paper?" Is the international order, which is based upon the faithful fulfillment of treaties entered into between nations, to be upset by the vagaries and whims of the time-serving diplomats? I hope not. I was aware that Bolshevism is running riot in Russia, but I did not imagine that it was spreading so fast and wide to other portions of the globe.

Japan has done her part in the war to the best of her ability; she feels assured that her task, loyally and faithfully performed, will receive due recognition by her Allies. As she has made sacrifices during the war, so she is ready to make more sacrifices for the cause of harmony among the Powers and for the realization of the League of Nations. I am disposed to think that she might agree with good grace to a compromise plan evolved by the Congress for the possession and administration of the South Sea Islands which she now occupies, if this is to be for the good of all.

Japan hails the League of Nations, for it stands upon the foundation of justice, equality, and fraternity. As Japan is ready to render justice to other nations, so she expects from them fair, just and equal treatment.

Japan has kept every international pledge she has made. We are assured by her Foreign Minister that Japan will restore Kiaochow to China. This, however, I am confident, she will do of her own accord—not because of any pressure exerted from outside, least of all by China—which has neither shed a drop of blood nor expended a cent for the reduction of the German fortress. The German lease of the territory would have run for seventy-odd years more had not the Japanese forces, in conjunction with British troops, wrested it from Germany. It would, therefore, be none but a graceful act on Japan's part if she restored it to China at the conclusion of peace.

Viscount Uchida has declared that Japan's foreign policy is to be a fair and clean one for all the world. Especially to China, Japan has expressed her genuine friendship and perfect willingness to lend a helping hand in the unfolding of her great future. It is, then, but meet that this sincerity and neighborliness should be reciprocated. Above all, the League of Nations enjoins its members to pay scrupulous respect to all treaty obligations.

Finally, Japan has conclusively demonstrated in this war her loyalty to her Allies, especially to her constant friend and Ally, Great Britain. In the sublime hereafter Japan will remain steadfast to the Bushido, for therein lies her heart and future greatness.

(February 25, 1919.)

France and Her Allies

ADDRESSES BY GENERAL PAUL PAU*, CHAIRMAN OF FRENCH
MISSION TO AUSTRALIA (Address translated) AND
MONS. ANDRE SIEGFRIED (in English).

At a joint meeting of the Club with the Empire Club of Canada, on February 25th, 1919, General Pau said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I must be excused if I do not speak in English. Your Excellency and gentlemen, I do not think that it is necessary that I should apologize for not knowing your language. I am very sorry I do not, but you are so kind in coming here to-day that I do not think my apologies are necessary. It is certainly very kind of you to come and listen to me; that is why I do not hesitate to say a few words, that one of my comrades will translate. Afterwards Mr. Siegfried will speak eloquently of the French effort during this war. But I will not leave to my friend, Mr. Siegfried, the care to answer to the eloquent words of your chairman. I want to thank him and you all for the feelings of admiration and love he has expressed in such a touching way. He is not the only one who knew France but imperfectly before this war; because France, with all her qualities and shortcomings, did not appear to the world as she really is. The Frenchman has a sort of shame which makes him hide his innermost feelings. It is very difficult to penetrate into a French home, and that is why the Frenchman is very often judged wanting in feeling. But wait for the days of trial, and in those days see, listen, and judge, and you will know France. The France you have seen on these historical days is the same France which has always existed. Every time that France seemed to be on the verge of the precipice, that country, which some people called a decayed country, showed herself united; she showed that union in the minds and in the

*General Paul Pau was one of the outstanding figures in the saving of Paris during 1914. He was Chairman of a Mission appointed by the French Government to Australia for the cultivation of friendly relations and the development of trade connection between France and Australia. He is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque figures produced by France during the past fifty years.

hearts which is the first condition of strength. Many times she has resisted a terrible onrush. To-day, as well as in the past few weeks, as I was travelling through His Majesty's Dominions, I find the same surprise at the way France has fulfilled her duty towards her past and towards the future of humanity. But now people know; they have seen that heap of lies, which our enemies had spread about us, crumble down. But be careful. In a few years, when life is normal again, France may appear again to be light, but it will always be the same France, the storehouse of tradition. Every country has in her disposition some elements of strength as well as of weakness. Perhaps our elements of weakness are more conspicuous. You Britishers know what traditions are. We French people perhaps do not show it so much; we keep our feelings more compressed in our hearts; but when the day of trial comes we can rise to any height.

But I apologize to have kept you waiting so long for Dr. Siegfried's speech. I cannot sit down before I let you know what is the object of our mission. We have here no economic mission; we simply bring you the expression of the gratitude of France. I want to tell you that the names of Britisher and of Canadian are now synonymous in France, not only of gallant men and of good men but of sincere friends. We want our friendship to be eternal. Our two nations may have had differences in the past, but we always fought fairly and only our friendship can ensure for the world a future of peace and happiness for which the world has sighed now for more than four years. It is a necessary condition that France and the Empire should remain united and it is that friendship that shall be the guarantee of our union. It was only from the day that unity of command was realized that we saw the dawn of victory. It is as necessary that we should remain united in peace as we have been in war. There will still be economic struggles. Economic struggles have in the past very often led to war, but if we remain united as friends we are safe; the blood of our soldiers shall not have been shed in vain.

I now conclude in thanking you for this greeting. We shall carry away with us a precious memory of this day, and we will tell our friends and the people of France that here we have met not only true friends, but real brothers.

DR. SIEGFRIED: *Your Excellency, Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen,—* The General asked me to assume the hard task of speaking after him. I will do my best to tell you what I have in

my heart to tell you about France. The General, very often during the trip we have had together for the last months, said to me, "This war was not only a war of governments, not only a war of armies, but mostly a war of nations." And it is because the French nation as a whole put all its heart into the war that the French could bring this fight to be a victory.

Gentlemen, we did not expect the war to be what it was. We expected it would be a short war, finished suddenly after a great clash for a few weeks, perhaps a few months. And again, we did not expect the attack to be through Belgium. We expected it by the east, because we French did not believe that Germans would break their word and assault a neutral country; but this happened. The war was very long. We were attacked not by the east but by the north, and under that sudden assault we were obliged to retire to very near Paris, and after the keen blow of the Marne, in September 1914, we realized suddenly that the war was not finished, and that we should have to fight many more months and perhaps many more years to defend the country and to throw the enemy out of the sacred soil of France. Then we started really for a second war, not the brilliant war we had thought of and dreamed of, but the long and weary war of every day, and every hour. Then France found herself all ready for that new war, and the whole nation seconded her. Gentlemen, in October 1914, the situation was terrible for the French. Of course we had behind us the victory of the Marne; we knew we were strong in a military way; but we found that to fight the new kind of war we had practically nothing. All our industries were practically stopped; we had no munitions; the best part of France for manufacturing, I mean the northern part, was invaded. Lille, Armentieres, Tournai, Valenciennes were in the hands of the Germans, and we had to start industries of the war in the same conditions as Great Britain would have had to do if she had been deprived of Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester. At the same time all our men were mobilized at the front; all the men between 18 years of age and 47 were in the army; nobody was left in the factories. But that is not all. I do not speak only of the factories; the fields were empty, and the country had to feed itself. The country had to continue the cultivation of the French soil, in order simply to be able to live; and to be able to live in order to fight was the problem. If we solved that problem, it was because the government found behind it not only the will of the army but the will of the whole nation, and suddenly it was the unanimous

spirit of the whole nation to fight for victory. I think you felt it, and, when I see and feel around me the sympathy and love of your people, I dare to say the people of Canada felt it because you realized that that great country of France from the first day of the war put its whole heart into the struggle. We left nothing aside; we did not reserve anything; we were ready; and it is no flower of rhetoric to say, because you have seen it for years, that we were ready to give everything; we were ready to give the life of our men, and each of them was willing to make the sacrifice of his life; we were ready to give our civilians, to give all their work for the nation; we were ready to give all our factories; we were ready to give all our money; we were ready to give the whole nation; and I think you gentlemen, who are great citizens of a great empire and at the same time are great sports, I understand, you realize that in this great fight France was sincere, and that having France as an ally, you had a sincere and fair ally.

The government asked everybody, as Nelson said a hundred years ago, to do his duty, and I dare say everybody did his duty. I do not speak of the men at the front, because so many of them have shown that, and we have known them; so many of your soldiers have seen the French poilu and have fought with him; and from what I have heard him say of you I think you might say of him—brave fighters, ready to give everything for the country. Nowadays an army which is not backed by a country is nothing, and the time is past when an expeditionary force or an army can go and fight while the nation behind it continues its ordinary life of peace. That is not the modern formula of war; the war is the one thing, and the army can only fight well at the front if the people behind are supporting it.

The French government asked the whole nation of France to support the army. It was done in several ways. We first had to ask the country people to continue to cultivate the soil. It seemed a small thing, but it was an enormous job, since every man was away. Mr. Chairman, you have spoken of those French women working the country of France while the men were away. They were seconded by old men and by children; but it was not only behind the front that the land was cultivated. During a great part of the war the country was invaded so that it was necessary to secure every square yard of that soil and the peasants were asked by the government to cultivate it, and they did not need to be asked to cultivate every inch of the French soil, even under shell-fire. Those who

have been at the front have seen that magnificent sight which I could never see without emotion—the French peasant, generally an old man not subject to military duty, plowing his land sometimes within 3,000 yards of the enemy, sometimes within 1,500, and sometimes within 1,200 or 1,000 yards from the trenches; plowing with his horses, perhaps with his oxen, and sometimes the shells were all around continually. Sometimes also you saw the French field pierced with shell-holes, ten or twelve of them. You pass again a week after, and the shell-holes do not exist any more; the French peasant had been there; and I never saw anything more comforting for my heart and for the French citizens than this spectacle. Do you know why the peasant did it? He did it from a sense of duty.

Perhaps he did it from a sense of interest, I don't know; I think he did it mostly from love for the land. There is in the mind of the French peasant something which I think has struck your soldiers. It is the very peculiar kind of love he has for his country. For you the country, the Empire, does many fine things—I don't know exactly what—but I know it is something fine. For us, and especially for the French citizen at the war, for the French countryman, of course France is France; but it is more than that; it is the soil of France; it is the land of France. The Frenchman could not sell his land and buy another; it is his land, he will never sell it, he will keep it, he belongs to it; and when the country is invaded and the land of the country is taken by the invader, the French citizen, the French countryman, the French peasant suffers not only in his land but in his heart. That is why the government of France asked him to do his duty and to put the plow in the land. He did it, not knowing or not believing he was a hero—which he was. This could be done only because the women were there. You know, gentlemen, as well as I do—and the General has said it—that this war was also, and perhaps mainly, won by women. You have seen in the cities behind the front all the shops, practically all the business, conducted by French women. I think some of you have told us in France that French women were very good business women. In a war like this, that is great praise. You have seen them also in the fields. Really the life of the country would have been impossible if the women had not done their duty. It was not merely the work in the factories. Nowadays, a war is an immense manufacturing enterprise, so we had to create manufactures which had not existed or which had been taken by the Germans. We started factories for war material, and

everywhere in my country of France, sprang up new industries. We were obliged to use the ones we had near the front, and what I said about peasants working their land under shell-fire can be told of the French manufacturer working his plant under shell-fire.

Gentlemen of the Canadian army, you have been at Armentieres, or if not you have seen that little cotton-spinning city in the north of France at work within 2,000 yards of the enemy. You remember the suburb of Armentieres, 1,800 yards from the trenches and surrounded on three sides; it had six or seven cotton-spinning mills at work in 1915 and 1916, really under the frightful menace of the enemy. The labor was done by girls of 17, 18 and 19. They were shelled, and at the time of the shelling the workers went to the cellars, and sometimes they were wounded, but I was told by the inspectors of labor that the next day not a girl was missing. Another thing I should not like to miss, because you Canadians may have seen it, that is, the working of the mines in France during the war. You know our mine supplies had been badly handled; about two-thirds of our mines had been taken by the invader. One-third was remaining, and the government insisted that those mines should be worked, and two of them were within four thousand yards of the trenches. Well, they were worked under shell-fire, and everybody was at his duty; the men were obliged to go at night so as not to be seen by the enemy, and they had to come out of the mines before daylight, not to be seen by the enemy. One of the greatest plants of the mines, which was run by electricity, was 3,000 yards from the trenches; it was worked all the time up to March 1918. The machinery was covered by sand-bags to escape the shells. The place was shelled perhaps forty or fifty times. By an extraordinary chance the machinery was never touched, and those mines for three years could work and produce good coal, which also was a weapon of the war.

Now, gentlemen, if all this was possible, it was because of the help of everybody; and in speaking of everybody I do not mean only the Frenchmen, the French women, the old men, the soldiers, the manufacturers; I mean also the Allies. I remember an old dictum of your country in which it is said, "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, we have the ships, we have the men, we have the money too." Gentlemen, you had all that, and because you had all that, we had it all the same, because we shared with you. I do not speak of your men; it is no use; we have seen millions of them on the

battlefields of France, and they will never be forgotten. As to the ships, it is by the ships you feed the country; the ships of Great Britain gave us the food in these last four years. It is all right to fight, but you cannot fight if you are not fed. And the money, I hardly have to speak of it, but I know that all the time of the war when financial help was necessary, we found it among our good friends.

Gentlemen, I speak of the French and of the British Empire, but I have not especially to mention the Canadians, because you are part of the British Empire, and it is with pride we say that we have British friends; for we know that in the word British the word Canadian is included.

And now, gentlemen, let me finish. France has shown what is unanimity of will. It is, in the tradition of France, as the General said in magnificent language, to be equal to great opportunities. The opportunity was great, and the French have shown themselves at the level of the opportunity. We had all things together for the same fight; we have shown qualities of organization which people did not expect from us; for we were always spoken of as being charming people, of course, but light. Gentlemen, as our General has said, we remain all that, but we claim that we are able to organize, and I think that during those four years we have been organizing victory. That is not all. It was often said in the last fifty years that France was decaying. I was born within the last half-century, a few years, a few years after the defeat of 1870, when France was under the cloud. We knew that the old current French tradition was still running, but it was not always seen. We knew that the qualities of the French remained the same; we knew that the will of the French to be a great nation was always there; but it was not always known either by our enemies or even by our friends; but during this last forty or fifty years there have been years of retrenchment, years of great work, in which, as General Pau said this morning to the young men, two generations have prepared for the great Day we are seeking now. We knew what France was, though people did not know it; we expected the time would come when we would be allowed to show it; and now, after forty years of ordeal, and after four years of the horrors of war, the Day has come, and the light is shining in France after so many days of darkness. Gentlemen, I think you realize how dear this victory has been to us. We had been expecting it, we had been hoping for it; we thought sometimes it would be very, very long to come, and when it came, it was a great day for

France. I thank you, gentlemen, to have been with you in those days, and I think that when we are speaking of this victory we should not say it is the victory of France, we should always remember it is the victory of all.

Now I say this: for the future relations of our two countries I have no doubt they will be friendly, they will be lastingly friendly, but I rely mostly on this for the future of our relations—that hundreds of thousands of your Canadian boys have fought on the French soil, have fought there as Frenchmen and with the French. The General said it was difficult to penetrate into the French family. Your brothers, who have been in the Canadian army, have done it; because as you know when you are billeted as a soldier in a French home you belong to the family, you are one of them; they do not look upon you any more as a stranger speaking a strange language; they do not say any more that they did not know you yesterday, and they don't know who you are; they say, "Those fellows, they are fighting for us." There might be an old woman whom you have met who has told you, "You are 22, or you are 25; my son of the same age is fighting at some part of the front; well, take his place; you are at home."

All of you have been able to realize the meaning of the formula of the French law of billet, in which it is said that a soldier billeted is entitled to the fire and to the candle; he is entitled to share the fire to heat himself, and he is entitled to share the light to read his paper or write to his family; and after that what do you want more of the family? You are in the centre of it, and you have not much more to learn of the French since you have been for some time one of them. Now, gentlemen, I think that a country like yours that has seen so much of the French families, that has penetrated the sacred secrecy of the French family at the time of the most terrible ordeal that that country could undergo, will not have forgotten such an experience though many years may pass. And if a friendship has been created in such conditions, I very sincerely think that such a friendship must and will be everlasting.

(March 3rd, 1919.)

The Fight of the Princess Patricia's at Bellewarde Wood

BY GEORGE PEARSON.*

AT a special luncheon of the Club held on 3rd March, 1919, Mr. George Pearson said:

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Canadian Club of Toronto,—*If what I have to say is of any value to anyone, then it is peculiarly the property of Canadians. Always in addressing American audiences, I have been oppressed by a distinct sense of loneliness and of loss for I dimly felt that none but Canadian hearts could adequately share with me the emotions aroused in my own heart by my theme. And so I can assure you of my thanks and of the very great pleasure I feel in being permitted to address you to-day in this city where as a boy I went to school and was taught the glory of war—I am with “my ain folk.”

Although the nature of my material forces me to deal with the operations of one regiment, my own, the Princess Patricias, I should like to emphasize that in attempting to portray what befell them, I speak of all our regiments and all our men. No one of either should be set above any of the others and the thing that happened to my regiment happened also and sometimes in more terrible form to scores and scores of other unknown regiments of whom the public has heard little or nothing.

During months, the most tragic of my life, it was given me in common with millions of other men to glimpse something of the greatness of the human soul, so that I saw men whom I had looked down upon, turn out to be much better men than I was, saw them exhibit toward one another the tenderness of women and saw them throw away their lives for one another as freely as we here would throw away a cupful of water, and do it with a smile on their lips. And in saying that I do not exaggerate one iota. It is unnecessary to

*Mr. Pearson enlisted from Toronto with the original “Princess Patricia's” and served with them until wounded. He has written a number of stories about the Regiment which have appeared in leading Magazines of the United States.

do that: the trouble is that it is impossible for even the most gifted of men to convey more than the barest hint of the horror of war or the grandeur of the human soul surrounded by it.

During and after the Second Battle of Ypres, in April, 1915, my regiment which was at that time attached to the 27th Division of the Imperial army, was stationed in trenches in Polygon Wood a few miles outside of the city. Although our casualties ran from five to fifty men each day we had a comparatively quiet time of it in view of what was happening to other men on both sides of us. On our right, the French struggled ferociously at Hill 60. On our left lay the 28th Imperial Division, and beyond them again, the 1st Canadian Division fought their great fight. We occupied the one quiet spot in the salient, a small island of peace in a great ocean of war.

The German pressure on the flanks and rear of the salient became too great: They were endeavouring by one of their famous pincer movements to pinch it off at the base, making an O of the U of the salient and thereby isolate the 27th, 28th and the Canadian Division from the main body of the British Army and digest us at their leisure.

And so on the night of the third of May, ten miles of our front dropped back several miles in an attempt to straighten out the threatened line and escape our fate. That was the hardest thing we had ever had to do, to retire from this enemy whom we did not fear and only longed desperately to meet; and especially was it hard for us of my regiment that that Color of ours which a Princess had woven for and presented to us with her own hands, that that Color which had always gone forward, that it should now go back almost broke our hearts. But it had to be.

We slid away under cover of darkness, laden like pack-mules with all that we could carry that might be of use to us in our new home or equally of use to the Germans in the one that we were leaving. Besides carrying the full marching equipment of the fighting man, varying from seventy-five to ninety pounds, according to the number of souvenirs he carried—and you must remember that we were Canadians—each of us carried in addition, two hundred rounds of extra ammunition and on top of that, great piles of empty sand bags or anything else of value in a trench. I happened to be a private, so I know; for private in the army is merely another name for pack-mule. I carried two sixteen foot boards, a foot wide, green and juicy and full of sap so that they were very heavy and bit deeply into the aching muscles of my shoulders. And the terrible weariness of that night's march I shall never forget. It was such a weariness as only soldiers may ever know—the

weariness that follows three weeks of constant duty in trenches facing an enemy only forty yards away, three weeks of constant stress and strain, always looking by day and by night for that attack which always threatened but never came, three weeks of shortage of food and of water and of sleep, especially sleep; so that in all those three long weeks we had never known more than one hour's sleep at any one time and so that there had been periods of whole days at a time when we had been forbidden to take any sleep at all under pain of the extreme penalty; so that now as we marched under those heavy loads, each tight-stretched nerve and groaning muscle shrieked and groaned its own individual protest for that rest it could not get and so that as we marched, we slept, standing like horses. At least I did. And as comrade bumped comrade on the slippery cobblestones of that Belgian road; no matter though they were the best of friends: they met one another with the querulous snarl of disturbed wolves: "Keep on your own side o' the road." "You keep on yours—Always bumping me." "Ah—hhh," each tired nerve stretched tight like harp-strings, mad for sleep, for rest.

And as we marched the battle raged about us in an interno of terrible fury: the thunder of the guns filled our ears: the air pulsated with the breath of the concussion like the keyboard of a great piano. And all about us the burning columns of a score of villages climbed their way to Heaven, amongst them all the greater mass of burning Ypres standing up like the warning finger of God; so that what with the thunder of the great guns, the fires of burning villages, the broad fingers of the search-lights that leapt out across the sky, the hundreds of curving star-shells, the smoke and the acid of it, our senses reeled and we seemed to be marching through Hell.

We reached our new position in Belle-waarde Wood and all night long we labored, endeavouring to deepen the half-dug trenches which we found there and make of them a decent place in which to meet the Germans in the morning. And all night long we peered out under the light of each angry star-shell looking for that German attack which we knew should follow their discovery of our retirement. Daylight came. We peered through the usual mist of a Flanders morning and then our eyes beheld a stranger sight than that of Germans attacking, for out there in front of us we saw thick lines of them, to the right, the center and the left, digging madly and not firing a shot. It was evident that they had followed us up during the night as soon as they had discovered our retirement and were now digging themselves in and that they now wanted a truce. Very well. So did we. Beggars cannot be choosers

and we were beggars indeed that day. We could see ahead of us there two or three times our own number of German soldiers and we knew that the wood behind them hid other large reserves of infantry and that they dug only against that time when their trench should be completed and when their artillery should have come up; when they would proceed to mop us up. As for ourselves, we knew that there were no troops in reserve behind us, that we were quite alone and we knew also that there were very few guns behind us. We did not yet know the bitter truth that there were no guns at all. But we did know that we stood here in what was only a half completed trench and that we had not even tools with which to dig it deeper. And so desperate did some of my comrades become before morning that I saw some of them kneeling and digging into the soft mud of that Flanders field with their bare hands and scooping it up in great double handfuls, slapping it up onto the parapet, anything to get a little head cover against the morning so that we could die like men and like soldiers and not like cornered rats in a trap.

In that which followed, we lost one hundred and twenty-five men on this fourth day of May. Those losses were immediately replaced by new men and then four days later on the eighth of May, the entire regiment was destroyed with the exception of the one hundred and thirty-five men who came out of the action that night; so you will see that in the two days' action all but ten men became casualties. I was one of them in the interval between the two days. However, owing to the limitations of time I shall compress the events of those two terrible days into one in this narrative.

That truce with the digging Germans lasted for some hours; until nine o'clock of that morning. And then as at a given signal, all those Germans opposite dropped into their holes like one man—just like that. We know what that meant. We dived for our own holes like frightened rabbits and sat there staring at one another with wide-open eyes. We could see the handwriting on the wall: our time had come to die.

And then the ball commenced—the very worst bombardment we had ever known, and we had known bombardments all that terrible winter, of varying degrees of intensity. But this—this was the real thing—the artillery preparation for the infantry assault, when the enemy artillery wipes up and utterly destroys your trench so that his infantry need only walk over and take possession of your dead bodies.

And this,—this was it.

The battle opened with an enfilade fire on our right, and the guns so situated that they were in line with the trench and

could shoot up and down the length of it as you would shoot up and down a crack with a stream of water from a hose, certain that if you missed one portion of that crack, you should strike another. And so it was with us.

First, there came to us from over there on our right, the deep-mouthed Boom—Boom—Boom of the guns as the shells left them. Then the mad scream of them through the air, coming to us in a rapidly rising crescendo of terrible sound, the sound of white-hot pokers shoved sizzling into very cold water, the sound of mad men screaming and mad women weeping and all the devils in hell unloosed at us. And then all around us the violent Bang—Bang—Bang of their high explosive burst, the suck and thrust of air, the din and the clatter and the choking smoke of vast columns of inky oil-wells ten feet wide, a hundred feet high, shooting up; lurid blasts of addled flame of the outline of a piece of broken glass and the color and the odor of rotten eggs; the acid of the one stealing into our lungs; choking us; the concussion of the other hammering our brains to pieces; grinding and tearing them, shattering our nervous systems.

For then amid a great rending of flesh and blood and bones and bags and earth, that trench began to go through all the painful processes of dissolution, to decay, to fall apart, alternately to bury and to vomit the men in it so that men sighed and died and their souls slipped gladly away from all the terror and the turmoil that broke the quiet of that Sabbath day in May. And the low murmur of war changed to a deep and a cavernous roar that held throughout all the long, long hours of that bitter, bitter day and that settled down into a slow and a steady and a merciless shelling that the very air about us sobbed and throbbed in a painful unison with our held breaths and leaping hearts, and until the very ground beneath our feet leapt and heaved and shuddered in tremendous, convulsive shudders that picked our bodies up and that slapped them down again like pieces of paper sucked in under the wheels of a rushing express train.

Men died without a mark on their bodies, the delicate tissue of their brains and their lungs torn apart by those invisible and clutching fingers of the concussion of the shells. Men were torn into fragments, tossed in the air amid all the broken debris of the trench; men were buried alive and men died in every fashion in which men may die. And it was the abomination of desolation.

That first report was followed by one more but that one was the vast accumulation of so many lesser sounds that the

ear lost all count of the tale of them; the world reeled and turned into a throbbing, pounding sound. And we lay there waiting for it and us to end.

Great balls of air drove into our chests, our lungs; and then with the effort to escape, seemed as though they would tear our tender bodies into a thousand flying fragments—and then to be sucked out—sucked out so suddenly that our very stomachs clave to our spines and left us gasping for breath, strangling for air. And then to be struck from a thousand different angles by a thousand minute balls of air, each ball of air as definite and as hard in its impact as balls of lead, only that these balls of air most unmercifully did not kill: They only stunned and stupified and left us bereft of all emotion and all thought, except that thought which at the last, became a prayer, and that of agony: "Why did not those guns behind us which had not yet spoken—Why did they not speak and bear with us their fair share of the agony of that bitter day? Why leave it all to us, to our flesh and our blood and our courage, pitted against the flesh and the blood and the courage of those German soldiers opposite—for their courage was just as great as ours—pitted against them where they lay there in their good safe trenches which they had dug with those tools which their leaders, their government and their people had given them, laughing at us in our agony in our half-dug abortion of a trench, while over their heads there thundered the sound of the good German shells that came over to us and that killed us like unknown impounded dogs."

That there were no guns of ours to whir their message of hope over our heads was the last bitter drop in the noxious draught of that appalling day. All that remained to do was to gird our loins and die. We did not mind that for that was what we were there for but we did long passionately to make our dying count for something and hurl ahead of us more than our number of German souls.

There was peace neither for the living nor the dead where their empty shells stared up now from their uneasy rest in odd corners of that angry charnel-house into which explosives rained on the most hidden places. There was none of the lust, the pride, the chance for the active, positive courage nor the dramatic excitement of the dogged hand-to-hand tussle in the pounding of this dust heap, in which the revengeful guns flogged corpses, searching for the quick and where wounded men squirmed like mutilated worms, robbed of all their battle glory but still imbued with that faint spark of divinity which made them plumb the depths, seek, find and tap that invisible well

of the second wind of courage which dwells in every human breast.

Major Gault, a shocking mass of mud and blood, crawled about from battered bay to threatened traverse. From behind the closed lids of a sorely wounded man he spoke, giving freely of his own high courage to all those about him, to sustain them for their certain end, bidding them draw their beads to the fineness of a silken hair and in the clash of closer combat to lose no whit of the good cunning of a man-at-arms; but to strike shrewdly for the old regiment and the right.

Each fresh wound of others gaped its own fresh appeal to my comrades. Should living men then desert dead men, wounded men and comrades and the Color of the Princess that lay in that tortured wood behind? And their souls cried out in stubborn anguish: "They shall not pass."

The air was filled with everything—high-explosive shells and shrapnel, hand-grenades and rifle-grenades, and bombs and mines from trench-mortars; and rifle-fire and machine-gun fire washing up and down that line in angry waves; beating against the rock of our resistance. And the only respite we knew from that was in those moments when the German artillery fire lifted long enough to allow the German infantry, crouching like a tiger, to spring and charge us. And twice they reached our line and still they did not get by. And it was then, after the ammunition began to run out and no more could be brought up from the rear, that men fought with their clubbed muskets; and when bayonets too broke off at the hilt they came to the savage joy of fighting with those natural weapons with which God had endowed them and men, boys, boys from Toronto writhed in the arms of their enemies on the ruined floor of that shattered shambles of a trench, with hungry fingers seeking throat and eyes, for anything that would in any way kill a German so that they should not get by. And they did not get by. And I repeat that: They did not get by.

After the main crash of the assault had subsided, small waves of it ebbed and flowed with the private and terrible tragedies of men left alone between friend and foe, exposed to the raking fire of both. And the shrill staccato of the cries of suddenly wounded men intermingled strangely in the din while the fight in the trench continued to swirl angrily with the private battles of surrounded men.

It is in such moments of stress and of horror that there comes to the souls of simple unlearned men that something so great that I cannot find words with which to clothe the thought of it. And the exaltation of this desperate occasion drove the

courage of my comrades to undreamt of heights of sacrifice of pain of body and agony of soul. They became intoxicated with the nervous victory of the spirit and rushed forward eagerly to die, so that wounded comrades lying on the bloody floor of that Gethsamene, in the white beds of hospitals and over the torpedo-haunted waters of the English Channel; when they heard these things of the old regiment, that the boys still held the line and that they had not got by—lifted themselves up from their beds of pain and smiled their souls away.

Before the regiment was relieved the shell-fire had died down and there was no sound of war in the air; but plenty of evidence of it on every side. Instead, there was a sweeter sound, that sound which came to us in every rare moment of quietness which we allowed them—the sound of singing birds; so that now their song welled up to us from those naked trees which the German gun-fire had stripped of all their foliage, in waves of gentle melody, so that we seemed to be standing in some cathedral of the dead; and our hearts overflowed. And a rush of tender memories swept over us of all the dear, quiet things of peace and home, the happy, laughing voices of our loved ones, the days of our childhood and all other gentle things; so that we were unmanned and had to turn our minds to sterner channels and go on with our harsh job of being soldiers.

I pulled myself to the top of the parapet and crawled along that shattered shambles of a trench, to see what I could see. And I saw the sunshine of that dying day playing on the broken bodies of my comrades, so that thoughts came to me then which have never left me and so that I have consecrated my life to preaching hatred of war and all those things which are the cause of war to every man and woman and child whom I can possibly reach so long as I live, so that none who hear what I say or read what I write will ever again believe that war is anything that is good or great or glorious; but that it is instead everything that is vile and foul and unclean and that all those who say otherwise lie in their throats. And so I come to you here to-day as the self appointed spokesman of those dead comrades of mine, bearing to you that sacred charge which is automatically entrusted to each soldier who lives by every soldier who dies—the charge to acquaint those at home with the manner of their living and their dying in order that those at home may pick up from the ground that burning torch of liberty which has slipped from their dead hands and carry it forward to the victory of that great cause for which our dead have died—and which resolves itself to-day into the strug-

gle for the removal of human injustice and for a better Canada ; so that life may spring from death.

Now, a living man can present his case and defend his cause ; but a poor, dead soldier in his dying puts it squarely up to us, to you and to me—his only defense lies in our hearts. And for us to neglect in the measure of our sacrifice any effort that would forward the cause for which these men have died would be for us to commit treason to our sacred dead. And we will not do that—not so long as Canadian hearts beat true. Instead, we will thrust the flaming sword of their sacrifice through the very heart of all injustice here.

For the cause for which they died did not end with the mere gaining of a military victory. It will exist so long as there is evil in the hearts of men. As Stephen Lauzanne has said: "We were not one group of nations fighting another group: we were right fighting wrong—the very spirit of humanity against the very spirit of evil." And it was for that, the very spirit of humanity that our men died in all the ardour of their bright young manhood. But they are not really dead nor will they ever wholly die for they died in the full dignity of sacrifice for an ideal that can never die ; but that will live on forever in our hearts and that will gain new strength with each new day that we remember them. Laurence Binyon says :

They shall not grow old
As we that are left grow old ;
Age shall not weary them
Nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning
We will remember them.

A beautiful thought, that—that we should remember them as they were when stricken down in all the joyousness of their youth—ours now their work to do, the work they would have done—they living on in us—their lives refining ours. And so they shall continue to live on in us, in that stern unbending resolution of ours that the spirit of their warrior souls will march on forever more and until the great cause of human emancipation for which they died and which has emerged from the war has been advanced to its most victorious conclusion.

First, we will see that the widows and the orphans of these men who have died are not so handicapped in the struggle for life that the mother must work outside her own home and the

children be denied the schooling and the other natural prerogatives of childhood which belong, I say, by right to every child born in Canada. For it is not right that we should do these things for the soldier class only and neglect other needy classes of the population and build up a privileged soldier class. Our men did not die for that.

Instead, we will make the necessity of caring for crippled soldiers and their dependents the impetus for raising the entire standard of Canadian manhood. Only in that way can we replace the terrible losses humanity has suffered.

And to this end I would urge all of you who are eligible to join the soldier's movement as represented in the Great War Veterans' Association, and those who are not themselves eligible, I would urge to point out to their friends and relatives amongst returning men that it is their absolute duty to join this organization because it is a powerful influence and will be even more so. It is still in the formative stage and certain to be a great influence for great good or for great evil in this Dominion. There is no middle ground. It will be one or the other.

I am a poor man : I am a writer, so I always will be ; but the first time I went up before a pension board I refused to accept a pension for I want nothing of reward for the privilege of bearing arms in defense of that country which nurtured me in my childhood. And I know that there are thousands like me. And it is they who want nothing for themselves who above all should join this organization to make certain that its influence will be used only for the good of this Canada of ours and not for the creation of a privileged soldier class.

For a new world is arising Phoenix-like from the ashes of that old one of 1914 with its ideas which we now see scrapped on every side to-day ; and it is our high privilege to bear a hand in this new re-birth of all conscious thought for good, this thing for which all that beautiful young blood of theirs was poured out like unwanted water. And when I contemplate in terror the bare possibility of our not doing it, I seem to see the dust of our dead stir uneasily in their unmarked graves when they learn that when the tumult and the shouting died, they were forgotten and their sacrifice in vain.

But, my countrymen, we will not forget them: not so long as we are true Canadians. Instead we shall see to it that a newer and a better Canada will arise from their dead ashes too, and we men and women of Canada will enlist in this fight of theirs and all be simple soldiers in it together ; and together

we will rear here in this Canada of ours such an edifice of reconstruction as will be an enduring monument to them so long as men continue to honor unselfish patriotism.

This applause of yours: it is not for me for I understand you and can read your hearts. It is for what I represent. It is for my dead comrades. And I take your beautiful tributes in my arms like flowers; and I lay them reverently on the graves of your sons, my dead comrades of Canada. And for them, I thank you.

(March 10, 1919.)

The Russian Situation and Its Lesson

DR. W. C. HUNTINGDON.*

Major Wright and Gentlemen.—For a young man of no particular reputation this is a very great honor for me, and I want you to know that I appreciate it, and I am going to give you the best I have got. The spirit of Toronto is not new to me although the town is new. The first chief I had when I left college and started out in the world to make a living was a young man from Toronto who came over to the United States and brought some of the best things of Canada into our own life and that man to-day is one of my dearest friends and helped me a very great deal, and through him I have always believed that I had come rather in touch with your life here.

The subject I have got to-day is as big as the world. The country itself covers one-sixth of the entire area of the globe, and I would like to say to you that I come to you in all humility. I do not profess to know everything about Russia; nobody who has spent only two years in Russia is an authority on that subject, but I will try to tell you the best I can some of the things I know. If you know anything about Asiatics and Russian people you know they love to talk. Senator Elihu Root, who went to Russia on a Commission for the United States government, said one evening at the house with some of my friends that the Russian revolution had released 180,000,000 orators upon an unsuspecting world. The fact is that they do talk. One of the first speeches I delivered in Russia, it was a great piece of nerve on my part, because I worked this speech up in advance and then got somebody that knew the language to go over it with me. I more or less learned it and then I gave it with gusto in Petrograd Hall and I produced the impression that I knew more Russian than I did. My subject came in the second half of the meeting and as time

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went on I thought I wasn't going to get time to make my speech and I was a bit disappointed. I wanted to make an impression. But old Mr. Chikovsky, Provisional Head of the Government at Archangel, an old social revolutionary leader and the real founder of the co-operative movement among the peasants in Russia, said to me, "Don't mind, you don't know Russian patience. They can stand this for hours when they have got their appetites up."

I wish to-day I had all the wisdom of Solomon and all the artifices of an orator to tell you what I have to tell, but if I had to pay by you going home thinking you had heard a good oration and the substance taking second place in your mind I prefer not to be one because my subject is a very serious one. In the first place the fact that you have come here to-day is because you know I have come out of Russia and what interests you is Russia. What I am telling you is not the Russia of Tchaikowski for working out to church music and the ballet, or the peasant costumes, all of which are very interesting and beautiful. Russia in itself is a seismograph or pathetical meter of social and political movement, and a social laboratory where vivisection is practiced with a vengeance. The German paper of Berlin, *Vorwaerts*, has written that the present regime in Russia is performing an experiment on the living body of society. Now the Russian problem is as vast as the world, and the land itself covers a sixth of the area of our globe. No one can give you a complete account of recent Russian happenings and he oughtn't to attempt to give you a complete account. He can tell you such facts as he knows and be careful that they are facts, and he can give you the impressions of his own life and you can more or less draw conclusions.

Russia, for a reason that I will presently tell you, is profoundly spiritual, a fact that is impressed on everybody who goes there and gets interested in the country, particularly in these last two years. That effect is so deep that all the sufferings of these people and all that is to come out of these sufferings is to be practically religious experience. Now there are people who will laugh at that and say it is impracticable and I am talking sob stuff, which I hate, but that is not the fact. Now our people, I speak chiefly of my own country, have been deeply touched by this thing. I think it was Henry James who wrote a book on "The Varieties of Human Experience." Russia would certainly furnish good material for such a new book. It is a fact. Worries give these people new ideas of life and show them things they never thought of before.

When I was watching our Senate Investigation Committee in Washington the other day some people were telling a lot about Russia, reading it into the records, of social injustice and socialism and those Senators sat rapt because the men were excellent speakers; and I knew some of those men, they were searching their hearts so hard they had not time to cross-examine the people. Russia has upset a lot of our people. It has got them up in the air and they have not come down yet. It has upset some people so that they cannot see any light out of the dilemma, they cannot discern the true from the false.

There are many reports concerning the Russian situation spread. One man says this and another man says that and you cannot get clear. I am going to be as honest with you as I can be and give you what I think about it. In the first place you have got to have some background. I wish everybody here had read a history I picked up in London when I was on my way home in October, written by three Englishmen, Forbes, Beasley, and Birkley. If everybody in Canada and the United States had read that history we should not have so much lack of clarity. It is a short book. I think you will find it well worth while reading Russian history; it seems to me first, last, and all the time a tragedy. Now a tragedy is a game where you can't win. These people isolated from the west of Europe drew their Christianity from the Byzantine Church of Constantinople. They were cut off from the Crusades, the Reformation and all things which were of advantage to the lives of the people from which you and I have sprung. Then they had this vastness, a plain extending from Finland to the Ural Mountains, 1,200 to 1,500 miles, then on across Siberia. On that plain these people were set for some purpose that the Almighty had in view, we do not know what, and they migrated, and the whole history of the Russian people from A.D. 800 was the wanderings of these peoples on these plains subject to the raids of the Tartars. They were turned out as fast as they settled and they were always at the mercy of raiding enemies. Finally they had to go on a conquest themselves and they had to extend on this plain, never having time to clean house.

You don't mind your climate here because you have the Anglo-Saxon background. You have houses and stoves to heat them or hot water heating, but in Russia there is no middle class. Their country is bush up in the north like Canada, and more or less the same latitude; but their climate forces the peasants to half a year of idleness.

Now, that tragedy of geography brought on the tragedy of

tyranny. Freed from Tartar rule, there came an autocracy almost like the Tartar rule it succeeded, and the people then tended to anarchy as they tend to-day. Now to that autocracy was presently added serfdom. Nine-tenths of the people bound to the soil, slaves like the black people in the United States who were not freed until 1861. That is the tragedy that hangs over the people and has made their characteristics what they are. It has given them fortitude and all the negative virtues but it has made them a whole lot poorer in positive virtues. Life is a comedy for the Anglo-Saxon. He has a chance of winning. They are beaten before they start.

I went to see Mme. Gorky play in "The Lower Depths." It is the most hopeless thing in the world. There are four acts, no change of scene. The woman dies on the stage and the more terrible she looks, the more she cries, the more she screams, the more the audience applauds because life to a certain extent is being enacted. There is, of course, the more funny side to it. We had a man in our embassy who came from St. Louis. He had his own ideas about the Russians. He had a stenographer who did not do very well; she was apparently mournful of her lot. One day I came in and she left the room very slowly and I said "She seems to be working better now." "Oh," he says, "She is all right, but it is the same with all these damn Russians; they are sorry for themselves."

Now that tragedy of nature and of political tyranny held back the education of these people. They are two or three hundred years behind European countries, and it produced this nine-tenths submerged and one-tenth educated division of their population. Between these two classes there is an unhealthy cleft. Now, it was the contemplation of that standing tragedy, nine-tenths of the people under the subjection of the upper tenth, uneducated and often undernourished, that produced radicalism in Russia. The people who tried to bridge that gap were the noblest strugglers for political liberty in the world.

What was the condition of Russia in 1916? When I arrived Russia was an Empire resting on peasant shoulders. As you know, millions of men had been taken to the front, more than they could arm and take care of. The autocracy had undertaken the task of waging war. This is not to belittle the heroism and good work which saved us all, but what was happening in the rear? The railroads were congested, industry was dislocated by being put on war work. Russia is not an industrial country, it is a farming country. It was never

meant to face any such tremendous industrial affair as this modern warfare was. And the bureaucracy, although there were some splendid men in these outside organizations, adopted a constant policy of offishness towards any new departure because it was feared they were getting too democratic; and there was a party at the court which, if not pro-German, was pro-myself and the old order of things, and they did not wish to yield to this encroachment of the people in the matter of government.

Petrograd and Moscow were not getting food. I was getting food, the embassy was getting food, but the poor people were not getting enough. So finally the great revolution you know grew out of food riots primarily. That was the hair trigger that set the gun off. The new army did not have the same ideas of loyalty that the old army had, and as the great crowds gathered in the streets demanding food the soldiers were told to go and put them down and they wouldn't. I was talking to a soldier, a cook, who told me that as far as he could make out the Cossacks were not going to go against them whereas in the old times the Cossacks would have ridden through the streets with their whips. They merely rode up with their horses on the sidewalks. And presently the thing was done and there was great joy on all hands and most everybody was pleased, everybody but the immediate circle around the old court.

I had three soldiers in my kitchen who could not go back to their barracks because the whole regiment had not gone over yet; and my cook was a revolutionist, of course, and so came and said there were three soldiers down stairs, very nice boys, who did not dare go back, and he asked if they could sleep in the kitchen. They slept on two rugs, behaved themselves and went away the next morning. I was worried that if this thing was noised about, and it was found that a young man in the American embassy had been entertaining mutinous soldiers it would not go well with me.

Very soon afterwards the Czar had abdicated for himself and his son and Grand Duke Nicholas refused to take the throne unless an assembly of the people gave it to him. By those Acts the executive authority which had ruled Russia for 300 years was thrown off. You know their Duma was a debating society which had its wings clipped several times. They had no parliament such as we have. A Provisional Government was formed out of the Duma by certain Petrograd men and in harmony with that organization which had quickly grown up, called the Soviets or Council of Workingmen and

Soldiers' Deputies. This government was formed by men as fine intellectually as any group in the world. One of these men was a member of the government, that was Kerensky. He was kept as the leader of the two and this government existed with the accord of the Soviets.

Now these Soviets started a revolution in 1905 which was unsuccessful. These Soviets are like the Board of Directors of a club or the board of directors of a company. In this case it means council of workingmen's deputies. The revolution of 1905 fell through because the democracy of Russia could not get together and each man was trying to get his idea through and then the old autocracy came back and put the screws on. The same thing happened this time only it was not the old autocracy that put the screws on, but the new.

Now the Soviets are organized like this. It was a workingmen's labor organization, and the workingmen in each place were to form a soviet or council like a local of a trades union. Each one of these was to send a delegation to the convention so as to elect the central executive committee. That committee was to sit constantly and carry on the business of this organization. Petrograd, of course, was the hub of this; Petrograd has been the political hub of everything and the hub of unrest because it is a great workers' city. They have that everlasting incentive to unrest in the workingmen's huts in one quarter and the palaces on the other side, and it was but natural that the Petrograd workingmen should advise other labor and that their ideas should take the lead in this thing. The Soviets were not at that time Bolshevik. They were a Socialist organization. They aspired not to have men in the government but to control the government, much as the labor party for instance would aspire to exert such influence on our government. So there grew up a dual authority. The government would give an order and the Soviets would cancel it or not carry it out. And then there was a separate Soviet of the peasants at that time; afterwards they were brought together under the Bolsheviks.

Now that Provisional Government faced one of the greatest crises in history. It faced a food crisis; the country was worn out by war and had made great sacrifices. It was not equipped for war as our countries were, and it faced all this unrest, and it could not solve the problem; and there was an unsuccessful attempt made for eight months to establish democracy in Russia, but the effort failed. That was the government in which the name Kerensky always seemed to be most prominent, although he was not premier of the first one. It seems to

me the answer to the whole thing was that the lower nine-tenths did not know the difference between democracy and anarchy; did not know what real liberty meant, and they could not get together.

You see there is in Russia what I call the mentality of protest. When you protest against evil all your life and all of a sudden it is removed you do not know what to do about it. It reminds me of my very good friends the Irishmen. They got so used to protesting against evils they do not know what they are going to do when the evils are gone.

Now all the time during eight months a group of men who knew what they wanted were trying to break this government down, and they were working in these labor soviets and they were called Bolsheviks. There were several parties in the All Red movement. Now Bolshevik means the majority of a programme; (it doesn't mean majority at this time.) Their name comes from a Socialist convention held in London in 1903. Menshevik means "less." A Menshevik doesn't stand for the whole-hog programme. Now these people were working with money from Wilhelm for eight months in Petrograd and it took them eight months to break the provisional government. But they succeeded, and we saw the end of the effort for democracy in Russia and the beginning of the new tyranny.

You would like to know what the Bolshevik theory is, and I will let them speak for themselves. Bolshevism says that the proletariat should use the machinery of government to the exclusion of every other section and employ it to promote means of production in the interests of the working masses. They say there has to be dictation by the proletariat because if they gave the vote to all of us we would try to have a say in the government.

In an official translation, December 14, of an edict about the recognition of their government, they say definitely that their object is "To overthrow all existing governments." It is quite clear what they want.

Now the whole thing behind this is not, as I have tried to explain, Socialism. The Socialists of Russia are against it. It is not a creed; it is a method. It is not political. It is the method of getting my own end; it is the exact philosophy of life which the German government espoused in going into this war, and they don't care how they do get it. They are the quintessence of unscrupulousness. That is their moral failure.

What is the Red Guard? The Red Guard should have been recruited from the workingmen and in the first instance it was largely composed of workingmen. Workingmen were induced

to go into the Bolshevik movement of land and money. It is the old story, as old as the world, of promises, unscrupulous promises made which cannot be fulfilled; "I ought to have this. I need it." And it has never worked in the world and it has not worked in Russia. Now the Red Guard at present are recruited from Chinese and Russian mercenaries. Many men are serving because they need food and clothing and they get food and clothing because they are in the army. Also some of the officers are there because their families at home are held as hostages.

Now that army is not an army with a great ideal behind it. I don't think even if it had a policy and an ideal behind it it would last long.

Now about graft. I would like to read you a paragraph about it. I went to see one of the Bolshevik ministers and he said there was no such thing. He said they were not going to have anything like that any more in Russia. It was going to be a real republic. I asked a business man one day in Russia who is still trying to get along "How is the graft?" He said it never was so prevalent in Russia as it is now. A friend of mine came out December 15, he paid 150 roubles to get across the border without a visé on his passport. No body knew how it was done. It cost us a thousand roubles to have one package removed from the station down to the bridge nearby.

It was not a Bolshevik movement in the first place that started in Russia. It was not conceded to the Soviet that it would be the government. It was to be a labor movement, introducing, bit by bit, socialism. It got into the hands of the Bolsheviks and became more and more radical. The Bolshevik organization to-day is a "steam roller" organization. They have nothing like that here, but sometimes they have packed houses. If the local Soviet does not give way and do what it is told they simply get a new one. Actually it is not really a representative organization any more. The delegates are chosen and they do what they are told, and it is a real dictatorship. Now the Bolshevik government appoints a committee which really constitutes the ministers. And then there is a head president of this council, a sort of premier, Mr. Lenine.

Lenine is a man of good family in Russia. And he has got a great mind. Do not fool yourself for a minute on that. Lenine is a Russian; he has lived all over the world. He has witnessed that tragedy, and the old repression, and you know when there is repression you get an ugly kick-back. You know when people grow up where there is injustice they grow up radicals, and Russia was one great place like that.

Trotsky is a Russian Jew, a brilliant man, but I do not think he is the great man Lenine is. When you talk about these men you have to describe them as men although you consider them absolutely as enemies of society. Now, with Trotsky a Hebrew you may ask me whether there are many Hebrews in the Bolshevik organization. There are. There have always been a good many Jews in Russia who are revolutionists. I suppose to-day two-thirds of the Russian revolutionists are Jewish. The reason for the Jews in the Bolshevik councils is in the first place that the revolution needs brains, and although they have so many people they have a hard time finding men to take the jobs. And the Russian Jew is intellectually superior to the masses of the Russian people. In the second place the Russian Jew has a long period of tyranny behind him. This thing is their last element of protest and it is the working off of an old grudge. That is the way I see it. I do not need to tell you that the Hebrews have been the noblest strugglers in history, and the better class of Jews in Russia do not condone Bolshevism for one minute.

Now about land. Russia is a farmers' country, nine-tenths of it. There are big factories in the towns, but only a small percentage of the population is employed in factories while easily eighty-five per cent. are engaged on the soil. Land, in Russia, is the whole background. No programme will ever be a success without that foundation of land. It has got to be settled in Russia. It was divided like this. Part of it belonged to the peasants themselves as small landowners. Part of it belonged to the church, then there were state lands and lands that belonged to the Czar from which he had income. When the peasants were freed from serfdom the land was divided up into strips and they were supposed to divide it up giving each a fair share.

There were certain reforms connected with the name of S—— who was killed. He made it possible for the peasants to buy land. Sometimes he bought land through or from the state. Of course some peasants were zealous and hard working and others were indolent and were no better off.

Now the Bolsheviks have nationalized the land at one stroke. A man has not a fee simple to the land any more but may only work it. They usually left it to the local people in each district to work it out. According to the decree which was issued ownership in land was "suspended immediately without any reimbursement whatever." All the peasants have divided the land up and the local Soviets had a great deal of trouble in making the adjustments.

In Russia agricultural methods have not improved very much year by year. The old wooden plow is still in use and the peasants need tools and implements. Only fifty per cent. of the crops in Russia are harvested by machinery. Anybody can say he can deliver the peasant vote in Russia. Eighty-five per cent. of the population are chiefly concerned in land. And the Bolshevik have gone into the villages and taken the land by force. Money is no good to the peasant because in Russia there are no staples. There came conflicts between the peasants and the Bolshevik over the land issue and then fights with the Bolshevik using machine guns, and then others when the peasants had ammunition, and all this added considerably to the friction.

In many cases the peasants, after taking the land of the landowner, have asked him to come back and live in his big house and have even offered to pay for the land. A brother of one of my friends, a landowner who lived all his life on the soil, had his land taken and he made up his mind to accept the situation. They gave him his strip of land and left him his big house—they did not want it. And the committee from the Soviet came down and told the peasants that man must leave this estate. They said "Oh no, he behaves himself alright. He works; that is he helps us with his mind. He knows more than we do." The Bolsheviks were for insisting upon ejecting him altogether but the peasants were firm in their stand.

The Bolsheviks' game all along has been to preach class hatred. Even among the peasants themselves they take the poor and indolent peasants in a community and set them against those who have some land. They set these unfortunates on to the fortunates and made parties of spies out of the unfortunates to spy on those who had ground.

Now as to industries and factories. Factories in Russia are to-day not running. There is no raw material coming in upon which to work, nor is there any fuel available. The workmen themselves took over control of the factories while the office remained in the hands of the former owners. The owner was to run this factory and receive a salary for it. Then they took steps to nationalize the factories and made arrangements for the distribution of supplies, materials, and that sort of thing. Now the Russians have not had much chance for education and such a sudden change as this would cause a lot of trouble in any country. The industrial situation in Russia is very bad, and when people say that the factories there are running it is not true.

Some factories are run on a different system, by the good

will exhibited by the former proprietor and some of his workmen, whereby the proprietor continues really to supply the brains for the enterprise. And I know a factory which did not even go under the workmen's control because they convinced the workmen they would be better without it. I know another man who wanted to save his property, and so he arranged to take a couple of good workmen on the board and took foremen out of the factory for directors and they contrived to keep going in some kind of way. But generally the factories are not working. In Moscow there is no fuel and the people are going into the villages and into the Red Army.

By September the Bolshevik had issued about twenty-five billions of unsecured roubles. They were issuing about three billions per month. I am informed that the production of the printing press has dropped off to about one billion per month because of the lack of paper and colors.

The banks were all nationalized. The decrees made the various banks branches one, two, three, etc., of the Bank of the Socialistic Peoples Republic of the Soviets and Workmen's Social Deputies. Then they started to cut off your account and you could only draw so many roubles a month, not enough to live on. They made it very difficult for you to draw at all upon your funds. Then finally they nationalized the whole thing, took over all the assets of the bank, took over all the stock and everything else. They got the poorest kind of people to manage the banks. All sorts of entries were made in the books because they did not know anything about banking and to-day I suppose nobody could tell where things are. By little subterranean passages only could one draw his account. It required the payment of a certain percentage. For instance if you had 100,000 roubles in the bank you might cash 95,000.

Big wages and shortened working hours have cut production down to from five to ten per cent. of what it was. They always tell you about a certain factory going ahead but that doesn't disprove that ninety-nine per cent. of the factories became insolvent. They had to draw out all their bank deposits, paying back wages and expenses which accrue at leaps and bounds. Then the banks got enormous loans and to-day most of them are absolutely insolvent. Even if everything was to come all right to-morrow they could not open their doors and meet their creditors. There is going to be a big job straightening things out when the time comes. As to the finances of the state, they issued paper money without gold reserves and the situation is very bad. They have nationalized

foreign trade but they have had very little of it. But houses are sold and there is exchange of money.

A word as to the railways. They are operated by the better class of railway men who manage to keep them going. But their locomotives and cars are getting out of repair.

The food situation is terrible. I would like to read you letters from people in Petrograd. Starvation is actually going on. People have been refused food because they do not produce and production is away down. Petrograd looked to me like a graveyard with its empty streets. Ships are empty, there are no staple articles, and most of the better class people have gone to the South Baltic provinces or are living in fear and trembling with no hope for the future.

Now Bolshevism is not Socialism; it is not social uplift. It is foolish in its inception because it says any means to any end. It is only Germany's unscrupulous motto, "To the end all means do justify." Now that is a damned lie. And one of those means is the class warfare whereby you and I are to be put against one another; or I who have no money am to look on you as a natural enemy because you have money. It is one of the most terrible things ever launched on the world.

Then in practice it is an absolute failure. There is no use shutting our eyes to that. There is no use wishing so much for the success of Bolshevism that you will not believe it has been proven a failure. Leading Socialists the world over agree as to its failure. A famous Swedish Socialist says it has lost every ideal for which the Russian revolution was launched. How does it go on? If the majority of people no longer adhere to it why do not they stop it? A Russian peasant said to me, "Well, the majority of the Russian people were against the old regime, why did not they stop it? I could tell you lots of terror stories. The Soviet decrees distinctly stated that hostages should be taken from the opposing factions and at the first sign of opposition shooting of these hostages should be begun without fail.

Now Bolshevism is a tragedy of hunger and anarchy. It is elementary, crude, but dignified by a certain philosophy of fear. It is not honest radicalism or honest socialism because honest radicalism and honest socialism is needed in every country to leaven the lump. The theory of Bolshevism will not appeal to the Canadian and will not appeal to the American. Let the sunlight in on it. Do not take repressive measures. Let the people know what it is. When they know it they will condemn it. It is part of a kind of looseness of thought that is running around. Down in the United States we have what are called

boudoir Bolshevik and we have another kind of radical snob who says "How lovely the Bolsheviks are, and it is a shame they are so misjudged." We have lots of them.

Now the remedy is some clarity of thinking. We never hear these things by their names as we do to-day. Bolshevism grows on every sore spot. It grows where people who have not had much opportunity or education find themselves in life. It grows out of a grudge against existing affairs with the idea of getting something. The obvious remedy is to get rid of these sore spots, and I beg of you gentlemen here to-day to do what some of us have been forced to do by the very terrible experiences we have had in Russia, that is to take more time in your lives for what is called social justice. I do not want to preach. I do not blame the employers generally, but there has come the time now when the social revolution has already come. It is going on now. People don't talk the language they used to talk and people have got to be fair and see that the fellows coming home from the front get a square deal.

I do not think Russia can save herself. I do not think she possesses sufficient force without aid from outside. I think it is a job for the League of Nations. Russia needs help, she needs constructive help. I think we ought to go at it on a big-brother basis. There are many other things I could tell you but I have already taken up too much of your time, and I thank you very much for your attention.

(March 17, 1919)

Industrial Problems and the Condition of Labor

BY MR. TOM MOORE.*

*M*R. Chairman and Fellow Citizens of Canada,—It seems very appropriate that the subject to-day should deal with unrest, to-day being the anniversary of that country which has been notorious so long for that very thing, unrest. However, it is not my intention to-day to attempt to delve into the troubles of the Emerald Isle. Its natives are quite capable of making their troubles known without my assistance on this occasion.

The question of unrest can perhaps be divided into two particular classes, political unrest and industrial unrest. Both of these classes are closely interwoven and bring about the social unrest. Political unrest manifested itself largely during the previous century and we have seen it growing stronger and stronger generation after generation. The problem which we are to discuss to-day is the one of industrial unrest. There are those who look on unrest, whether it be political or whether it be industrial, as something which should be abolished. Personally, I am not afraid of unrest. I rather welcome unrest. If we could by any magical power stop all unrest then we would have reached that stage of stagnation where civilization would be on the downward grade. We want to see unrest; we want to see it, however, developed into the channels of construction and not turned into the channels of destruction.

It was the unrest of the past which created for us our industrial system. It was the unrest in the minds of the people at the time when the hand work was prevalent which brought about all the inventions which we enjoy to-day. It was the unrest and the dissatisfaction with the means of locomotion known as walking which brought about the first stage coaches and so forth. It was the unrest and dissatisfaction which brought about our railroad trains and today

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our aeroplanes, and we do not know what the future will bring for us. Therefore, when we speak of unrest we should not fear it, we should look on it as something essential to our whole life, as part of the elements of nature, contributing to happiness, and simply say this unrest must continue. We must cultivate unrest but we must cultivate it so it will bring happiness to humanity, not destruction as it has too often done in the past.

Dealing with it therefore from that broad basis we might for a moment look on some of the reasons for the present virulent form of unrest, because we are bound to admit that much of the unrest of to-day is not being developed into the channels of construction. There is much of the unrest and discontent of to-day, which, if allowed to drift in this Dominion of ours, will be dangerous and destructive; and it is in order that we may divert that that we must look to the present day conditions and try and find out what the causes are, and then as far as may be practicable remove these causes.

When we look around in our cities and see the inequalities which exist, look at the people on the one hand who are dressed in the richness which they enjoy, look at the limousines which follow along the streets and then look in the alleyways and see the rags and the hovels left for another section of society, we can begin to realize some of the conditions that make for unrest. You have had speak in this city of Toronto during this last week two very eminent people, one the Hon. Mackenzie King, who has been a student of this question for a considerable number of years, in fact I think I would be right in saying that the Hon. Mackenzie King was possibly studying this question when I was engaged in driving nails and sawing wood. Then you have the vice-chairman of the Manufacturers' Association, each of them telling you from their viewpoint what they think is the solution of the present day problems. To-day you have simply a worker, not trained in oratory as these other men were, simply a worker who has come to you to speak to you as a Canadian citizen, as one citizen to another, and to try and compare notes and see whether we can do something towards bringing about that closer co-operation which was so ably demonstrated during the stress of the war.

It would be a calamity if that spirit of co-operation which existed between all classes on the battle-fields of Europe, that co-operation which was manifested in the workshops, and the factories in all the countries of the allies, if all of that were allowed to die and to be buried with

those of our fallen heroes on the fields of Flanders. If such a thing were to occur, and if we were to drift back to the basis of antagonism of 1914, then there would be some room to agree with that Japanese statesman who said that this war would possibly bring about the destruction of Western civilization. However, I am not one of those pessimists who believe that that was a true prophecy. I believe we are only on the verge of a greater civilization than ever the world has known, but to bring that about we must first change the thoughts and the minds of many of our citizens of to-day.

It is unfortunate that in the minds of many of both classes, employing and employed, that there are still those antagonisms and distrusts which existed and were so prevalent in the year 1914. Meetings of this kind can possibly do much towards removing these feelings of distrust and towards breaking down barriers between class and class which have unfortunately existed during the machine age and the industrial period through which we have just passed. I realize and I feel that to-day all men should show that spirit of toleration, they should show the courage of their convictions, and step boldly, and break down precedents if necessary in order that that spirit of co-operation which was born during the war shall be brought into our industrial and social life and eliminate much of the agony and much of the distrust which has been the lot of the great masses during the past generation.

We might for one moment ask ourselves what brought this about. Has it been the needs of the great masses or has it been the greed of a few? We are led to believe that it has been the worshipping of that God of gold instead of the worshipping of the efficiency of human happiness which has brought about our present condition. We have got to set ourselves to realize that the wealthy man of to-day is not the man who can write a check for his millions; but the wealthy man of to-day and to-morrow will be the man who can point and say he has brought the most happiness into the most lives of this great nation. Realizing that you agree with me that happiness shall be the measure of efficiency for the future, what are some of the methods which we might take to bring this about? I am not going to attempt to lead you into the realms of theory. I am not going to attempt either to propound any advanced ideas of what may occur 15 or 20 years from now; but I am going to ask you to go along with me and look at our present day situation and see what immediate changes can be brought about, what steps can be taken towards bringing about that great measure of freedom and

happiness for the great masses who toil in this and in other countries.

The first step, in our estimation, is that the worker shall be relieved of some measure of his toil, whereby the improvements in the machinery, the increased protection which has been brought about by continual improvement, whereby some of that can be given to the worker himself in the reduction of the number of hours which it is necessary for him to work to exist. At luncheon the other day Mr. King quoted Lloyd George and other eminent people, also himself, as to the impossibility of hours being shortened beyond a certain point. I do not know what point he may have had in mind but I know this—that the declarations of eminent people such as even Lloyd George have not always been infallible. It is possible that even a declaration of that kind may be found not to be correct when put to the test. It is all right for us when we have sat down to a good luncheon to go home to theorize that the working day should not be shortened because it would bring calamity, but I want to say to you that a man who is a hungry man, who sees his children want, a man who is struggling, has worked 10 or 11 hours every day for a generation and sees nothing ahead of him but still work, who has failed to accumulate any of this world's goods, who has nothing but shelter for one month ahead by payment of rent, there is no use telling that man that shorter hours will bring calamity to him, because he realizes it has always been with him all his lifetime. Therefore, when dealing with men in that position, with their minds centered on the thought that things cannot be worse, you have got to go carefully if you tell them shorter hours will bring disaster to them. I believe, and so do the labor forces of this country, Great Britain, France and the United States believe, not only will the shorter hours bring happiness to the worker, but increased prosperity to the countries who institute these shorter hours.

I would like for one moment if you could to picture the life of the man who works long hours, the man who puts in a nine or ten hour day in some of the industries in this country. I want you to realize what the life of the miner means—and, if you will notice, most of the extreme declarations in regard to unrest come from the ranks of men engaged in such industries as mining. I want you to understand what must be at the back of these men's minds. These men used to get up before the sun shines in the morning, go down the pit heads into the bowels of the earth and work there from 10 to 12 hours out of the sunshine, coming up and going to their

homes after the sun has set. You can't call the places they retire to homes. I guess you have seen colliery villages. After 10 or 20 years of existence of that kind those men are not going to be broad in their views and they are not going to look on the shorter hour question in the same way as we do, nor are they going to look on the problems of life as comfortably as we might look at them at a luncheon table in the King Edward Hotel.

Conditions such as that are the ones that breed unrest in the minds of workers, also in smelting plants and iron foundries, etc., and they should be given immediate consideration so as to shorten their hours considerably. The shortening of these men's hours would mean that they would have the opportunity to learn something of what the world is besides incessant toil. And if you could shorten the hours in industrial toil men would become more contented, they will broaden their views, and you will have gone one step forward towards removing some of the unrest.

Therefore, instead of passing resolutions as some organizations are doing to-day, Manufacturers' Associations, Employers' Associations are agreeing with many things, but up to the present time unfortunately, (I am speaking in the viewpoint of the labor forces,) they have been contented to make their declarations rather than step boldly forward and put these declarations into practice and institute some of these things they have been talking about.

If we are to-day content to go along and to bury our heads in the sand and say, because we do not see any revolution such as is occurring in Russia, because we do not see any tumult such as is taking place in Great Britain, that Canada is safe, I tell you if you are content to wait until the revolution has taken place, you will have it in Canada just as surely as you have had it in Russia or in any other place. It is necessary for you who have the power, necessary for our governments to-day, to realize that safety lies only in bringing about measures of justice and in bringing them about before they are demanded by force, because the workers of to-day are insistent. I know their temper, I think, and they are insistent that they shall reap some of the rewards for which so many brave men have paid with their lives. They want to see this world better and they know full well unless there are some steps taken forward (such as reduction of hours for a beginning) that there can be no betterment in their lives.

Having agreed amongst ourselves that we might put into

operation a shorter working day the question would arise very logically, if we put shorter working day into operation what would the workers do with the rest of their time? Is it not better men should be fully employed than that they should have a certain amount of leisure time which they might misuse? This has been the one question which has been asked on every occasion whenever reforms have been brought into operation. What would become of the worker if we remove that paternalistic spirit which we have been so fond of exercising over him? There has been a feeling in many good people, not only employers of labor, that the great masses of a country need looking after. That spirit dominated the kings of the past and it dominated the barons of the past and it has dominated every one in the political, industrial, and social field that that power which they exercised, if they let go of it who would take hold of it and would the future be as bright from their viewpoint? I can appreciate the employer of labor saying—supposing we give these men a shorter work-day, what use would they make of their freedom? Supposing they give them more leisure time, how would they use it, for the betterment of themselves and humanity? or are they competent to do that? In regard to the shorter working day I say that the first way in which the worker would use it would be for his education. Every worker to-day needs a vast education, not only education in the social and political life; but he needs a vast education in the industrial life and the complexities of the industrial life of this and other countries. Just as the employer needs education as to what his workers require under different conditions, just so much do the workers need their education.

In the past they have lived in two entirely different worlds. The worker has been told the factory belonged to the employer; he has been told that when he came in in the morning and went out at dusk, there his responsibility ended, and his interest also ended; and it was not his place to ask questions whether the goods were sold at a profit. It was only his place to know that when there was a loss a reduction of wages might be necessary to cover that particular loss. That is the view which our workers have had. Therefore, they need education. They need also in many cases technical education; and I believe if you would shorten working hours their minds would be freer, they would be fertile for that broader education of responsibility both in the industrial and in the political life of this country, which is so much needed at the present time.

Then we might look at the home. It is no use giving the worker a shorter work day and sending him to a house that is not a home. There is no use of him spending his spare hours in an upper storey in a large tenement house. It is necessary, if you are to remove some of the discontent, that man again be brought into closer touch with the land. It is said that if you take a man away from the land for more than three generations he becomes degenerate. I do not know how true that is, but I know that if more of our workers could be given their homes with a garden around it where they could again get in touch with mother earth, there would be a vast improvement so far as discontent is concerned. Therefore, it is very essential that we should give some attention to the housing of the workers.

Another very vital point is the question of employment. Year after year we have seen through our industrial system ever recurring periods of unemployment. There seems to have grown up in enormous industries what is known as the busy and the quiet season, times when men were wanted and other times when they expected they would be sent home to wait until better times came around again. These periods of unemployment have a naturally demoralizing effect upon any worker's progress.

However much wages they may get, it does not begin to reach that point where they can get all the things which the normal human being desires. Therefore when they are working, in many instances they satisfy some of their wants and in that way spend practically all the wages which they earn; and when the period of unemployment occurs it simply means that the home is without any income, and without income for an indefinite period because the worker of today does not know, has no power to know, when his services may be required again. We have had the satisfaction of seeing great advances in the political field, men and women have been given growing powers, franchises have been broadened and broadened until practically every worker or every adult has the opportunity of saying what the government shall be, while in the industrial field we have been growing more and more autocratic. Year by year we have seen small employers go out of business, superseded by some trust, or by some large corporation, by some organization of capital; until we have grown into the position where the lives and the destinies of the workers are placed in the hands of a very few people and the worker, therefore, when he is sent home for lack of employ-

ment feels he does not know when the next opportunity to work will occur.

If there is one thing that you might realize, it is this, that during four years of war the government has told workers of this country that it is a crime to be idle. They passed one of their orders-in-council stating that any man found unemployed was liable to arrest as a vagrant and as an undesirable citizen. If it is necessary that every man shall be employed for the purposes of war, and we recognize war was necessary in this case, how much more necessary is it that every man shall be employed for the purposes of peace? Therefore, when men have been told in war times that it would be criminal for them to be unemployed, can you wonder to-day that they consider it criminal for them to be refused the opportunity of being employed? That is the position of to-day; and therefore when these men who are at home are going around from factory to factory attempting to sell their labor are told there are no opportunities to sell it, that no consideration as to their wives and children can enter into it, that the hard-and-fast industrial system demands that they may not enter a workshop or factory until they can be profitably used, do you wonder there are demands for the workers taking over the factories?

I am not one who believes that the time is ripe in Canada that that shall be done, but I do believe there must be a greater measure of co-operation between the workers and the employer, to use the brains of the worker to settle hours of work, unemployment, besides the brains of them who manage the capital of that industry. I know if I went to a factory and was told there was no more work for me because there were not enough orders I would be of an inquisitive turn of mind and would say I am willing to work, physically able to work, I need work, and if it is that you are not getting orders because you are managing your factory inefficiently or not getting orders because you desire too much profit, or not getting orders for any other reason for which I have no control, then I feel an injustice is being done to me; and it is to remove that injustice we must find some measure of closer co-operation between workers and employers in the factories to-day.

In this respect we have seen illustrations of what is happening in Great Britain. Perhaps you know of these things better by the name of Whitley Councils. Perhaps it is better to speak of them as industrial councils. I see the press are mentioning them as industrial councils. I do not know how far they may be practicable in Canada in their entirety, as

broad in their operation as in Britain, but if you have read these reports of the committee you will know they especially drew attention to this fact, that it was only the underlying spirit of co-operation they were wishing to emphasize, that each industry in Britain must meet and work out for itself rules and regulations applicable to that industry.

What is true in Britain is true in the Dominion of Canada. We may not be able to put a cut-and-dried scheme such as was thought out in Great Britain into operation in this Dominion of Canada. I do not think we can. I agree with one of the speakers of last week who pointed out the difference in our geographical position and pointed out the changed conditions because of this distance between Canada and Great Britain. But I do believe that the spirit of these industrial councils can be put into operation in the Dominion of Canada. I believe that the employer could call into co-operation his workers to discuss these measures and I have confidence enough both in the ability of the employer and in the intelligence of the worker of to-day that where a round table conference takes place that they themselves can find a solution whereby some co-operation can be brought into existence in this Dominion. You will perhaps notice that I do not coincide entirely with our friend Hon. Mackenzie King in regard to his particular partners in industry. I see he made four partners. Of course, if you are wanting to build a platform it is necessary to build four legs to it. I am not interested in platforms and I prefer, and I think we are wiser, to look upon our problems as between employer and employed rather than subdivide beyond that.

Wrapped up in this question of councils comes the question of our government. It is a very vital question to-day, and I am not here to criticize the Liberal or the Conservative government or a Union government or any other branch. I am simply going to deal briefly with the measure of assistance necessary from any government towards an industrial system whereby co-operation can take place. The policy of the governments in Britain in the past was one whereby they stood aside between workers and employers as to the standard for government contracts. The policy in the United States was one where fair wages were based not on existing standards, but on what the legislators thought necessary. In the Dominion of Canada the policy of our governments has been, in fixing government contracts, that only prevailing conditions shall be taken into account. If there is a district where the workers have been lacking in initiative or because employ-

ers through greed or otherwise have brought about bad working conditions, the government feels satisfied, if it had any work to do in that vicinity or contracts to let in that particular vicinity, it has done its duty if it lets that contract under conditions that were existing. The government policy of the future must go further than that. It must be one of leading. It must be one where, when workers and employers have met and decided that certain conditions are necessary for their living and for their profits, that the government should recognize that, irrespective of local conditions. Perhaps I might illustrate that by referring to the shoe industry.

When shoe contracts were to let it was the policy of the contractor to state what he was paying. We had a report from the city of Toronto. Workers in the city of Toronto had through co-operation with their employers secured better conditions than some other sections of Canada. Toronto concerns were prevented by the government from securing many contracts because their price was too high owing to having established better living conditions for their workers in comparison with other parts of the country. You will realize what I mean when I say the government shall pay, not prevailing conditions, but the best conditions established between workers and employers. It will go a long way towards elevating delinquent employers to a better standard than we have had from them in the past. It would be protection to the worker and it would be protection to the fair employer.

In the past too often the fair employer has been discouraged in his desires to do better for his workers by that direct influence of the unfair employer. Therefore, we want our government of the future to realize its responsibility in regard to industry, and in passing over that I might say that the labor forces believe what I think many of the employing forces believe today, that it is advisable that a greater measure of nationalization of some of the monopolies of this country should take place than has taken place in the past. If we look at the vote taken in Hamilton on hydro electric, and nationalization of the water powers of this country, then I think you will agree with me there seems to be a spirit not only among the labor forces but amongst all classes that the time has arrived when a greater measure of nationalization of public utilities, mines, water powers, forests, and raw materials should be in the hands of the government itself.

There has been, however, a question mentioned in the House of Commons during the debate on the address from

the throne, and also mentioned in speeches in Toronto, and that is the tariff. I can see my good friend on my left smiling when I mention the tariff. Any industry which needs the tariff to live should be prepared to place its entire books and information as to why it needs it under government inspection and under the inspection of its workers at the same time. In the past tariffs have been used, in the estimation of the workers, not for the benefit of them, as we are told to-day that they will be used, but for the benefit of larger profits for the few and not for the benefit of this country. Therefore, without going deeply into whether we need a tariff or not, I believe if we had the industrial councils created throughout this country where the workers and employers could have a consultation we could find out if that tariff is needed and, if so, recommend to the government that certain industries require protection. Then there would be no question about that tariff being in the interests of the nation, but if you want to leave it to one set to say whether it shall or shall not be I am afraid you will have a hard job convincing the workers of the necessity of that tariff in all instances.

There are many other social problems which are wrapped up with our industrial system. Using women in industry whereby they have been exploited by paying them less wages because of them being women must be stopped. Labor forces demand equal pay for equal production whether it be men or women. We have no intention of seeing women, potential mothers, struggle as men have struggled for rights in industry. We believe all measures must be taken for stricter factory inspection, which we believe will do something towards eliminating that spirit of unrest which is created by the industries that have still many unsatisfactory conditions. Therefore, while women are employed we think it is the duty of the employer and of the government to see that legislation is passed prohibiting conditions which would be unfair, of exploiting and paying unfair wages to the women of the country.

Then there is the question of children. We have had bitter fights relative to the employment of child labor. The labor forces intend to see that children do not go into the factory. They intend to see that a man is not sent home and an immature boy put on to do his work at much less wage, simply because it is a machine operation and a lower grade of skill than the man possesses will suffice. Whether skilled or not we are opposed to the children of minor years and women being used to replace men, and men must be used to

the fullest extent even though it may cost more. We want to see the age limit for school attendance raised so that a child may be left in school for the longest possible period. We want to see also our colleges thrown open by scholarships and government subsidy so that the child of the worker who exhibits brain power can have the opportunity of the best education which this land can give to him.

You will realize in some of the things I have said to you that the industrial unrest of to-day, therefore, is not perhaps as selfish as it might appear from a casual glance. It is a struggle for the bettering of humanity, a struggle of the masses, blindly perhaps in some instances, misled perhaps in other instances; but it is the revolt against the chaining of the human being to unnecessary toil. Every man who has red blood in his veins desires to toil just as long as it may be necessary. We want to reverse things, instead of men being the slaves of industry we want to see industry made the servant of men. We want to see elimination of unnecessary profits. We want to see the production of the factories brought into use by the people who have created the production of these factories. We want to see greater opportunities for the children and the women, and greater opportunities for men themselves.

Briefly, what we want in the labor forces is where a man may be once more master of his own destiny. We want to see the time when men again, by this joint co-operation in industry, shall realize responsibility and shall take part in the bettering of the industrial life of the nation, when all the inventions which man devises shall come back to the great masses so that the world of the future will be a better world in which to live, and the Canada of the future will be a country that will not need to be advertised, from which there will be no need to send emissaries abroad from steamship companies to bring men and women to our land; but where the highest social and industrial conditions prevail and where the wealth that lies in our soil, in the forests, in the lakes, and seas surrounding our shores, will be developed for the benefit of the masses instead of the benefit of the few, and conditions will be such that all the world will know of it and their ambition will be to come to Canada and become Canadians.

(March 24th, 1919.)

War Flying and Commercial Flying

By LIEUT.-COL. COLLISHAW, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.S.C.*

MR. Chairman and Gentlemen,—It is a great privilege for me to talk to-day to people from Toronto. I remember, in the early days of the war, a great many of our Canadian boys arrived in your city, and they thought they would like to go farther and see this war. I remember, the boys used to say they liked to live in Toronto—but their folks were paying their expenses. It is a very funny thing that in the Flying Corps all the boys are young and have to call on their dads for everything. Some of us went to the Curtiss people, who promised money back if we didn't qualify as pilots in six weeks. The boys had a pretty live time here, and in six weeks had spent all their money; and by the end of six months were no further ahead. That was the start of Canadian aviation. Toronto ever since has been the centre of aviation for Canada.

Over in England, when they talk about Canada, Canadians only come from two places, from Winnipeg and Toronto. I remember one of my friends that I used to be with quite a bit in England, though for the last two years he has been over in Germany, used to tell us he came from Toronto, but really he came from Stony Creek.

A great many of our people in Canada are interested in knowing what our Canadian airmen and British flyers have been doing to co-operate with our Canadian corps which had the honor of being the arrow head of the great British advance. Before the war, in 1913, I was in Long Beach in San Francisco and was taken up in the air and nearly frightened to death. I remember reading great long articles about flying, things written up by fellows who had never been in the air, and they said that if any war came that the flyers and the flying machine would absolutely stop all kinds of warfare. If the

*Lt.-Col. Collishaw has the longest fighting service record of any British aviator and has flown for over fifteen hundred hours over the enemy lines. He is officially credited with bringing down sixty enemy machines.

nations began to prepare for war, the aviators would soon stop it, and all that. Lots of people believed all that and when war was suddenly sprung on the British Empire, Great Britain went to war with about twenty-four machines.

When they first arrived in France, they had no armament whatever: they were simply flying machines for the purpose of going over the German lines and taking photographs and doing reconnaissance, for finding out where the Germans were putting strong forces and where it was proposed to make their strongest attack. The Germans had the same kind of machines, no armament or machine guns. Each crossed the other's lines, taking photographs, to find out the opponent's proposals in the way of offense and defence. That was in 1914, but before very long the aggressiveness of the Britisher could not stand that kind of thing. The Germans would come over our lines taking photographs, and our fellows would go up behind them to a ten-yard range and fire on them with shot guns and ordinary rifles and revolvers. Then Germans began to have their wind up, because, when within ten yards those shot guns did real damage. So they fixed machine guns to their planes to offset our attacks, and that was the start of the war in the air.

If you remember, in those early days the Germans were advancing; and the great horde of their cavalry were trailing across France and making a great encircling movement around Paris. Everyone wondered if the war was to be won before our great British Empire had an opportunity to accumulate enough forces to save France. I have been over to France and talked to French aviators; and it has been agreed that a British aviator, sent down to attempt to make reconnaissance of the German army surrounding Paris, spied out the weakness in the German encircling movement, flew down to report to the General commanding—and the result was, the French concentrated upon the German rear guard and forced them to fall back upon the Marne so that Paris was saved and the great battle of the Marne was on, which resulted in the Germans falling back across the Marne in a general retreat. They fell back across the Marne and a line was more or less established along the Western front. That was the position when the Canadians eventually came over there and took their place in the Ypres salient.

All those first German machine guns in aeroplanes were established for the observers' use in the back seat. We also fitted machine guns to our flying machines, and two aeroplanes could fly side by side and fire volley after volley into each other without much chance of bringing the other fellow down.

It was soon obvious to the Allies and the Germans that the side which could gain supremacy of the air by fighting machines would have a free hand to send the slower machines and the photographing machines over the enemy's lines taking photographs and making reconnaissance. The Germans then produced their machine called the Fokker. That machine was the first aeroplane to have the machine guns firing through the arc of the revolving propellor. They would come behind our machines and fire flaming tracer bullets into our aeroplanes that would attempt to go over their lines to make photographs; and in those days the Fokker had a great reputation for bringing down our machines and, more or less, secured the supremacy of the air for Germany. Then Great Britain looked around amongst her colonies and to Canada and aviators came over here, who invited young sportsmen to join up and go over there and chase Hun fighting machines out of the air. The characteristics which our boys have inherited from their forefathers, Britishers, who have for centuries gone out into the west, who have gone up into the woods, and into the frozen places, and made observations in every part of the world, helped us over there. We were not afraid of anything. Before very long we arrived in France, so that by 1916 Canadians were in the Flying Corps and in the Naval squadrons on the Western front and had helped gain the supremacy of the air for the British air service along the whole line of the Western front.

In the Naval Air Service, when we first arrived there; they hardly knew how to receive us. They thought we were from the back woods. We told them we were from Toronto and they asked us if we had any bears in Toronto. We played all our Canadian and American games and they wondered at us. All the Canadians were at one time assembled to be sent down to the edge of Switzerland. Our Commanding Officer had been flying down in the Dardanelles, and one day when he was out making reconnaissance over the peninsula a Turkish bullet struck Wing-Commander Davis, his comrade. Davis was forced to land among the rocks on the peninsula. Our commanding officer landed alongside of him and, with the Turks coming up to make the capture, rescued him in a single seater machine, and brought him back to the lines. That was the sort of man we had for our commanding officer up there in the Vosges mountains during the battle of Verdun.

We were supposed to make our flying away across the Rhine, for the French never let us bombard Alsace and Lorraine—they had great confidence in the final issue of this

war.) We had to go away across to the German munition factories, and I remember that we went over to the Mauser rifle factory and put it out of action for three or four months. Our base was down near the border of Switzerland, and our operating base up near Verdun. One day our illustrious commanding officer crashed his machine, and he sent me down to our base to bring back a new one. I was to direct three or four fellows up to our base near Verdun because they had never been there before. I felt that I was an old hand at the game, although I had been on only a few exploits myself. That didn't matter; I was an old hand. We were supposed to start at seven o'clock in the morning. My motor, being very elusive, refused to start; but the other fellows pushed off. At 7.30 I pushed off, intending to overtake those chaps and show them the route. I was supposed to go around a salient which the Americans are very proud of, but I decided that, rather than go around this, I would go across it; because it was very much shorter and I wasn't very much frightened of the Germans.

I hadn't had very much experience then and I was about 12,000 feet up, going on quite casually, when I noticed a single seater machine headed on me. I thought it was one of my friends. I noticed him turn around to get on my tail, and I thought it was to try to follow me to the aerodrome. The first thing I noticed then was "rat-a-tat-tat" and a bullet knocked off my goggles. I thought it was getting too interesting to stay around, so I began to turn and soon found out it was one of the German fighting machines. I began to manœuvre to see if I could not begin to entertain him for a while. I got into favorable position and thought I would open firing, but my friends the armorers had forgotten to load the gun and there was nobody in my back seat—and so I was practically a babe in arms. I had no defence whatever. I thought Germany an unsafe place and commenced looking for a soft spot in France. But this German was very interested in me and got on my tail and began making things progressive around there.

As I headed for France I noticed about six machines heading in my direction firing flaming bullets, knocking off parts of my machine. I could not do a thing then because they headed me off from getting back to France and, after a rapid calculation, I decided to go ahead into Germany and try to outdistance them, because I had a very fast machine. I went into Germany with those seven machines on my tail and I kept on for a whole hour. There was a breeze behind me and I made good speed with these seven on my tail, and the pieces of

glass which were flicked into my eyes from the broken goggles, and the resistance of the air, made me so blind I could not see a thing.

After making three or four loops to see if there was anybody behind me or not and after doing all kinds of stunts I decided I had outdistanced them. I turned around and came into clouds as thick as a fog; I could not see anything but when I got up to about 12,000 feet I came out into bright sunshine. The clouds rolled below, just like whipped cream. I flew back into the sun because I was always told to fly into the sun as the "drome" was in the west. So I flew west for an hour and a quarter and then thought I must be in France, as I had only flown east for an hour. I thought I would come down and find out where I was. But I did not reckon on the thirty mile an hour wind behind me in going east, and by this time my eyes were in no fit state for flying. They were running with water. I spiralled down to about 500 feet off the ground and saw an aerodrome on the ground which I supposed to be a French drome. I came down and landed safely for some reason or other—I usually crash—and taxied along to where the machines were in the hangars. I was just going to stop the motor when I noticed a machine about ten feet ahead of me and it had German crosses on it. I thought that was very funny. The British must have been entertaining the Germans. I glanced at the other machines and I noticed they were all painted with black crosses. I decided I must be in some German aerodrome. The engine was still kicking over. Now, the principle of an aeroplane is the same as that of a stone—so long as the stone has velocity through the air the stone will remain in the air. I was on the ground and had no velocity at all. I thought I would rather take a chance on crashing into the hangars than stop in Germany. About fifty Germans started to catch hold of my machine but I kept going, trying to take a couple of heads off the Germans, and after almost hitting a tree I got away.

The Germans thought they would like to give me a little entertainment so they sent a couple of fighting machines up to bring me back. Remember, I had no defence whatever, my gun was not loaded. Then the machines kept chasing me all over the country. However, I kept going west and as the front line trenches ran east and west in the salient and I was used to flying on a front where the lines run north and south, I was flying parallel to the lines. Those machines kept chasing me, firing bullets; but I outdistanced them because I had a new type of machine. Every little while the Germans would

fire on me from the ground with their anti-aircraft guns, so I decided that as I could not find my own lines the best thing I could do, considering I had a sweetheart in Canada, was to land in Germany and save my life. So I shut off my motor to come down. That is an old trick of the allies—to shut off your motor as if you were going to come down and then pick out a good-looking bunch of soldiers and drop your eggs on them. The Germans thought I was going to play that trick and they fired machine guns at me, so I had to push off and find a better spot. Everywhere I went the Germans would concentrate with their anti-aircraft guns. Finally, I saw a great multitude of soldiers that I thought to be French, because I heard the French were anticipating making a counter-attack to regain some ground they had lost near Verdun. I decided to land amongst this bunch of soldiers and ask them where I was, but the Germans thought that I was coming down to entertain them and opened fire with rifles so I had to go away from there.

I had been flying about seven hours when I discovered that my gasoline was going to play out, and I thought I had better come down and crash into the trees rather than stay up. I stayed up a few minutes and then came to a great forest with an awful lot of ruins, and then I recognized forts in the vicinity of Verdun and knew I was approaching the French lines. I pushed on to another forest, it was raining and the clouds had come down close to the ground, and I came to another aerodrome and I saw rings on it instead of Iron Crosses. I decided to land on the aerodrome. You know, an aeroplane in a strong wind must land facing the wind. I made the mistake of landing into a cross wind; and when I saw a great pile of rocks ahead of me I decided to make another turn and come in again. I was making about fifty miles an hour and about twenty feet up, going with the wind, when my motor suddenly gave out from lack of gasoline. The only thing I could do was to land with the wind, and I headed for a steep gulley. I was very tired of war by that time, I didn't care whether I was killed or not, but I went down this steep gully about 125 miles an hour, and up another steep bank. I began to slip backwards until my tail stuck in the mud. I was so surprised to find myself unhurt I almost fainted.

The French flyers on the aerodrome came rushing over to take me out. I bathed my eyes for about two hours, and as soon as I could see I told them my story and it sounded to them like a fairy tale. I told them about this great German mass assembled between three towns and so they took me over

to the officer commanding in the area around Verdun. I recognized from the maps this place where I had seen the troops, and they sent out flying machines to make reconnaissance and to corroborate what I told them. As a result, the French made a great concentration of their own troops on the front where those Germans had been observed. Next morning the Germans made their last counter-attack upon Verdun under the Crown Prince but were defeated with great losses. I went back home and rumor had it that I was going to get the Legion of Honor for this wonderful luck I had had.

After the German Fokker machine came out on the Western front, the British up north decided they must have more re-inforcements from the squadrons (mostly Canadians) in the Vosges, so they called on our people down at Verdun; and luckily I was selected to go up to the Somme to form a new fighting squadron. Our fellows were all anxious to go, and wrote little letters telling the commanding officer why he should select them. Then we got a letter telling us that the fellows chosen were to fight the crack aviators of the whole German air force, so we didn't feel so very selected after all. We shivered all the way to the Somme.

In those days, fighting aviators were supposed to protect photographic and reconnaissance machines. One was all by oneself in a small fighting machine with one's guns firing ahead through the revolving propellor. The Germans would get above us and if you left your formation to engage any one of their machines the bunch you were with would carry on and leave you by yourself in the midst of fifty machines hungry for your blood. So you simply had to carry on and allow them to try to shoot you down. Well this thing went on for a while and it was decided to try something new. It was obvious that the only way Britain could get supremacy of the air was by dominating on any front where operations were impending. The Germans had the same idea. They assembled a bunch of all the crack German flyers into what was called a "circus," and wherever the Germans intended to make an offensive, or had a notion that we were preparing an offensive; they would always send this crack bunch of German flyers and they would gain the supremacy of the air so that their machines could go over to our side and take photographs and make reconnaissance against our offensive. We had the same idea, and our machines in the fighting squadron were concentrated upon any important front where our headquarters had decided on an offensive.

I remember that, down on the Somme, before every offensive we had to go over the lines and attack German kite bal-

loons. Those kite balloons had been ranged around about every five miles, about 5,000 feet up, attached to steel cables on a drum and truck. The idea of the truck was to make them mobile, so they could advance or retreat with every move of the army. The idea in knocking down those balloons was so that the observers could not observe where our prepared positions were or watch for the bombardment of the guns and direct the firing.

I remember going over the lines with three boys to attack three balloons. We went up about 8,000 feet and went about three-quarters of a mile behind the lines, diving down on the German balloons like rockets; because, in the air, guns which fire directly ahead are manoeuvred like a row boat. You head dead on your target and close to about 200 yards and open fire with flaming bullets. (You see, there are no rules of warfare in the air. For instance, on the ground you cannot use dum dum bullets or flaming bullets, but anything goes in the air.) You fire your flaming bullets into those balloons and the hydrogen bursts into flames in the air. I closed on mine and set it on fire, and the next fellow set his on fire. The Germans protect their kite balloons by a great concentration of fire, and by "flaming onions." These onions come just like the spray from a garden hose, shooting all kinds of flaming fire at you and your motor makes such a great noise you may not hear anything so that the onions come all around your machine and you are unable to know how or where they come from. You simply see flashes of fire all around your machine, and you know if one of those flashes hits your machine it will set your machine on fire and fifty gallons of gasoline will be blown over you by draught of 300 miles an hour as you dive. So that is quite an inspiration to keep out of the way of flaming onions. The Germans concentrate on you with anti-aircraft fire and German machines by the multitude head for you, firing as they come.

On this occasion, about ten German machines got around me and began to fire, and parts of my machine were being knocked off. I had no defence,—no gun firing, from the rear —so I carried on home. I had to laugh because their shooting reminded me that the last time I was on leave in Canada I heard the girls singing that little song, "They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me." The third boy did not care so well. About ten German machines got all around his head. He had not had any luck and had missed the German balloon. The aeroplanes began to pepper him from all directions. Eventually, one of the German bullets hit him and blew half his

shoulder off. He fell into a nose dive for 3,000 feet, which blew his wounded arm out over the side. When he regained consciousness and looked around to see where his arm was he thought he had lost it. He put his nose down towards the French line, shut off his motor with his remaining hand, and came down into the middle of Cambrai (by that time, the Canadians had captured Cambrai) and when he lit he was surprised to find his arm hanging by a little iron bar on the side. He grabbed his arm and said, "George, I am so glad to see you back here again."

I remember flying along on our side of the lines with a flight leader from Calgary called Barker. I was in this flight just because I didn't have anything else to do; and there were three other fellows along, all new. We were all going parallel with the lines, in order not to get any anti-air craft fire, and were all throttled down. Suddenly I saw the flight-commander stop in the air, jerk back, and begin to spiral around in the air. All those other new fellows watched the leader doing those stunts and tried to do the same things. I looked around and I decided that he was entangled in one of the steel cables that hold the kite-balloons on the ground. As it happened, the wire caught him where it did little damage to the machine; but if it had caught three or four inches to the right or left it would have cut the wings off like cheese, and he would have been killed. He was carried on by his momentum with the slack of the cable until it tautened and jerked him back, his machine swinging like a pendulum—and those young fellows, of course, were trying to imitate their leader.

The sudden jerk on the kite balloon threw the two observers out of the basket swinging from the balloon. The aeroplane was swinging and jerking around, every jerk giving the aviator a new thrill. A bunch of fellows, just out from the United States that day, saw the aeroplane doing those stunts and one said, "My, isn't that machine just the most buoyant thing you ever saw in your life?" Well, the balloon crew pulled the balloon down to the ground as quickly as they could, and, as there was a strong wind blowing that day, the result was that the machine swayed against a tree, broke in pieces, and threw the aviator out. That wasn't enough to deter the courage of our Canadian aviator, and that same night that same aviator was up with another flight and destroyed two German machines.

I was put in command of the only Canadian squadron in France. I had all English mechanics and all Canadian aviators, and when I first took command of the squadron the mechanics

did not like very much to have Canadians as their officers. I don't know why. They just simply didn't like us very much, and I remember hearing one fellow say to a mechanic, "What kind of squadron is that Canadian outfit?" and the other replied, "Oh, more or less average." I, as commander, was denied the right to fly, but I decided that the only way to make that squadron well known and the dominating squadron was to fly myself at the head of the whole squadron, and enthuse the men. So, at dawn, the alarm would go off, and we would dream it was the telephone girl ringing, but that was no good, we had to get up and get into our machines and soar over the German lines to look for action.

Our business in the war was very much like aerial pugilists. We had to gain the supremacy of the air. We were aviators on no other business except fighting. We would go over the German lines, meet any kind of German machine, and either our fellow or the German would go down. We would go up and look for the bright colors against the very white clouds as the Germans flicked in and out, and then head straight for them. It was a very cold-blooded thing to do. It was not like being on the ground in the infantry where the guns are firing and the officers are shouting encouragement, where everything is there to induce you to carry on; but in the air the motor makes such a noise one can hear nothing else. It was very cold-blooded. One could see the enemy for five minutes before making an attack, and there was nothing there to enthuse one for it. If one was the leader, he could not turn to the right or left or turn back. If he did, his men would lose their respect for him. He must carry on. You simply met the machines man to man, or in a dog fight. While you were engaged with one German three or four more might get on your tail and shoot you full of holes, and down you went.

I remember being up 4,000 feet one day, and a bunch of my friends were up 17,000 or 18,000 feet, when one German fighting machine, a red one, was set on fire at a high altitude. He came down past me with his whole machine aflame. Lots of them went down in flames but this was a special one. The whole fifty gallons of gas he had were set aflame by the bullets from our machines. He dived passed me going about 300 miles an hour so those fifty gallons were fanned by a 300 mile an hour draught and the sheet of flame he trailed was 300 yards long. The whole machine practically evaporated in mid air. As this machine passed me, about fifty feet away, the pilot crawled out on the wing of his machine and he happened to look at me; his face was the picture of horror. That is the

one great horror of the aviator—to have his machine destroyed in mid-air by fire.

One day I was up and saw a machine destroyed when the aviator was hit in the head. The machine turned over on its back, and both the pilot and the observer fell out. The observer was alive and clasped his hands around his knees as he fell. The other fellow went down, arms swinging and flopping all over. As they passed me at 4,000 feet, the great resistance of the air had torn every thread of clothing off their bodies, leaving only the boots on. The fellow who was flopping around in the air hit the ground like a rotten tomato hitting a stone wall. He spread all over; there was nothing left of him. The other fellow fell like a ball and went four feet into the earth.

You gentlemen remember hearing Capt. Carpenter tell of the attack and bombardment on Zeebrugge, in which the "Vindictive" participated. I was escorting the British fleet as a flight commander. The flight went along the North Sea as a patrol, and down about ten miles by the Belgian coast. Small motor boats were going up and down between the fleet and the shore raising great smoke clouds, called a "smoke screen," so that the land forts could not see what they were firing at. The Germans had electric motor boats which have no crew. They had an engine run by compressed air operated on the same principle as a torpedo, with a great roll of copper wire on the back with which to operate it by electricity from the shore; and in those boats they had great charges of dynamite or gun cotton. It was the business of the fighting machines to destroy those electric motor-boats so that they could not destroy our battle ships on the other side of the smoke screen. It was also our business to keep the German aeroplanes down, so they could not direct the boats. During the war those motor boats destroyed three or four of our battle ships.

On the day set for the bombardment of Zeebrugge, we left the ground to co-operate with the British who were operating against the harbor which held the submarines. The attacking force relied upon wireless equipped aeroplanes to direct their fire; and at 16,000 feet, when I was leading, as squadron commander, we encountered German machines but found my guns were frozen and I could not fire. I thought, "If I turn back now my pilots will become disorganized and the wireless machines will be unable to go on, and the whole bombardment will be a failure." So, I decided to go on and give moral support. We got over Zeebrugge, 16,000 feet up, above the wireless machines which were directing the bombardment for the

fleet. About twenty German fighting machines roamed over our heads for two whole hours. However, for some reason I cannot understand, the German fighting machines never attacked us. It was simply a matter of bluff on my part; we were twenty miles over the German lines. When we landed on the beach, I told my men the whole thing had been a game of bluff, and then they told me that every one of their guns had been jammed. Each one had stayed there because he thought he would give the other fellow moral support. When the whole story was told, it developed that the whole of our fighting machines had been over the Germans' lines for two and a half hours with twenty German fighting machines above us, the whole thing being a game of bluff as our guns would not work. One of the British commanders said we must have learned to play poker young.

In March and April, we were down on the Western front; and down there the Germans were pushing us back. They had concentrated against the British and French and had defeated us in a great attack on the Marne. In those days, the air force developed into a sort of aerial infantry. We went down and attacked an army on the ground, and became practically infantry, using machine guns against the German troops operating against our demoralized army (the whole line was being pushed back about ten miles a day). We were working with the army, and diving on the enemy, firing flaming bullets, firing bombs and all kinds of things to try to demoralize the shock troops of the German army who were concentrating on Amiens; and we finally helped to demoralize the shock troops and stop their attacks.

After the War Council in Paris decided there was too much disorganization and selected General Foch to become the head of the whole of the Allied forces, and began to prepare counter measures, they looked at the record of the Canadian corps and discovered it had never lost any ground at all, had never lost any ground that they had not taken back. Then, they moved the Canadians along to any threatened sector. Finally they selected the Canadian corps to become the shock troops of the allied forces, to become the arrow head of the whole of the allied attack, to be assisted on the right flank by the French, and on the left flank by the Australian Corps and Guards. They were out of the line from May to August practising open warfare and other tactics, in preparation for the great attack. On August 1 they were put into the line immediately in front of Amiens, and were held there two or three days. Suddenly one battalion was taken out to make

three or four raids, so the Germans would capture some prisoners and would imagine the Canadians still held the line farther north. Three or four battalions were kept at Ypres, and there was a story rumored around that the corps was to attack there. Notwithstanding that story, the Canadian corps was ordered to advance to another sector; and, without any preliminaries, on the 8th of August last your Canadians attacked and in three days had advanced eighteen miles into the German lines. They were so far ahead, in one sharp salient, that the Germans were firing on them from both sides and they had to wait until the French on the right and the British and the Australians on the left had straightened out the line. Suddenly, the Canadians were pulled out of the line again and moved up to Cambrai, with the object in view of capturing the Hindenburg line. They never had their clothes off for fourteen days. They went into that terrible attack, and on the first day had hardly any success, but on the second day they crossed the Hindenburg switch line and the German army began to be afraid.

The Canadians next advanced upon Cambrai and they did great fighting. The Germans would retreat and leave a machinegun brigade behind them. The Canadians would advance and the German machineguns would be in sunken roads waiting for them, and would simply mow our fellows down. The Canadians would fall back again and next morning rush it, only to find the enemy had retired. My squadron at that time was operating with the Canadian corps and used to come down to fifty feet to destroy those nests in sunken roads. Our aviators were enthused with the idea of co-operating with the Canadian army. Out of twenty-four aviators, on the first day we had eleven fellows missing. That did not stop our fellows, we simply carried on as aerial infantry and attacked everything that was left to destroy our advance.

The Canadians approached Cambrai (to within one-and-a-half miles) with a lot of casualties, somewhere near 10,000. They were to the right, with the British on the left. At Cambrai, the junction of the forces occurred. It was agreed that the forces were to be divided into first, second, and third armies; and after all those terrific attacks the Canadians were not going to be allowed to capture Cambrai. The Guards on the right were to capture it. Orders were for both armies to attack at 5.30, but the Canadians got up early that morning at 1.30, and captured all the objectives and then turned about and entered Cambrai from the rear. They found an ordnance store containing a lot of fine German spiked helmets that the

Germans were to use in some kind of a celebration, and they put those things on and were dancing around doing the goose step when the Imperial corps entered Cambrai at 5.30. The Imperials were very angry.

The Canadian advance was so rapid then that the whole world wondered at their progress. They won success at Cambrai, Douai; and finally, before the heights of Valenciennes. They were pushing the German forces back on the Rhine and the Germans knew it. As soon as the Canadians captured Valenciennes the Germans were forced to fall back.

From Valenciennes to Mons, was twenty-two miles; and the Canadians, who had been selected as the corps d'élite of the British army, decided that they must capture Mons back for the British. They advanced those twenty-two miles, down hill, and on the last day of the war they were before Mons. In some terrific fighting on the 11th of November, they dominated Mons and captured the town. As the Canadian corps captured Mons and the first fellows went by, the French people were all ready to give them a good time. I was in Mons that same day and was talking to the officer that led the first battalion in. He said that an old priest who remained quiet during four years of German occupation got up in the cathedral and chimed out on the cathedral bells, "O, Canada." This made the whole of the Canadian corps feel very elated at being Canadians, and proud of the land of their birth. The war was over. I thank you, gentlemen.

(April 7th, 1919)

China as a Member of the Family of Nations

REV. DONALD MACGILLIVRAY, M.A., B.D., D.D., LL.D.*

MR. Chairman and Members of the Canadian Club,—As a Canadian who has been a voluntary exile from his country for so many years, I trust for the good of another country and without much loss to my own, I consider it a great and gracious privilege to stand before you to-day and talk about the Middle Kingdom, the country known as China.

I took down a book of popular quotations not long ago and I naturally turned to the index to find if there was anything about China. I found something about China. It ran as follows:

“For ways that are dark,
And tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.”

And there was a second quotation by the same chronicler, Bret Harte:

“We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor.”

That was all there was about China in this book, but I will take that back—there was something else. It was under the word “Cathay.” Of course, I found Tennyson’s well-worn line:

“Better 50 years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.”

But the poet was not aware what a cycle of Cathay was, because that was only 60 years, and hence there has not been much damage to China by the comparison.

And I have spent about half the poet’s cycle in China. It is natural, perhaps, that the Orient should be a land of mystery and general mental confusion seeing it is so far away from us. But I will just mention another sample of how great movements may be going on out there and yet the men

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that ought to be posted and ought to set forth the facts have overlooked them. I was looking into some question in reference to Japan and I turned up the Guide to the Isle of Formosa and in the index I looked for the word "missions." The book runs to 899 pages, but there was not one word about missions either in the Kingdom of Japan or in Formosa, but on the opposite page my eye caught with joy the word "laundry." Evidently the compiler of this book thought the tourist would be more interested in the proper price for washing a collar so as to avoid the snares of the wily Oriental than in the fact that missions were abroad in those countries, and had been for a long, long time.

Now I am not going to ask you to believe what I say about China, as to its past; I will quote to you one of the greatest authorities on this subject, Capt. Brinkley:

"No other nation with which we are acquainted has been so constantly true to itself. No other nation has developed its civilization so completely independently of any extraneous influence. No other nation has developed its ideals in such absolute segregation from alien thoughts. No other nation has preserved the long stream of its literature so entirely free from foreign affluents. No other nation has ever reached a moral and national elevation so high above the heads of contemporary states."

That is China in the past, but we are to deal to-day with China in the present.

Some years ago, of course, the talk was about dividing up China. So, at least, the Occident, in its supreme wisdom thought to do. The Chinese immediately coined a phrase for the operation. They said it was like "cutting up a melon," and many of the countries of Europe stood around this melon, and their mouths began to water, thinking they would have a large slice of it. But fortunately they have only sheared off a few pieces here and there and not very seriously disturbed John Chinaman after all. And one at least of these countries has discovered that the melon turns out to be an apple of Sodom. I refer to Germany and her little exploitation in the province of Shantung. The missionary is necessarily a linguist because we must learn the language if we are to understand the people and read the daily press of China. We have a great deal of interest in the new phrases that are constantly being added to the Chinese language. Some of these words I have no doubt the Chinese would rather not have ever become acquainted with. There are two words

especially, new terms in the history of China. One of these is "P'ei K'uan," which is "indemnity." Another of these words of evil omen, more especially when there is a big stick behind it, is Yao Ch'iu, which means "demand," and these two words you might almost say are a sort of mirror of the international atmosphere that has been surrounding China in these recent years.

The nations within the last ten years have indulged in a game of grab, desiring to obtain a concession here and a mine there and a railroad yonder, but I am proud to-day as a Britisher to say that the great slicing up of China, which I believe will never take place now, was prevented by Great Britain. It is true that exploitation became the game of the nations in so much that Benjamin Kidd, a great authority, said this:

"The competitive exploitation of Chinese resources proceeds in a selfish environment of intrigue and social squalor, of moral outrage and degradation almost without equal in history."

Strong language by a philosopher, and therefore likely to be quite within the mark. And now it is "peaceful penetration." Or, if you like a word from the war, "infiltration." The idea is that certain areas of China shall become, as it were, spheres of influence in that great country. And no wonder the Chinese talk of the "White Peril." You perhaps are thinking of another color.

Now in 1912 one of the cosmic changes of history took place in China when the old dynasty was overthrown and the republic set up, and in China to-day there is in progress the greatest experiment in democracy that the world has ever seen. The course is full of dangers; e.g., party strife. For, they found on looking into history that government by party was supposed to be the panacea for all governmental troubles and partyism immediately sprang up, various names being attached to these parties, each one of them trying to gain power as is indeed common in certain other lands. And to-day we have in China four different contestants for the supreme power, viz.: the president, the premier, then again the parliament, and a still more sinister body of men, the militarists or the army. And it was natural for any country like China when it was making a constitution and had taken in its purview all the constitutions of every republic from South America to the United States that they just chose what they thought was best suited for China, but they are finding out now by sad experience that things like that do

not work out very well; and we have to go back to the dictum of Bagehot that constitutions must grow; they cannot be made.

Now I am one who believes that democracy in China is going to persist because China is more and more coming into the great tide of democratic progress. We had a lawyer out there, a distinguished man and a man of great power in China. He has gone to his reward since, but I do not think he was rewarded for one thing, and that was that after the republic had been going for two or three months he came out with a series of prophecies. I had not been aware that the legal profession had any claims to the prophetic office. However, his were 22 in number. It is a very rash thing to prophesy, as a great many prophets have found out. He had most extraordinary daring to make 22 separate prophecies. None of his prophecies have been fulfilled yet and it is probable, as far as I can see, they never will be. He was one of those you find on the horizon everywhere, when there is a commotion going on, who are imitators of the prophet Jeremiah, although I think the prophet Jeremiah has been grossly libeled. Men who were pessimistic said China is not ready for this—of course not—and she will have her dynasty back again in a very short time. I do not take any stock in these pessimistic forecasts of what is going to happen in China, or indeed in any other country.

There is, of course, tremendous peril in China from the evils that are within her own borders. Her great problem is to produce a competent democracy. I heard an address on that subject at the Rotary Club the other day. The speaker dealt with Canada, of course, but I apply it to China.

Now let us see or hear what George Harris says about competent democracy:

"The social ideal of democracy is the divine order of Humanity and it is the duty of everyone to promote that ideal by intelligent voting, by action and influence, by fraternity, by eternal vigilance; above all and through all, by acting his own part as a righteous citizen in a free state, making the most and the best of himself, making his pursuit contribute to the common weal."

According to such sentiments as these you will agree China has a "long long trail a-winding" before she will attain the goal of competent democracy.

What are the evils within? Not only political variance and strife, but self-seeking. There is the desire to get rich

quick at the expense of the public. The graft which is said to persist, almost worse than it was before the time of the republic, these seem to me to be the evils within that China has occasion to fear. I look on China striving to be free from these coiling serpents, such as encircled Laocoon and his sons. But the fate of Laocoon and his sons will not be China's fate.

The principal cause is that China herself is great with potentialities and possibilities, and above all that China is becoming and will become more and more one of the sisterhood of nations and will be treated like a sister and like a brother by those other nations; but unless, of course, there is a moral and a religious basis to her democracy these perils will persist.

To speak about the perils from without. I understand a distinguished Chinese was a guest here and everybody was anxious to draw him on this subject, the perils from without. It will ill become me to rush in where angels fear to tread—at any rate in public—no doubt they do a little treading on delicate ground in private.

Perils from without—I would not be specific even if I knew all the particulars, but it is self-evident that a country with such vast material resources as China has is even now after the great war likely to be in the days to come an object of envy, an object of desire, especially on the part of those whom nature has not dowered with such magnificent resources as she has bestowed upon China. I think the Chinese to-day, if they knew the prophets of the Old Testament, would sympathise with them in that portion of their remarks which have reference to Tyre and Sidon, Babylonia and Egypt and other countries that were ringed around Israel of old. They wanted to see their people "delivered from their enemies, and from all them that hate them." That is just the spirit of the young Chinese.

I have great hopes that the peace conference, the delegation which has gone there composed of able men and, better than that, men with vision and conscience, that that peace conference will mean a great thing for China and will ameliorate future conditions, and I believe that the confusion, the suspicions and worse, some of which we see telegraphed to our daily press, these will gradually pass away and will give way to a better understanding between the peoples of the Asiatic continent.

It is time now to say something about the Yellow Peril. I was misrepresented (shall I say?) by one of the brethren of the press when I was on my furlough before. It was in

Winnipeg. I can tell it to a Toronto audience, whereas I would not dare to tell it there perhaps. I addressed the Canadian Club in the City of Winnipeg and the reporter was detained somewhere else that day. However, he was equal to the occasion and although I said not a word about the Yellow Peril, he had half a column of lurid copy of the Yellow Peril delivered by this fellow MacGillivray that had come back from China!

I do not much believe in the Yellow Peril myself. First of all, because "God is in His Heaven; all is right with the world." I pin my faith to that. In the second place, China is really so pacific that she wont fight when she ought to fight. She stands all kinds of insults and even open robberies and she prefers the path of compromise rather than a strict adherence to her rights and willingness to defend them with her life and substance. But above all, I do not believe in the Yellow Peril, because it seems to me to be a negation of all human progress and a *reductio ad absurdum* of the course of human history. China is in many ways at the parting of the ways. Emerson advises us to hitch our wagon to a star. China has in the past tried to hitch her wagon to various things; for example, to commerce, or the muddy stream of diplomacy. Those who love China feel that she has got to have something that is an uplifting power, something that will enable her to implement the ambitions of her youth; and those ambitions are warm, they are generous, they are noble at this present time.

The world needs China. She needs the muscles of China. She used her muscles in the war that is just past, those 150,000 coolies that went over to France trusting to a scrap of paper signed by a British official in China. Of course, the Chinaman wont work because he likes it. I don't suppose any of us do. But give him leaders that he can trust (and he got a bunch of Canadians that I know, and some of you know, that he did trust and then he began to work wonders and do three or four times more than white people that were employed on the same job).

Let me give you a sample of what the Chinamen will do, Chinese who are not Christians so far as I know. There was a breach in one of those rivers of China not very long ago. The waters came out and flooded the whole countryside. It was necessary to repair the breach. They had no machinery to do it at all and yet they did it. And I saw photographs of Chinese in January, (it took a long time to close that breach) standing naked up to the waist in the cold

waters closing the breach for the sake of the villages that would be saved by their sacrifice.

The nations of the world need the brain of the Chinaman. They sometimes say the Chinaman is the most brainy man, taking all in all, that is found on the earth to-day. His literature! What a tremendous achievement, with its encyclopedias, its histories, and its philosophical compositions produced by China, as Capt. Brinkley states, absolutely free from extraneous influences. He has been working in circles and so finally became sterile, but during the last few years the brain of the Chinaman has been set free, and enthused with new life, new ideas, fruitful ideas, and he is just starting out on a series of mental triumphs. You and I are going to get the benefit of them in the days to come.

In the third place, the world needs his soul; his art has hitherto been rather laughed at for want of perspective and the like. But recently authorities have come to this conclusion, that hitherto Western critics have not had sufficient powers of appreciation to see the fine points of Chinese painting. We need his soul from a religious point of view too. The continent of Asia has given to the world practically all the religions that it has to-day (excepting Christian Science!) And in the days to come it may very well be that it will fall to the lot of the Chinese to place the final stone on the top of the Temple of Truth.

Now what have we given to the Chinaman? We have given many things. Our commerce—but of that I will not speak except to say that it is one of the most amusing things in a missionary's life to see the kind of things that people think the Chinaman ought to like and that he ought therefore to buy. They think, for instance, he ought to buy whiskey, that he ought to buy beer. Now, the Chinese do not like beer and I do not think they will ever like it. Or perhaps they want to sell them chewing gum. What a magnificent spectacle if only 400,000,000 Chinese were all engaged in the production of saliva under the impetus of beneficial gums produced in foreign countries! But, sir, what we have given to China that is worth while is as you already suspect, great ideas. These are the things that are available to any country and we certainly have given some of these great ideas about God, about the world, and about man, and such ideas of which Rauschenbusch speaks when he talks of the social teachings of the Nazarene, such for example as the sacredness of life and personality, the solidarity of the human family, the obligation of the strong to stand up for the weak, or those

whose place within humanity is denied. Such ideas as these is what I plead for as the best gift that we can possibly give to that country. And what we are is even better, the ideas that our lives may seek to convey, ideas corporealized, in merchants who will go out to China and give China a square deal, merchants who will not seek to take advantage of the poor artless heathen that is found out there; and teachers, doctors and engineers who will give of their best. There is need for a tremendous number of such people to go out and lend a friendly hand in consideration of our highest Christian and Canadian ideals.

We want a new League of Nations, not to exploit China, but to help China in every way. In 1900, in the year of the Boxers, when the British people were hard put to it in Pekin they discovered in an old Chinese junk shop a Chinese cannon. Not having anything of the kind they sought to utilize this cannon in order to defend their position, and they hunted around for a carriage on which to put it and they found an Italian carriage. And they had to look for shells and they found some Russian shells, and they had a British Tommy to load up the shells, I don't know what with, probably old nails and things of that kind, and then when they wanted to send the thing over they asked an American doughboy to pull the string, and when she went off she made such a terrific roar that the Boxers fled in confusion. It was well named the International gun.

So, I say the League of Nations, friendly, not envious; unselfish, not covetous; a League of Nations whose breast is filled with generous thoughts and helpful resolutions, that is what China needs to-day to make her become an important and powerful member of the family of nations.

I lately visited a wireless station opposite Shanghai. I went in and saw a Chinaman with the usual listening apparatus on his head, listening, listening. I said to myself, that is China, listening for what the winds of the world, the oceans of ether, bring to her that will assist her in her hour of trial, in her hour of difficulty. China is listening, wanting to know what we have to give; and I believe that in the days to come we are going to bring to China a more generous treatment, a more benevolent attitude; so that in the days to come we may look upon China as a neighbor, in the first place an inevitable neighbor, in the second place a desirable neighbor, and in the third place an indispensable neighbor.

A rejuvenated China may indeed be a grave peril to the world, but a regenerated China—never.

(April 14th, 1919.)

The Work of the First Brigade Canadians During 1918

BY BRIG.-GENERAL W. A. GRIESBACH, C.B., C.M.G.*

*M*r. Chairman and Gentlemen,—During the past four years, being otherwise engaged, I have not had the opportunity of making speeches to those who are not obliged to listen to my speeches; and I assure you, therefore, that in coming here to address the Canadian Club my morale is very low and I feel almost as nervous as I have felt during the past four years on any occasion. Therefore, as I have a great deal to say, at least I have a great deal I might say, and I have had no opportunity of making very careful preparation, I will ask you to bear with me while I try to tell you some of the big events of the past year.

The 1st Canadian Brigade consists of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions, the 1st from London, the 2nd from Peterborough and around there, 3rd from Toronto, and the 4th from this neighborhood and demobilizing in Toronto. A wise father plays no favorites and he likes all his sons, loves them all equally well, and he would never for a moment let one of them know that he thought one of them was better than the others. A brigade commander occupies exactly the same position. I had four good battalions, four of the best battalions that ever were and if I mention the 3rd and 4th particularly to-day it is because they are Toronto battalions and I am sure you would like to hear something of them. I would like to make it plain now, I have to be careful about this, I had four good battalions, none better anywhere.

I took command of the 1st Canadian Brigade the 12th February, 1917. I am a Western man, born in the West, have lived there all my life, and suddenly found myself in command of the 1st Canadian Brigade, an Ontario brigade. I came to the 1st Brigade with all the prejudices of a Western man. We have many prejudices as well as many good qualities which

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are probably quite as well known. I really believed that there were no men equal to the Western men. At the end of two years (in which time I have seen these Ontario men under all possible circumstances calling for the highest possible qualities), I have come to the conclusion that Canadians, wherever they come from, are good soldiers; that there are no better soldiers than Canadians can be if they want to be. But it is not possible with propriety to say that the Canadians of any one part of Canada are better than any other part, and that is a tremendous admission for a Western man to make.

I would like for a moment to go over the battles of 1917 because they lead up to 1918. The first affair in which we were engaged was the attack on Vimy Ridge. You know all about that. In that engagement the brigade gained all its objectives, penetrated somewhat farther than anybody else and had between six and seven hundred casualties on the 9th of April.

On the 3rd of May, same year, the brigade attacked and captured Freincourt under difficult circumstances, in fact the enemy's barrage came down on the same line as our own barrage and it was necessary for the troops who were attacking to go through the combined barrage and capture the enemy's first line trenches with the bayonet, which they did, and thus they had to stay in the enemy's front line trench while our barrage went over top of them. The casualties there were 1,080, all objectives gained and the ground turned over at the end of three days' time.

Then came the capture of Hill 70 on August 15, 1917, after which the brigade was put in to hold the ground gained to beat off six counter attacks. The casualties on that occasion were between six and seven hundred.

The next big engagement was the engagement at Paschen-daele on November 6, 1917, in which all objectives were gained with 936 casualties.

Then they returned to the Arras-Vimy sector and remained there until the spring of 1918.

Then came the great German offensive not only to the south of them but also to the north, resulting in the retirement of the Fifth Army and the retirement of the third to conform; and subsequent attacks and retirement of the Second Army on our right. In the latter part of March the brigade moved down to the area of the Third Army, where we saw something of the effects of the retirement which was taking place. All sorts of conveyances were being used, old women carrying all their possessions on their backs, and every kind of animal being

used. I saw a man getting out with his family and all his household stuff in a hearse drawn by a cow and a mule. But it was getting over the ground and making pretty good time.

We went in in front of Arras and held that sector, beating off one or two attacks that were made, and then went out to rest for several months. We had great luck. We were moved up to the line once or twice but didn't go in and during our period of rest during June and July we carried out open warfare training exactly on the lines laid down in the text books published in 1914 and prior to 1914. We tried to forget all we knew about trench warfare and to get right back to the training laid down in the manual. And then we were moved down into the Amiens front. It was carefully carried out, all moves were made by night, nothing stirred by day at all and a battalion was moved up into the Ypres country to the north with instructions to show themselves and create a diversion up there. They did. A lot of them were arrested by the military police and that Canadian battalion made things look as if a whole division of Canadians was up there. It reached the ears of the enemy no doubt and added to their surprise when they found us on the 8th of August at Amiens.

The whole of that movement was very secretly done, all moves by night. The final assembly, which was the most difficult part of it, was intended to be carried out by night but owing to hitches was not. It was not completely carried out and we were in a serious predicament, but fortunately there came what the flying men call a "dud" day and there were no machines up—some of ours were up to keep off the enemy—but had there been they would have seen the whole of the country on the move, the roads absolutely jammed with guns, motor lorries, supply waggons and marching troops who were delayed from getting into position by one trouble and another and had the greatest difficulty in getting into position. Finally all troops were in position on the morning of August 8th. The Canadian Corps had the French on the right and the Australians on the left, and attacked. The attack of course was a complete success, complete in every detail, more than complete. The first division attacked the first German line of trenches. The line having been reached the 1st Brigade passed through and carried on the attack to the farther line. The reconnaissance work prior to the attack was excellently done, splendid aeroplane photographs, and very fine maps were issued giving information secured from prisoners, and we knew exactly what to expect and what to find. My intelligence officer selected the very spot where brigade headquarters would be

in the event of success. That night I occupied the quarters of my opposite number in the German camp. I slept in his bed, washed in his basin, and tried on a pair of his breeches but they didn't fit me.

Now the method of the attack on that occasion was: the second battalion on the right, the fourth battalion in the centre, the third on the left and the first in reserve; one company in support and one in reserve. Each of the attacking companies had two platoons in front and two in reserve and the reserve battalion 1,000 yards behind the casualty battalions. Each battalion was about 1,000 yards in depth, the brigade had a frontage of about 2,700 yards. It would give each battalion a frontage of about 850 or 800 yards. The whole brigade was strung out in width and strung out in depth. I can perhaps suggest to you a huge spring which you are pushing before you; and as you push it it gets more powerful and as it closes up something has got to go. The brigade advanced in that formation and gained all its objectives and consolidated the ground gained.

Now I will just read the casualties and the captures in that action. The casualties were:—

1st Battalion—1 officer wounded, 1 man killed, 3 wounded, 2 missing. The Battalion was in reserve.

2nd Battalion—1 officer killed, 2 officers wounded: in the ranks 9 killed, 70 wounded, 2 missing.

3rd Battalion—3 officers killed, 11 wounded, 29 other ranks killed, 154 wounded, 8 missing.

4th Battalion—2 officers killed, 6 wounded, 23 other ranks killed, 104 wounded, 3 missing.

Total, 6 officers killed, 20 wounded; other ranks 63 killed, 361 wounded, 15 missing.

In a defensive action the missing may turn up. In an offensive action if they don't turn up they are probably killed.

Now the captures for that day were as follows:—

1st Battalion—no captures, being in reserve.

2nd Battalion—13 machine guns, 1 77 mm. field gun, three 4.1 howitzers, 2 trench mortars, 300 prisoners.

3rd Battalion—14 machine guns, 4 77 mm. guns, 2 4.1 guns and 5 5.9 guns, prisoners 450.

4th Battalion—3 machine guns, 1 field gun, 2 trench mortars, 945 prisoners.

At three o'clock in the morning I got a message that we would attack about five miles to the south and a rendezvous was set where I was to meet the officers and get definite instructions. At 7.30 in the morning the battalions got on the

move across the small river and got into position in low ground out of sight, held our conference at a certain cross road there which they were shelling a good deal, which rather interfered with the pleasure of our conference. One of the incidents of that attack, a thing that very frequently happens and always to be remembered by soldiers themselves and by those who criticize soldiers, was the lack of definite and reliable information as to the exact situation. There were a number of villages and towns in the line of operation and the first information that came in, it appeared to be true, was that the first town had been taken.

Then, that being the case, the plans were altered necessarily for the capture of the remaining towns. All plans had been made, and the battalion commanders had gone back when I got another message to the effect that the second town had been captured. I called up and got new plans out and we moved out about ten o'clock to attack. When we got to some low ground where I decided to assemble the battalions I learned that none of this information was true and that all the towns and front line of trenches were still in possession of the enemy, which necessitated another change of plans right at the jump-off.

I told you we had forgotten as much as we could of trench warfare and had based our training entirely on the old methods; and because we had done so, because we had adopted the method of declaring the intentions rather than going into specific details, and leaving the battalion commanders with free hands, in which you either develop them into generals in due course or get them kicked out for inefficiency, it was a very simple matter to make these changes. There was scarcely a hitch in moving the battalions into position.

The 1st battalion was on the right, the 2nd on the left, the 4th in support and the 3rd in reserve on a frontage of about 2,000 yards without flanks, assembled for practically open warfare. There are no fences, no hedges in that country, which is not unlike the prairie. The attack went on and the first town and the trenches were cleaned up in good order and the brigade moved on until finally they took Beaufort. The town of Folies on the right was holding out and the commander of the 1st Battalion gave two companies of his battalion to take in the town and Col. Nelles of the 4th without waiting for orders pushed two companies off to help in the attack. That is what I mean when I say the training was on open warfare lines, allowing the battalion commanders a free hand to do what they think proper. Like a football team, they are trained

to use individual initiative, to pass the ball, and do the proper thing. If you tried to teach a football player what to do every time he gets the ball you would never have much of a team. The brigade worked in that way. That sort of training and that sort of understanding gave us success on all occasions.

On that occasion, the 9th of August, we suffered the following casualties:

1st Battalion—3 officers wounded, 6 other ranks killed, 35 wounded, 2 missing.

2nd Battalion—5 officers wounded, 10 killed; other ranks 63 wounded, 9 missing.

3rd Battalion—no officers hit; 3 other ranks killed, 20 wounded, 1 missing.

4th Battalion—1 officer killed, 10 wounded including Nelles; 18 other ranks killed, 121 wounded, 1 missing.

The captures for that day were 1 motor lorry, 1 motor ambulance captured by brigade headquarters, large store of iron, 1 small canteen with stock which was the centre of great attraction when it was discovered that it was a canteen with a full supply of wine and beer. It was astonishing how the troops began to converge on that.

1st Battalion captured 8 machine guns, 2 trench mortars, 115 prisoners.

2nd Battalion captured 1 motor lorry which they kept and used for a long time in defiance of all orders and regulations, 3 machine guns, 1 77 field gun, 1 anti-air craft gun, 40 prisoners.

3rd Battalion—11 machine guns, 1 77 field gun, 42 prisoners, 1 range finder. I'll bet Bart Rogers has that in his kit bag.

Total of 3 motor lorries, 22 machine guns, 3 field guns, 3 trench mortars, 197 prisoners.

We held that front for a while and other troops passed through us and we had a bit of a rest. We were being pretty consistently shelled by long range guns and we kept moving about like a leopard changing his spots because when they located us and shelled us we got out and got in a fresh place. We had a very uncomfortable time. I don't know of any more uncomfortable experience than to be shelled with 11 inch naval guns. It frightens you very much. I think it was the 2nd and 3rd Divisions who moved east of that area and then went north. The Germans knew we were in front of Amiens and they had us located there. The Germans were always very anxious to know exactly where we were. They usually expected trouble and they usually assembled a great many

troops to meet us. That was a good thing for us because we put them off if we could and had them assembling troops where we intended to do nothing. We shot our bolt and stopped.

In the meantime the 2nd and 3rd Divisions were quietly moved out and marched by night to operate on the Amiens front, and on a certain day they began the attack. In the meantime we were brought out secretly by night, marched north, and came in behind the 2nd and 3rd divisions. The first job was to attack and capture the Vis-en-Artois line, quite a strong line about a mile in front of the Drocourt line. This little attack has been described as a very fine bit of work. The enemy held this trench line heavily especially with machine guns. So long as it remained in the enemy's possession it was not possible to take the Queant-Drocourt line behind, a portion of the Hindenburg line. A number of attacks on it had failed with heavy casualties. Again the question of definite information came up when contradictory reports poured in. There were three changes of plan before we got down to brass tacks. My first proposal was a frontal attack, which I didn't like. We changed that to two frontal attacks by two battalions. I was not satisfied with that and in addition one of the flanks gave way and there was not the opportunity. The town of Hindencourt was on the right. The town was taken by British troops and they were holding out and it occurred to us that if we could get in there and attack the enemy in the flank the thing could be done. A plan was made on that basis. Two battalions, the 1st and 2nd, got in there and took the enemy on the rear and in the flank, the 3rd to attack frontally and on the extreme right flank of the enemy's position, and the 4th in reserve. We had never been over the ground before but we had maps and aeroplane photographs and one of the officers had managed to get a look over it. It was very difficult to move two battalions forward under heavy fire in the dark to a suitable jumping off position; but they began the task, a distance of two and a half miles, and the movement was just completed at 4.40 the following morning, which was zero hour. The 3rd were easily in position but the 1st and 2nd had great difficulty and they just managed to get into position in time for the attack. It was a close thing.

In addition to that, the town of Hindencourt, which was the place we were going through, was counter-attacked during the assembly of these two battalions and was in process of being retaken. That is to say, that attack came from east to west and these two battalions were put through from south to

north and walked over the top of attackers and defenders, kept on going and came out on the other side. I sent a telegram to Col. Sparling and told him to detach one of his companies and put on a counter attack. It was not carried out. There would have been a merry old fight. The Germans were attacking east to west; the English defending west to east, the 1st and 2nd south to north and if these other fellows had put on a fight of their own it would have been a regular dog fight. However, Col. Sparling saw fit to put the telegram in his pocket and do nothing with it.

They went through. The 2nd took the enemy trench system, the 1st took the rear position and we got everybody that was there. The 3rd came down and got through the enemy's line and took the enemy's switch trench and linked it up on the far side. We had a most ingenious barrage. The enemy put his barrage in front of his line of trenches with the result that it didn't get anybody. Nobody was there. And we gathered them all up—about 600 prisoners.

The captures were 3 field guns, 99 machine guns, 600 prisoners.

The capture of that line made possible the advance to the Drocourt line.

The next scrap was the capture of the Queant-Drocourt line. We passed from that on the attack of Buissy switch down to the Canal du Nord and we had in that affair 3 officers killed, 14 wounded. Among the wounded was Major Mason, also Major Kippen, both very gallant officers. Then we came back on the Canal du Nord to Cambrai in which the 4th Battalion carried off the honors, being responsible for the initial attack on the Canal du Nord. They went 400 yards with 5 platoons and only one German escaped. They brought him back as a sample. The attack was pushed on and we were successful, having gained all objectives and having 5 officers killed, 29 wounded, 84 other ranks killed, 546 wounded, 49 missing. They captured 23 German officers, 300 other ranks, 57 field guns, and 50 machine guns. I believe that that capture of 57 field guns constitutes a record, not only for the brigade, not only in the Canadian corps, but in the British army.

Then came the attack on Abancourt which was not entirely successful for a variety of reasons, principally because the Germans had by that time learned we had arrived there and knowing that Cambrai was the most important place, railway centre, road centre, and canal centre, they determined to hold Cambrai at all costs until such time as they could form a fresh line. Thirteen machine gun marksmen companies were

sent down to hold that line. When our men tried to go around they met these 13 machine gun companies and such fire as they had never seen before. Men had their legs cut off, their heads cut off, the guns simply cut them off like a knife. Notwithstanding, they took 260 prisoners, 2 field guns, and 25 machine guns. The attack on the Canal du Nord took place on the 27th of September and the attack on Abancourt, which was an attempt to push on to the north, took place on the 1st of October.

Then followed the advance on Valenciennes and at that point the brigade really came into rest. Then followed the advance into Germany through the Ardennes mountains. Then followed the occupation of the bridgehead in front of Cologne and a more or less intimate acquaintance with the conditions of the peoples there.

I want to say that in the advance to Cologne the 1st Brigade was in the advance guard. On that day the 3rd Battalion was the advance guard of the brigade, and men of the 3rd, a Toronto regiment, were the first Canadians that dipped their rifle butts in the waters of the Rhine.

I have already told you what I think of the men of Ontario. I would just like to say a word in regard to the two colonels of the Toronto battalions. Col. Rogers, I consider to be, although very young, one of the most gallant, courageous men, one of the best strategists, certainly the best organizer and administrator, of my acquaintance. He is a splendid officer. I believe when you see him again you will understand why it is he is so highly thought of by all those serving under him and all those who have dominion over him. He is a splendid fellow and you will find him a useful citizen of Toronto, I am sure.

Col. Nelles, commanding the 4th Battalion, is still a younger man, only a youth of 25, a fine upstanding soldier, a splendid disciplinarian, good tactician, a gallant fellow, no better fellow alive. I really think he comes from London. At the head of my staff is Major Foster, a Toronto man, a singular man, —he plays the violin. Thank heaven he never played it around us! He has the D.S.O. and bar and also has the Military Cross and he is reputed to be a man without nerves and I believe that is so. Brave as a lion and a splendid fellow, a man whom I think very highly of indeed; and perhaps you know whether or not he does play the violin. It may be only a slander after all.

There is another thing I want to talk about, a very serious matter. I have been asked not once but a dozen times since coming back whether it is a fact that Canadian troops have been sacrificed unnecessarily. Not only unnecessarily but for

the gratification of some person or persons or for the advancement of some person? I was asked whether the attack on Vimy Ridge was justified by the facts and by the results. I have been asked as to whether several attacks were justified by the facts and by the results. Well, of course history will answer all those questions and every person will be able to read for themselves and to satisfy themselves, but I can quite easily say that people who have lost those who are near and dear to them are very prone to listen to those stories. It must harrow their feelings dreadfully, not only to feel that they lost those near and dear, but that they were lost unnecessarily.

Now I would like to say to you, having some knowledge of the facts, that the leadership in the Canadian corps has been skilled and conscientious throughout. It is easy to picture a superior general in a soft place ordering his battalions and his brigades to undertake that which is impossible, perhaps that which is unprofitable, because it may be said that he runs no personal risk himself. But an honest and a conscientious man could not do that thing any more than he could misappropriate or mishandle other peoples' money. Men in this game are judged by results. You must get results at a fair and reasonable price, so I say the leadership of the Canadian army has been skilled, honest, conscientious.

You must remember that in the ranks of these battalions fighting, there are men serving who are the sons, cousins, relatives, of the men who command those battalions and who command brigades and divisions. Almost all our generals have suffered in the loss of relatives very near and very dear to them. Well, our leadership has been honest and it has been conscientious. There has always been, in the first place, careful study of the situation. There has always been most thorough inquiry as to the plan best adapted to doing the job. First of all, is it necessary to be done; secondly, how best can we do it. In all cases we are guided by the best method to accomplish the thing with the fewest possible casualties.

To come now at the conclusion of this war in which the Canadian corps has made such a wonderful name for itself, in which it has demonstrated to the satisfaction of most people that for its size, for its numbers, it is the most powerful fighting machine on earth; to come now and to attack those responsible, to reflect upon their best judgment, to harrow the feelings of those who have suffered, is a terrible thing, a scandalous thing.

There have been things said of General Currie, commander of the Canadian Corps. Let me say to you at once that, it is

not my opinion but it is the opinion of people most competent to express an opinion, that General Currie is not only a great Canadian but that he is a great general. He is a big man. He is a generous man, he is a kindly man, and he has had to make great decisions not only in the matter of movements of troops but also in deciding which man of several is best qualified to act in this or that capacity. His position in this respect differs little from that of the head of a great corporation. He has had to make these decisions. He has offended some people, but it is a fact that under his direction and leadership the Canadian corps has been universally successful. It has always succeeded. It has never failed. It is looked upon by the British army and by the French army, by the American army, as a great fighting organization. General Currie himself has been called upon to sit in council with the foremost soldiers of this age, and as Canadians we ought to be proud and to be thankful that when he sat with them he was not the least amongst them. He is, I believe, a great Canadian and he deserves well of this country.

During the war, since the 1st Brigade went to France, the brigade suffered in all 17,301 casualties, killed, wounded, and missing. Wastage of course is extra. It gives you an idea of the cost, the price that has been paid by the people of Ontario to maintain these four battalions at strength during the war, a price that has been exacted from many, many individuals in this province.

Now, I have spoken to you of great battalions, and great actions, of the great honor and glory that has come to this brigade and the people of this country. Let me speak a word of those who have crossed over the river and have laid themselves down to rest in the shade of the trees. These are they who have come out of great tribulation and they rest from their labors. They died for us and they died courageously, gallantly, and of great necessity, in defence of our cause, and for the honor of our country. And they sleep in the ground which they have hallowed and made sacred by their great deeds and by their life blood out-poured. And they sleep in spots on Flanders Fields which are forever Canada; and they are not dead who live in the hearts and minds of those whom they leave behind them.

(April 28th, 1919.)

By Lieut.-Col. Bart Rogers, D.S.O.,
M.C., Lieut.-Col. D. H. C. Mason,
D.S.O., and Major H. W. A.
Foster, D.S.O., M.C.

LIEUT.-COL. ROGERS, D.S.O., M.C.*

*MR. President and Members of the Canadian Club,—*As your president says, he told me he was not going to ask me to speak. I am not going to speak; but my brigadier was here, I believe, and he told you about our First Canadian Infantry Brigade, with which I have been lucky enough to have been since it started and which I know a good deal about. There is one thing I want to tell you, and that is that the officers and men that I brought home the other day represent the 3rd and 4th Battalions to a certain extent; but there are very many chaps that were not there, men who helped me make the battalion, the chaps that we had to leave behind us in France and the others who have been wounded and came home before us. Major Ward Wright is a worthy member of our association in which he has taken such an active part at home.

The breaking up of these battalions hurts like the mischief. The officers and myself feel it very much. I hope we are going to get every support from you gentlemen and every one here in Toronto to help us to keep these battalions together. The Canadian Corps has done so much and has been so well led by men of whom we are all so proud, such as our corps commander (whom I was lucky enough to serve under in the 1st Canadian Division when he had it.) I know him well and what I wanted to say was that the Staffs have been of the best. They did everything they possibly could to help every battalion, artillery brigade, and every unit of our corps and I

*Col. J. B. Rogers, D.S.O., M.C., was a Lieutenant in the original 3rd Battalion and has been its Commanding Officer for the past two years. Lieutenant-Colonel D. H. C. Mason, D.S.O., is second in command of the 3rd Battalion and was also a member of the 1st Contingent. Major Foster, D.S.O., M.C., went to France with the 20th Battalion and during 1918 was Brigade Major of the 1st Brigade, Canadians.

do hope that these units are going to be kept together. And if a Canadian corps can be maintained perhaps as a Militia unit in Canada it will mean that we will always be prepared for any emergency that might occur; and we know it is not a poor investment. It is an investment that would cost Canada probably a lot of money but you will be getting something for your money. You know the men that have been running the corps; and they have proven themselves. I do hope that the Corps of Canada will be kept together as well as it possibly can be.

I want to thank you all for inviting me to lunch and I hope I will see you all again some time. I don't know all your names and I think one of the most difficult things is going to be for us officers who have had many men under them, yet can't know them all, now we have come back into civilian life and are putting on our "civvies," and it is going to be difficult to recognize them all. At least, I consider I know you all now.

LIEUT.-COL. MASON, D.S.O.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I suppose that after what the Colonel has done, I am in for it. There is one thing though that I am glad to have the opportunity of saying and that is how much the battalion appreciated the reception that Toronto gave it the other day. It was naturally the great thing in men's minds at such a time; they are glad to have the opportunity of getting home and want to go there as quickly as possible. And the proceedings were not drawn out too long. At the same time there was evidence of the most cordial feeling and welcome to the battalions, and that was what they wanted.

At the same time you will understand when I say that although it was the day that many of us had been looking forward to for years when we should see the old battalion marching down Yonge Street, still I do not think there were many of us that could look down the line of bayonets and reflect that it was the last time, with unmixed feelings of joy.

One sometimes feels, one knows, that it has not been possible for people in Canada to quite realize what the Canadian corps has meant to its members. That is natural from the nature of things and unavoidable. When the despatches referred to the Canadians having done so and so, it might be a company, a battalion, a brigade, a division, or the whole corps. It must appear to those watching the position from here that the Canadians were a sort of large crowd of people, no

doubt organized in some way for fighting purposes, and going around France fighting battles and so on.

As a matter of fact if you stop to think of it you will realize how extraordinarily finely organized a body of men of that size must be; and what perhaps is more difficult to realize, is the extraordinary amount of *esprit de corps* there must be in the section, platoon, company, battalion, brigade, division and corps, that alone can make success possible. One sometimes wonders for instance how many people in Canada realize what the old Red Patch means to the First Division men, or what regimental badges mean. I do not know how any one could explain these things; they simply grow on you from living amongst them. I might tell you of one very gallant colonel who, they say, could not see his battalion on parade without weeping with pride. On one occasion, the divisional commander was to inspect the battalion and the colonel before-hand addressed them at great length to the effect that they were the salt of the earth, nothing like them, there had never been anything like them and never would be, and so on for half an hour, and he finished up, "You know that what I say is right. I know it is. The divisional commander knows it, the corps commander knows it, and God knows it. The divisional commander will now say a few words in praise of the umpteenth battalion." That gentleman was Col. Peck, V.C., M.P.

One little thing occurs to me not because it is an exception but because it is rather typical. It happened on the march to the Rhine, which was not all beer and skittles, owing to railway difficulties, long mileage, bad weather and things of that kind. You can possibly imagine that the lot of the company cook in times of that sort is not an enviable one. He has to be up long before the battalion in the morning to get the breakfast ready and then tramp along behind his cooker and do the march like everybody else, covered with smoke and soot; and get three meals a day for the troops, besides doing the marches. About the middle of the hike one old corporal cook, when his turn came for leave said, "Nothing doing. I have stayed with the battalion so far and I am not going to turn it down now." He turned down his leave and away he went. That is typical of the spirit of the men.

Occasionally one rather imagines that there is a tendency, more implied than spoken possibly, to say, "Oh yes, you have been over having a rest, messing about the cockpit of Europe, getting shot at and so on. Now forget all that and settle down into civilization." Of course the returned man is going to do that. Every man with whom I have spoken has that

idea. He is going to settle down and get a job as quickly as possible. I think you will find that the man who hangs around and grousing is usually the man who joined the fighting forces last fall. Certainly they are the ones who did the grousing at the front anyway. Now I don't think that the people who take that attitude realize for a moment what they are asking them to forget.

I wish I had words to tell you what all the units that make up the corps, battalions, brigades and so on have meant to the men. Many have learned to work unsparingly for something bigger than themselves. There is many a man who came over in the first place a tough nut, who kicked around the world and fought his own way, who has learned that there is something bigger than that to fight for and learned in the spirit of his company or platoon, something greater than he had never known before. Many of them occur to me now. We buried some over there, but many have come back again; and far from telling men to forget those things, if you encourage them to take into civil life with them the things they have learned and practised over there, and if they serve their firms as employees with the same spirit with which they served their battalions; if their employers but regard their men and look after them and feel towards them as did their officers and N.C.O's: then they will not be the worse for having served in the Canadian Corps.

MAJOR FOSTER. D.S.O., M.C.

*Mr. President and Members of the Canadian Club of Toronto,—*I thank you, Mr. President, for allowing me to come and sit at the table here and see a number of familiar faces that I have not seen for quite a long time. I also thank you for putting me in my due seniority after Col. Rogers and Major Mason and letting me speak after them, because it gives me the opportunity of saying something about them and getting no come back.

Of Col. Rogers, of course, I saw a great deal over in France, and he was several times in command of the 1st Brigade during the absence of General Griesbach on leave or otherwise. And I can assure you that my opinion is shared by everybody else in the Canadian Corps, when I say that he is a born soldier, and that if the war had not been (for him unfortunately) ended on November 11, he would within a few months have got a brigade of his own.

Major Mason, of course, you all heard a great deal about.

He distinguished himself in many actions, but there is just one occasion of which I want to speak here. Major Mason, you know, was known to us as "Doggie." You probably all heard that. Latterly we found out what kind of a dog he was when we were marching to Germany. The first Canadian brigade was leading; two divisions were leading the corps. That is, the first and second divisions were marching to Germany on parallel roads; and when we crossed the border and were getting close to the Rhine there was some competition between the first and second as to which should reach the Rhine first.

We got word that the second division were making good time so as to beat us out on it. Major Mason was in command of the advance guard of the brigade and I telephoned him (using the German wires) and told him that to-morrow was the day to get to the Rhine and that he had to be there early because the second division had arranged to forestall us. He took it up, and (I don't know how he did it but—) he marched until dusk that night and next morning he was up before daylight marching and carrying the men with him, and he won that 250 mile march. He reached the Rhine by ten o'clock. It was due to the way he had arranged matters. When General Griesbach was discussing the matter with the divisional commander afterwards, (of course the march had become famous; we called it 'Doggie's dash for the Rhine'), he said that at last he understood what kind of a dog Mason was; he was a Daschund.

Your worthy president when he came around and very cleverly entrapped us into coming to-day, referred, I think, to it as a "soft job." He said that at zero hour we would arrive here and have a meal and say a few words. Now I am always skeptical of a soft job; and in connection with that I want to tell you about Pte. John Brown from a battalion close to mine, in the same brigade,—the 19th Battalion,—when we were marching to the Somme in 1916. During the march, reports arrived of the particularly bloody character of the fighting, of the number of the casualties, and of the unpleasant things the troops had to do; and John Brown went off to speak to his commanding officer. He said, "Sir, I am married. I have a wife in Canada and four kids. I have done my duty, I think, up until to-day and if you see a chance of giving me a soft job I wish you would remember me."

So when the company commander got his orders the day before Courcellette, September 14, he got an order from battalion headquarters for him to detail one man to guard the tanks; so he thought it was a soft job and thought of John Brown.

He had Brown paraded before him. He said, "Pte. Brown, you have done your duty well; you have got a wife and four kids in Canada and I have a chance to give you a soft job. I am going to detail you to report this afternoon at five o'clock at X2A central to guard tanks, and you will be out of the show to-morrow." Brown pretended not to want to go. He said, "I don't want to leave the old battalion when they are going into action. Still, I have done my duty, I have a wife and four kids, and I think I will take the job." And he went off to report.

At five o'clock he reported and the officer said to him, "Here is the soft job for you. Now you have got to guard these tanks." Brown looked around and said, "Why, these are not tanks, they are caterpillars." Of course they were the famous tanks appearing for the first time in action. The officer said, "They are tanks. That is what we call them. All you have got to do is to take a rifle and shoulder it and walk ahead to pull anybody out that happens to be lying in front, so that the tanks won't mangle the body." He began to suspect the job but he said he would do it; and the next morning when the grey dawn came he got out with his rifle and got behind the tanks and when the tank moved off he moved off behind it. Then as the dawn began to break the barrage of German shells began to come flying around and high explosives rained right and left, and his bones turned to water and the perspiration trickled down his brow.

At last Brown could stand it no longer and he rushed up to the tank and banged on the side with his rifle and said, "Let me in, let me in." Fortunately for him, the tank, instead of having to go the whole distance, was stopped by a shell which knocked off one of the treads. The crew came out and disappeared and Brown crept into the tank and remained there for the rest of the day. That night he came out again when things cooled down somewhat, made his way back to the battalion, and went to see the company commander. He said, "Sir, I am cured. You gave me a soft job and this is what the soft job was,"—And he told him about it. He said, "No more soft jobs for me. I am going right back with the old Battalion."

April 28th, 1919.

Report of the Honorary Secretary

*To the President and Members of the Canadian Club of
Toronto,—*

During the past season the war has still been the chief subject of interest, but special attention has been paid, in securing speakers, to attaining the object of more fully acquainting Canadians with the subjects that vitally concern this country. Seventeen of the speakers have been Canadians, and three are members of this Club. The Club was honored during the year by the fact that three of the Dominion Cabinet ministers chose it as the medium through which to make public for the first time important matters of Government policy. A notable feature in connection with the subjects on the war was that almost all the speakers had lived their subjects, which ranged from "Armoured Car Fighting in Russia" to "The Blockade of Zeebrugge by the British Navy."

Thirty-one luncheons have been held during the year, as compared with twenty-three for the preceding year. Eight meetings of the Executive have been held, and meetings of the Programme Committee have been numerous. The average attendance for thirty meetings has been 333, as compared with 338 for the preceding year. At the meeting for General Pau the attendance is not included in the above average, as a joint meeting was held with another club. Had that attendance been included, or had the Canadian Club been allowed to carry out its original intention of holding a separate meeting for General Pau, the attendance average would undoubtedly have exceeded that of last year. The list of speakers, subjects and attendances, is as follows:

Date of Meeting	Speaker	Subject	Attendance
1918			
May 6—	Capt. John MacNeill.....	"Experiences with the Canadians at the Front"	299
May 17—	Right Hon. Earl Reading and Hon. Elihu Root	"The Solidarity of the Allies"	622
June 17—	Sir William Arbuthnot Lane and Col. Herbert Bruce who spoke on	"The Medical Aspect of the War"	594
Aug. 30—	Hon. Henri S. Beland.....	"Personal Experiences during the Siege of Antwerp"	537

Sept. 11—Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst.	"Our Allies in Siberia".....	302
Sept. 30—Professor W. F. Osborne.	"A National Spirit and a National Outlook for Canadian Education"	117
Oct. 11—Sir Arthur Keysall Yapp..	"The Y.M.C.A. with the British Army"	238
Oct. 15—Hon. N. W. Rowell, K.C..	"Conditions in the Far East, and Canada's Expeditionary Force to Siberia"	194
Nov. 4—Lord Charnwood	"England in War Time".....	272
Nov. 11—Commander F. W. Belt, R.N.	"The British Naval Armoured Cars in Russia"	120
Nov. 18—Hon. Dr. Cody	"A Canadian in England and France"	411
Nov. 26—Mlle. Suzanne Silvercruys.	"Belgium in the First Year of the War"	299
Dec. 6—Mr. F. A. Mackenzie	"I"—(Intelligence in the War) 411	
Dec. 16—Major General, the Hon. S. C. Mewburn	"Demobilization of the Canadian Forces"	316
Dec. 23—Lieut. Coningsby Dawson..	"A Soldier's Peace"	245
Jan. 6—Sir Arthur Pearson	"The Blind Problem," particularly in reference to British Soldiers who lost their sight in battle	320
Jan. 10—Hon. Mr. J. A. Calder ...	"Repatriation and Employment"	219
Jan. 13—Capt. A. F. B. Carpenter, V.C.	"Zeebrugge"	589
Jan. 20—Mr. Harry Lauder	"The Returned Soldier and Reconstruction"	599
Jan. 27—Sir Herbert B. Ames	"The National War Savings Committee and its Work"	140
Feb. 3—Professor R. M. McIver..	"Vicious Circles and Others" 157	
Feb. 10—Mr. S. J. McLean	"The Function of Railway Regulation"	213
Feb. 17—Dr. Toyo Kichi Iyenaga...	"Japan's part in the War and World Reconstruction"....	295
Feb. 25—General Pau and M. Andre Siegfried	(Held in conjunction with the Empire Club)	
Mar. 3—Mr. Geo. Pearson	"The Fight of the Princess Patricia's at Bellewaerde Wood"	380
Mar. 10—Dr. W. C. Huntington....	"The Russian Situation and Its Lesson"	373
Mar. 17—Mr. Tom Moore	"Industrial Problems and the Condition of Labor"	302
Mar. 24—Lieut. Col. R. Collishaw..	"War Flying and Commercial Flying"	552

Mar. 31—Mr. John W. Dafoe.....	"Canada at the Peace Conference"	263
Apr. 7—Rev. Donald MacGillivray.	"China as a Member of the Family of Nations"	209
Apr. 14—Brigadier - General Griesbach	"The Work of the First Brigade Canadians During 1918"	332

The question of accommodation was a very live one, and at several meetings in the early part of the season the quarters at St. James Cathedral were insufficient to provide accommodation. Various suggestions were made, and finally it was arranged with the King Edward Hotel management to hold the luncheons there, as they could provide seating capacity for 400 in one room as against 325 in St. James Parish House, and a maximum number of 700 could be accommodated on one floor. Conditions are not as yet by any means ideal, but there has been a steady improvement in the past two years.

The membership has again shown a substantial increase, in spite of the fact that the Honorary membership list is by no means complete. Members will confer a favor on the Executive, if they will advise it of any club member who is known to have been on active service.

It was decided to co-operate with the Guelph Canadian Club in its endeavor to raise a fund for erecting a memorial over the grave of the late Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, in Boulogne Cemetery, France. It was felt that the object was peculiarly appropriate for the Canadian Club, as Col. McCrae had been a very active member of the Canadian Club in Guelph, and his poem "In Flanders' Fields" was easily the most outstanding war poem which has yet appeared. The subscription list is still open, and so a complete report on the project cannot as yet be given.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

SHIRLEY DENISON,
Honorary Secretary.

April 28th, 1919.

Report of the Honorary Treasurer

*To the President and Members of the Canadian Club of
Toronto,—*

The result of the present season's activities has been most satisfactory. The Financial Statement which I present herewith, shows that the Club's income for the year amounted to \$4,750.47, and the expenditures to \$3,973.25, leaving a net surplus for the year of \$777.22.

This surplus is \$123.00 less than that of last year, but in spite of increased costs of printing and material, etc., which were uncontrollable, would have been larger than that of last year, but for the greater number of meetings held, and other additional service, which the Executive thought justified an increased expenditure for the general benefit of the members.

The increase in income reflects the growth in the number of members, from whose fees practically the whole of the revenue is composed. There are now 105 honorary members, and 1,525 active members on the roll, representing a net increase of 7 in the honorary list, and 147 in the active list. 170 old members died or resigned during the year; a large number of the deaths being due to influenza last fall, and 317 new members were elected.

The accumulated surplus has been increased from \$5,372.37 to \$6,149.59. Of this amount \$4,412.74 is invested in Canadian Government War Loan Bonds and municipal debentures. The balance of the Club funds consist of \$1,636.85 in the Imperial Bank, and \$100.00 in petty cash.

The charges to be met until the fees begin to come in next fall, consist of the cost of publishing the Year Book and of running the Club during the intervening months. A contract has been made for publishing the Year Book at the same charge per page as last year, which is very satisfactory in view of the general increase in printing rates. Owing to the larger number of meetings held, the size of the Book will be considerably increased.

The detailed expenditures and receipts are shown in the attached Auditor's Statement.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

C. E. ABBS,
Honorary Treasurer.

THE CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO.
BALANCE SHEET AS AT APRIL 24TH, 1919.

Assets.

Current—

Petty Cash Bank Account	\$100.00
Imperial Bank of Canada	1,636.85
	<u>\$1,736.85</u>

Investment Debentures—

Town of Owen Sound	\$971.07
City of Kitchener	512.92
	<u>1,483.99</u>

Victory Loan Bonds—

\$1,500, 1917 Issue	\$1,428.75
\$1,500, 1918 Issue	1,500.00
	<u>2,928.75</u>
	<u>\$6,149.59</u>

Liabilities.

To Members—

Surplus Account April, 1918	\$5,372.37
Add Net Revenue for period May 1, 1918 to	
Apr. 24, 1919	777.22
	<u>\$6,149.59</u>
	<u>\$6,149.59</u>

THE CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO

TREASURER'S STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS
MAY 1ST, 1918 TO APRIL 24TH, 1919.

Receipts.

Balance Imperial Bank May 1st, 1918	\$2,359.63
Petty Cash on Hand May 1st, 1918	100.00
Fees: 1,208 Old Members	\$3,624.00
317 New Members	951.00
Bank Interest	24.97
Debenture Interest	75.50
War Bonds, Interest	75.00
	<u>4,750.47</u>
	<u>\$7,210.10</u>

Payments.

To Investment in 1918 Victory Bonds	\$1,500.00
On Account of Items chargeable to 1917 and 1918 Season	\$827.95
To Assistant Secretary-Treasurer's Honorarium	1,000.00
To Printing Post-Cards and Stationery	371.50
To Telephone Account	90.73
To Telegraph Account	46.50
To Postage, Postcards and Petty Cash Disbursements	661.26
To Memorial and Wreath	17.24
To Catering	\$3,664.50
To Rent of Parish House to Feb. 3, 1919	653.30
To Cost of Decorating Parish House	80.05
To Sundry Expenses in connection with Ad- dresses	15.00
To Cost of Flag	23.00
	<hr/>
	\$4,435.85
By Tickets Sold	3,955.80
	<hr/>
	480.05
To Reporting	104.50
To Guests' Expenses	373.52
	<hr/>
	3,973.25
Total Disbursements	\$5,473.25
By Balance at Imperial Bank April 24th, 1919	1,636.85
By Petty Cash on Hand April 24th, 1919	100.00
	<hr/>
	\$7,210.10

THE CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAY-
MENTS FOR FOUR SEASONS TO APRIL 24TH, 1919.

	1915-16	1916-17	1917-18	1918-19
			28 Addresses	31 Addresses
			1,378	1,525
			Members	Members
Income from Membership Fees, Interest, etc.	\$3,869.82	\$4,121.09	\$4,292.35	\$4,750.47
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
<i>Payments.</i>				
Club Expenses	3,040.33	3,001.31	3,396.48	3,973.25
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Net Revenue earned by Years	\$829.49	\$1,119.78	\$895.87	\$777.22
Surplus brought forward from previous years ..	2,527.23	3,356.72	4,476.50	5,372.37
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Accumulated Surplus by Years	\$3,356.72	\$4,476.50	\$5,372.37	\$6,149.59

LIST OF MEMBERS

HONORARY MEMBERS
THE CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO

Adamson, Agar	Galbraith, H.
Allen, J. B.	Gibson, Thos.
Amyot, J. A.	Gilmour, C. H.
Anderson, C. W.	Goldsmith, P.
Armour, E. N.	Gow, Walter
Beaton, J. W.	Grover, G. A.
Bickle, E. W.	Grubbe, T. P.
Bishop, R. H.	Hale, E. R.
Black, Wm.	Harris, H. K.
Bristol, Everett	Hart, M. M.
Brown, E. P.	Hearst, H. V.
Bruce, H. A.	*Irving, T. C., Jr.
*Bull, J. H.	James, W. C.
Burns, R. N.	Jarvis, W. H. P.
Candee, C. N., Jr.	Jones, T. R.
Calhoun, J. C.	Joyce, B. F.
Campbell, W. K. C.	Keith, D. L.
Clark, Geo. F.	Kelley, N. P.
Clarkson, E. G.	*Kylie, E. J.
Cleland, F. A.	Kingsmill, W. B.
Cole, C. E. Cooper	*Kirkpatrick, A. E.
Cooper, J. A.	*Langstaff, J. M.
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Creer, F. N.	*Lawrence, E. W.
*Crowther, W. B.	Leask, D. R.
Dallyn, R. E.	Mabee, O. H.
Doll, K. L.	Mackenzie, A. J.
Duggan, R. B.	Macrae, E. M.
Dyke, F. G.	Manning, H. E.
Elliott, Alex.	Mara, F. G.
Evans, G. T.	Marshall, Geo. L.
Fisher, B. F.	Mason, D. H. C.
Fitzgerald, J. G.	McCoy, S. H.
Franks, H.	McIntosh, J. M.

*Killed or died on service.

Mitchell, C. H.	Rudolf, R. D.
Moody, F. H.	Shaw, J. A.
Morgan, M. T.	Sheen, H. L.
Munroe, E. B.	Smith, F. J.
Nelles, C. M.	Smith, H. L.
O'Brien, A. H.	Smith, W. R.
Oldham, J. H.	Snively, A. C.
Parker, Gilbert	VanNostrand, A. J.
Pepler, Eric	VanNostrand, C. I.
Pidgeon, Geo. C.	Wade, Wm. C.
Price, W. H.	Warren, C. A.
Prime, F. H.	*Warren, Trumbull
Primrose, A.	Webb, R. H.
Rennie, R.	Wilson, G. E.
Risdon, E. F.	Woodcock, W. A.
Robinson, J. B.	Woods, J. D.
Rous, H. L.	

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*Killed or died on service.

Baxter, Fred M. Bawdon, M. D. Beard, H. A. Beatty, J. W. Beatty, Frank G. Beer, S. Beatty, C. A. Bender, E. J. Bennett, A. H. Beemer, Frank Bethel, Alex. B. Bethune, H. J. Bethune, W. E. Bigwood, M. H. Bingeman, A. W. Binnie, Harry Binns, Eustace G. Bird, C. H. Bishop, Chas. W. Bishop, Chas. E. Blachford, Howard C. Blachford, J. C. Black, R. G. Black, S. W. Black, W. A. Black, A. R. Blackburn, Herbert Blackburn, Hugh Blain, Thos. Bland, W. H. Bleasdell, Leonard A. Blenkarn, Wm. C. Boadway, W. W. Bole, St. George Bond, Jno. R. Bone, Chas. W. Bongard, J. M. Booth, Clarence C. Bothwell, Robt. M. Boulden, Thos. P. Bowen, A. L. Boyd, I. D. Bradshaw, Thos. Bradshaw, C. W. Bradley, Rev. Clarence A. Brady, Edgar T. J. Brandon, David A. Brash, E. A. Breckenridge, J. C. Breckenridge, J. W. Brent, W. C. Brent, A. A. Briggs, A. W. Briggs, J. P. Brinsmead, Edmund Bristol, S. G. Brock, C. C. Brooks, W. Brooks, Rev. A. L. Brown, B. R. Brown, J. L. Brower, Alex. G. Brown, Rev. Crawford Brown, C. A. B. Brown, E. P. Brown, F. D. Brown, Geo. N. Brown, Jas. Brown, Newton H. Brown, R. Cade Brown, Richard Brown, W. E. Brown, W. N. Brown, John Bruce, R. J. Bruce, F. S. Buck, Wm. A. Bucke, Emerson Bull, Chas. Bulley, J. W. Bundy, C. H. Burgess, J. W. Burgess, Rev. Jno. E. Burke, H. E. Burnett, Alex. N. Burns, Chas. E. Burns, H. D. Burns, Jas. A. Burns, W. H. Burr, Robt. Burrows, C. L. Burton, Rev. E. M. Burwash, Amos Bushell, A. S. Butchart, T. E. C. Butler.

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Howe, Lyman P. Howe, G. A. Howell, Peleg Howland, H. W. Hubbs, S. L. Hubbs, Cuthbert Huckvale, Jno. O. Hudson, A. E. Huestis, A. M. Huestis, Wm. C. Huff, Louis Huffman, S. R. Hughes, Jas. L. Hughes, H. G. Humphries, S. J. Hungerford, Andrew Hunter, Cecil Hunter, R. G. Hunter, W. D. Hunter, E. J. Hutchins, Austin Hutchinson, F. C. Husband, O. A. Hutchinson, R. W. Hutchinson, M. Hutton, J. P. Hynes.

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